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MISCELLANIES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

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TO

JOHN ALDERSON, Esq. M.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE HULL PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY; SENIOR PHYSICIAN TO THE HULL INFIRMARY, AND CONSULTING PHYSICIAN TO THE LYING-IN-CHARITY; HONORARY MEMBER OF THE YORKSHIRE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY; CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY, EDINBRO', &C. &C. &C.

Dear Sir,

In dedicating to you the following pages, the author is influenced by reasons, the statement of which will not, he trusts, be discreditable to either party.

Nearly thirty years ago, you were one of the first, and now, alas! almost the only survivor of those friends, to whom he was chiefly indebted for encouragement and support, at a period when to him these were peculiarly valuable; and your advice on various points connected with his literary pursuits, was as freely given, as it was beneficial.

To your professional care and eminent skill, on various occasions, he considers himself indebted, under Divine Providence, for the prolongation of life; and the promptitude and liberality with which your attentions were ever rendered, in the time of necessity and disease, to himself and family, are not the less deserving of acknowledgment, because shared in common with many other persons, in similar circumstances.

Although entertaining sentiments different from your own on some of those subjects, both in Religion and Politics, which, in the eventful period of the last thirty years, have agitated the public mind, and frequently broken the bonds of amity between friends; and from his situation necessarily called upon to avow and defend those opinions which he himself had conscientiously adopted; the writer is not aware that he has ever thereby forfeited your good will; certainly he has never, for a moment, experienced the slightest relaxation in your kindness—an instance of liberality, unpurchased by servile adulation, which, even in this professedly *liberal age,* will be more generally praised than imitated.

Several of the following pieces received your approbation when first published. The reprint of a selection of them has been often solicited by friends, who, either from the principle of association, and the reminiscences of former and perhaps more happy times, or from partiality to the author, attribute to them more merit than they intrinsically possess. These solicitations have led to the present publication; and one gratification it affords him, is the opportunity of thus publicly acknowledging his obligations to your kindness, and of expressing his warmest wishes for your happiness, and the prolongation of your valuable life.

With these sentiments, the writer begs leave to subscribe himself,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

I. W.

Hull, June 29, 1829.

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THE INSPECTOR;

A SERIES OF ESSAYS.

THE FOLLOWING PAPERS ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN THE HULL ADVERTISER, IN THE EARLY PART OF THE PRESENT CENTURY:

Nos. 10 and 15; the letters of David Dulbard, in No. 4; of P. W. i No. 18; of Tofty Clappy, in No. 20; and of Timothy Plain, in No. 31, were the productions of the late George Gale, Esq.

Nos. 8, 13, and 17, were the contributions of Mr. J. Crosse. The letters of Amicus and S. in No. 12, are believed to have been by the late Mr. R. Garland.

Those of Sophia, in No. 21; Lydia Thoughtless, in No. 23; and No. 25, were by unknown Correspondents.

For the remainder of these papers, the responsibility rests on

I. W.

THE INSPECTOR.

NUMBER 1.

Of the various species of writing that have been employed, during the last century, as vehicles for amusement and instruction, none has been more popular than that of periodical essays: and perhaps to no other are we so much indebted for the general diffusion of knowledge, and that melioration which the state of society has undergone. In the writings of Addison and his coadjutors, a variety of information on subjects that came home to the business and bosom of every man, was clothed in beautiful and expressive language, and rendered accessible to all classes of readers; and although many of the topics so ably handled in the SPECTATOR and GUARDIAN, are now become obsolete, in consequence of fluctuations in manners and fashions, yet these works still hold the highest rank among the standard productions of English literature.—Subsequent writers pursued the track thus happily pointed out, and have furnished us with a succession of essays on a similar plan, various in their degrees of merit, from the RAMBLER of Dr. Johnson, down to the PIC NIC of recent memory.

When we consider the multiplicity of subjects which have been discussed, either directly or incidentally, by the host of periodical writers, it would appear no easy task for the utmost ingenuity to discover a topic that had not already been exhausted. Human nature, it may be alleged, is still the same. The principles of action among mankind have often been investigated; and the workings of the heart, under all the modifications resulting from constitution, education, or external circumstances, laid open to our view. In the science of morals, no new lights have latterly been discovered, from which our duties can be more accurately deduced, or enforced with greater effect. No combination of words is yet known by which truth may be conveyed with irresistible force to the hearts of those who are prepossessed against it, either from inclination or habit; nor can the passions yet be taught to move uniformly at the command of reason.

But though the periodical essayist of the present day must, consequently, labour under many disadvantages, in common with his predecessors, in addition to others from which they were exempt, there seems no reason why he should be denied the use of that mode of conveying his sentiments, by which they have deservedly obtained the approbation of their countrymen. If he has no recent discoveries in morals to announce, he may still be usefully employed in disseminating old principles, in enforcing them by fresh examples, and applying them to the existing state of society. The useful lesson which has repeatedly been heard with neglect, may obtain attention when delivered in another form, as the appetite of the epicure is stimulated anew to action, by the application of a different seasoning. Manners and fashions are perpetually changing, and afford a constant theme for observation and remark. The passions and affections of the human heart are subject to such an infinite variety of combinations, that some gleanings may yet be found to reward the diligent Inspector. Many doubtful points in different branches of literature remain unsolved; and numerous beauties have never been pointed out in the writings of our eminent authors, or otherwise have been forgotten, which, if pressed upon the attention of youth, might influence them to pursue the paths of virtue with redoubled energy. To these we may add, that several persons who have neither time nor inclination to avail themselves of the lucubrations of former writers, may yet be induced to peruse a short essay in the columns of that fashionable vehicle of intelligence—a newspaper. Curiosity may induce others to take a cursory glance for the sake of guessing at the author; and, "though last, not least," a wish to find fault with the productions of a contemporary, may be the means of procuring him a multiplicity of readers.

The qualifications requisite for filling with eclat the office of a periodical essayist, are indeed such as can scarcely be found combined in one individual. Some minds are fitted by nature and education for abstruse disquisitions on important topics in morals or literature, who are totally incapable of attaining to the classical suavity of the SPECTATOR, or the broader humour which marks the pages of the CONNOISEUR. On the contrary, others who possess the art of trifling agreeably, are unable to enforce, with proper dignity, the precepts of morality. It has often been observed, that the RAMBLER would have been more attractive to the generality of readers, had the excellent papers it contains been mingled with a greater proportion of others of a lighter nature; and Dr. Johnson, we are informed by one of his biographers, acknowledged the justness of this remark. The periodical essayist, therefore, who aspires to procure the suffrages of the many, should be able

——— "happily to steer
"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

To the preceding qualifications, however, others ought to be added, in order to give them their full force and effect. What Imlac observes of the accomplished poet, may, in a great measure, be applied to the essayist:—"To him nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction. * * * * * * * * But the knowledge of nature is only half his task; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition; observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age and country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same. * * * * That his style may be worthy of his thoughts, he must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech, and grace of harmony."

The answer of Rasselas will, perhaps, be deemed equally proper here:—"Enough! thou hast convinced me no man can be an *essayist.*" It may be observed, however, that though our attaining the summit of excellence in any department of art or science, is next to an impossibility, this is no reason why we ought to discontinue our efforts. If such a principle had been generally acted upon, few of those valuable writings of which we are in possession, would ever have seen the light. Some person, whose name I cannot at present recollect, has pointed out, as one of the marks of genius, that its performances never equal its conceptions. The most esteemed authors have frequently been dissatisfied with such of their own labours as procured them the admiration and applause of others; and had the judgment of Virgil been attended to by his friends, the Æneid had never immortalized his name. It must be allowed, that no man, in any of the common departments of life, ought to desist from attempting, at least, to promote the good of his fellow-creatures, merely because he does not possess all those endowments which are requisite to effectuate it in the highest degree; nor does there seem any reason why even inferior attainments in literature ought to debar the possessor of them from contributing his mite to the diffusion of useful knowledge. Persons distinguished for their eminent acquisitions in science or in art, are frequently less capable of communicating a portion of their information to others, than those whose abilities are confessedly of a much lower standard. The profound observations and energetic style of the RAMBLER, although calculated to enlighten and gratify the minds of men who have had a liberal education, will fail to produce equal effect where similar advantages have been denied. Besides, in the circumstance before us, as well as in the common occurrences of life, the co-operation of many will overcome obstacles, and produce consequences, to which the efforts of an individual are totally inadequate.

Upon these grounds it is, that the INSPECTOR presumes to make its appearance before the public, and to solicit that candour and indulgence which good intentions are generally allowed to claim. The Printers of the HULL ADVERTISER have consented to set apart a portion of that paper, every week or fortnight, for the reception of the future numbers, provided they appear to meet with approbation. Many persons who are qualified by their talents and studies to confer respectability on any undertaking of this nature, are undoubtedly to be found in the circuit of that paper. The assistance of such is respectfully solicited. Communications addressed "*To the Inspector*," at the Printers hereof, will receive due notice, and an early insertion, if adapted to answer the intention of this work.

NUMBER 2.

THE disadvantages attendant on a periodical essayist, in his first address to the public, form a theme on which many writers have expatiated, and in such a manner as would induce a belief, that after this obstacle was conquered, the path would be found plain and easy. Although, like Congreve's Sir Joseph Wittol, they are almost necessitated to ask " which way's the wind ?" in order to obtain an introduction, they seem to think with him, that when this is once accomplished, they may " prattle like a magpye." My readers may naturally suppose that I entertained no very contemptible opinion of my own qualifications, when I conceived the idea of presenting them with my thoughts in this manner : nor will they, I trust, consider it as an acknowledgment of my inability to carry the measure into execution, when I confess, that to me the second address has ever appeared equally difficult with the first.

When an author has once framed a plan, which he considers not only eligible so far as it respects himself, but even likely to be productive of some little benefit to the community in general, fancy is apt to beguile him with pleasing prospects of the success which will ultimately attend it. He either does not calculate upon the existence of any impediments, which may render its execution difficult, or flatters himself that they will be found only such as very slight exertions will enable him to overcome. Hope stimulates to action: but as the period approaches in which his lucubrations are to be submitted to the criticism of contemporaries, whose judgments are frequently biassed by circumstances that have little connection with his merits or demerits, he must be allowed to feel anxious for the fate of productions, in bringing which to maturity, many hours may have been passed in meditation and intense study. After Pope had engaged in the translation of Homer, we are told by his biographer, that he began to be frighted at his own undertaking, and in consequence of the embarrassments which he felt, became timorous and uneasy; he had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journies through unknown ways, and, to use his own expression, *wished that somebody would hang him.*

Suppose the hour of publication to be passed; and the author's first essay to have met with a flattering reception from those whom he is most desirous of pleasing; his mind is so far from being relieved, by these considerations, from the agitation previously felt, that he has now additional reasons for anxiety and circumspection. That reputation which years have been spent in acquiring, he is well aware is often irrecoverably lost in one day. An accidental slip of the pen, the adoption of an opinion not generally received, or a stroke of satire at a prevailing and fashionable vice, may offend those who are looked up to as the arbiters of taste; and with whom a thousand acknowledged beauties will not be considered sufficient compensation for one solitary blunder, one single error (if error it be) of imagination or of judgment. As the frailties of men, distinguished for their talents or virtues, are commonly treated with a degree of severity proportioned to the estimation in which their characters were previously held—so, in this case, the superior merit of preceding compositions, will be officiously adduced as aggravating a subsequent deterioration.

Should the author, on the contrary, find that his first essay drops "dead born" from the press, and neither procures him applause nor censure; or if it experience still greater severity, and all expectations of success be nipped in the bud by the chilling breath of uncandid criticism, it can scarcely be expected that a second attempt will be equally vigorous as the former. Few persons are so devoid of sensibility as to be totally indifferent to either praise or censure. Under such circumstances, consciousness of the purity of our intentions is indeed a powerful incentive to action; but this alone will scarcely suffice to give animation to our pursuits, unless perseverance in them is clearly and decisively pointed out as the path of duty. What wonder, therefore, if the spirit of exertion relax; and those plans which were conceived in a moment of mental exhilaration, be conducted with supineness, if not totally relinquished, in a fit of despondency? Few men have possessed a greater degree of resolution than Sir Walter Raleigh; yet even that accomplished scholar and statesman, we are told, was not proof against the untoward treatment which his well-known history of the world experienced. It is confidently asserted, that the manuscript of a second volume of that work was committed to the flames, lest it should bring upon the publisher of it the same disastrous consequences which had attended the publication of the former part.

In such a predicament, it must surely be conceded to the periodical essayist, that if those discouragements which he has encountered ought not to produce an immediate cessation of his labour, at least they lessen the inducement to prosecute it with an additional degree of energy;—unless indeed we were to reverse the maxim of Phocion, who, when he was interrupted by the applause of the people, in the midst of an oration at Athens, inquired of his friends, what folly he had committed?—How far the sentiments which that great man entertained of the Athenians were just, I shall not take upon me to decide; but I have a better opinion of my own countrymen, than to suppose his insinuation applicable to them: and I do hereby give it under my hand, that whenever they are pleased to applaud any of the numbers of the INSPECTOR, I shall not, to use the words of honest Dogberry, "set it down" as *folly* either in myself or them.

In the preceding observations, my readers, I trust, will not accuse me of attempting to enhance my own importance, by pressing upon their attention the care and anxiety which authors undergo in their endeavours to convey amusement and instruction. Like many manual employments, which seem so easy to the careless spectator as to require little skill or address, their writings appear capable of being put together with such facility, as gives the reader very contracted ideas of the labour and art indispensably necessary for their composition. In the acquirement of that information requisite to constitute a literary character, many irksome days and sleepless nights must be passed. Such sacrifices appear entitled to some little remuneration, independently of that internal pleasure with which the acquisition of knowledge is generally attended;

and it does not seem unreasonable to expect, that the same candour, in judging of their productions, should be extended to authors, which is readily conceded to the ingenious artist or handicraftsman.

With regard to the personal feelings of the INSPECTOR, in what has been advanced, I may be allowed to observe, that as my preceding number has not, to my knowledge, received either excessive praise or extravagant censure, so neither has it fallen from the press totally without notice. The choice of a mode of publication which insured it an extensive circulation, has been productive of advantages superior to those possessed by others ushered into the world in a detached form, and obtained for it a much greater number of readers, than otherwise could have been expected. Several correspondents have favoured me with communications, some of which will, in due time, be laid before the public. In answer to others, it may be necessary to state, that the INSPECTOR is not meant to be made a vehicle for personal satire or virulent abuse. Whatever tends to promote the interests and happiness of society, the love and practice of virtue, or a salutary detestation of vice, will be sure to meet with attention. He who is unable to write a book, may here have an opportunity of trying the extent of his literary acquirements in a short essay: and under the mask of secresy, be enabled to ascertain the opinion of his contemporaries respecting his real or imaginary qualifications, without subjecting himself to such mortifications as envy and personal dislike are ever ready to inflict on him who openly avows himself a candidate for public approbation.

NUMBER 3.

The speedy and extensive communication which, within the last century, has been opened between the metropolis and the most distant parts of the country, has led to the adoption of many customs and modes of life, in the latter, which in old time were supposed to belong exclusively to the former; and it seems no deviation from truth to assert, that however contemptible the inhabitants of a provincial town may appear to a thorough-bred cockney, our present state of society will not be found inferior to that which prevailed in London itself, forty or fifty years ago.

Perhaps in no point of view is this assimilation more conspicuous, than in the eagerness with which all classes in a country town seek to participate in the pleasures of rural life, or the delights of a watering place. In the metropolis, it has long been customary, at this season of the year, to fly from the hurry and turmoil of business, either to some place of comparative seclusion, or to one of those well-known situations which fashion has pointed out as fit retreats for her votaries. For a villa at Edmonton, or Turnham Green, our ingenious imitators have substituted a cottage, or perhaps a couple of rooms, at some of our neighbouring hamlets; and the pleasures of Hornsea, Bridlington, or Scarbro', are sought after with as much avidity, and as highly relished by them, as the rival scenes of Margate, Cheltenham, or Bath, by the more polished Londoner.

Various are the motives of this emigration in quest of what are generally considered, even in this part of the kingdom, as rural scenes and rural pleasures. Want of health, partly perhaps occasioned by too close an imitation of the enervating pursuits and hours of a modish life, affords one very frequent and justifiable reason. Another prevalent one is undoubtedly to be found in the example of the fashionable world, and a wish to imitate the conduct of our superiors. The ambitious man may hope to obtain, by that facility of intercourse which a place of public resort affords, an introduction to some person of rank or fortune, whose interest may prove the means of elevating him to the summit of his wishes; or the familiar use of whose name, at least, may excite envy or admiration at his intimate connexion with so distinguished a character. The gamester, who has been assiduously employed, during the rest of the year, in practising his arts on his unsuspecting neighbours, may perhaps be stimulated to try his proficiency among those with whom he is more equally matched in point of skill, or who are likely to repay his labours with a richer harvest. In the exquisite viands under which a public table groans, the epicure may seek for a more complete gratification of his appetite than home could have afforded; while the debauchee, weary of those easy triumphs which the lax manners and morals of cities have yielded, may probably place before him, as an object worthier his attention, the conquest of a simple country maiden, and the seduction of unsuspecting innocence. Bachelors may be induced to resort to such places, for the sake of obtaining wives; and let me not be accused of a want of charity, by the loveliest part of the creation, if I add, that single ladies may possibly follow their example, in the hope of procuring husbands.

To point out the manner in which these different characters ought to act, in order to secure their eventual success, would be a needless task. Their own feelings, and the consciousness of their particular motives, will sufficiently indicate the plans they are to pursue. The gamester, for instance, could never think of associating with the epicure, and spending his precious moments in listening to encomiums on turtle or venison, in preference to the rattling of the dice-box, or the music of "six to one." Nor would the ambitious man care to have his dreams of imaginary exaltation disturbed by the perpetual "*memento mori*" of the valetudinarian. What bachelor need be told, that his chance of procuring a consort, will be increased by cultivating the acquaintance of the single ladies : or what fair lady is ignorant, that her exquisite charms will procure her a larger and more gratifying portion of flattery and homage from the young and disengaged of the other sex? Where large assemblages of people, and their different views and pursuits, form the objects of undivided attention, it were folly to dwell on the sweets of retirement, or the benefits to be derived from a contemplation of the scenes of nature.

There are many persons, however, who are led, at such a season, to similar places of resort, in quest of that tranquillity and those rural pleasures, which they have heard characterised as forming the most rational enjoyments of life. Convinced by experience, of the impossibility of attaining perfect happiness in that sphere wherein they have been accustomed to move, they look upon this impossibility as resulting more from local situation than from the want of a properly regulated mind, or the constitution of human nature. Poets and philosophers, in every age, have contributed to strengthen this opinion. In the writings of the former, we meet with exquisite descriptions of natural scenery, conveyed in fascinating language, and joined with appeals to the fancy and feelings, calculated to leave a deep impression on the heart. The simple melody of birds, the solemn murmurs of the ocean, the enchanting beauties of some real or imaginary landscape, are represented as producing effects equally wonderful with those wrought by the lyre of Orpheus; as irresistibly overpowering every turbulent passion, and imperceptibly instilling into the soul a love and reverence for virtue. Cicero, and most of the ancient philosophers, have expatiated on the pleasures of a country life, and the incalculable advantages it yields in point of tranquillity and genuine happiness, over a more intimate connexion with the world. The moderns have been equally inclined to propagate similar doctrines. In the writings of Rousseau, they form a very prominent feature; and a late well-known author, possessed of cultivated talents and an enlightened mind, has contributed not a little to their popularity. "We may all," he observes, "live in Arcadia, if we please. The beauties of a crystal spring, a silent grove, a daisied meadow, will chasten the feelings of the heart, and afford, at all times, a permanent and sure delight."*

Few reflecting persons, who have had an opportunity of enjoying these boasted advantages, can be ignorant of the fallacy of expectations raised on this basis. It will not be denied, that such scenes are capable of imparting to most persons a certain degree of pleasure. There is something naturally attractive, for instance, in the "sight-refreshing" livery with which the face of nature is decorated, as well as the simple melody of birds, and the invigorating healthful breeze; but a principal part of the impression these make upon the mind, depends upon its cultivation, and particular bias. The peasant is not necessarily either happier or more virtuous in consequence of living in a situation the most highly favoured by nature;—unless his taste is improved by education and culture, he receives little delight from viewing them; and a short acquaintance with him will convince unprejudiced inquirers, that his heart is often a prey to disquietude, and subject to the influence of violent contending passions.

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* Zimmerman on Solitude.

That we may be enabled to enjoy whatever advantages rural scenery is capable of yielding, it is therefore necessary that we cultivate a taste for its beauties. In proportion as the mind is elevated and expanded, our pleasures in contemplating them will increase. Objects which before seemed too insignificant to attract attention, will then appear in their true relative importance; and from even the tamest landscape, some feature or other may always be selected, worthy of our notice and admiration. To the enlightened observer, every different herb, fruit, and flower, every variety of soil or product, of prospect or of season, will convey information, and inspire sensations, to which a mind differently constituted must ever remain a stranger. While the untutored peasant is suffering his eye vacantly to wander over the surrounding scenery, or merely employing it in ascertaining the proper mode of cultivation, the former is perhaps tracing the progress of vegetation, from the first vernal bud, to the matured productions of autumn; remarking the numberless instances of transcendent skill, ingenuity, and benevolence, displayed in every part of creation; selecting and combining their various beauties by the aid of fancy; strengthening and invigorating his reasoning faculties, by meditating on the wonders that every where surround him; and from such pursuits deriving additional motives for acquiescing in the divine dispensations, and fulfilling the duties of that station in which the author of such stupendous works has been pleased to place him. Nothing will contribute more to produce these effects, than the study of the best poets. Although their enthusiasm has led them to ascribe powers to nature which she never possessed, they are best capable of developing her intrinsic beauties. Ever observant of those nice discriminations which more peculiarly manifest the hand of a master, their remarks are generally combined with the purest morality. In the Seasons of Thomson, or the Task of Cowper, the reader will find his attention directed to many beauties, which, without such assistance, had in all probability escaped his notice; and the moral lessons which they are calculated to convey, are, in these works, pointed out and enforced in the most pleasing and energetic manner.

Besides this cultivation of the mind, however, something else is necessary to give even the most enchanting scenery its proper zest. The passions must be regulated, and kept in due subjection. Wherever this is not done, the landscape will exhibit its charms in vain; or if they should forcibly attract notice, the impression they make will only be momentary.—Ovid, in one of his epistles, has introduced a lover, lamenting his folly in hoping to find relief from a change of scenery, while the dart that wounded him still rankled in his bosom. This remark is still more applicable to the malevolent passions. To him who is sickening with envy, every opening grace will only convey additional torment; especially when he reflects, that the charms which press themselves upon his attention, are equally open to the inspection of a hated rival. The ambitious man, whose heart is perpetually panting after honours and distinctions, would be unhappy although surrounded by Arcadian scenery, or even placed in Elysium itself. The music of birds, the crystal rill, the gale embued with Arabian fragrance, will be found ineffectual to sooth the pangs of remorse, to silence the upbraidings of conscience, or alleviate the anguish of despair. In proportion as the path of virtue is deserted, nature will appear bereft of her charms; and the recollection of that pleasure which the contemplation of them yielded in the hours of innocence, will continually aggravate those harrassing sensations attendant on a consciousness of guilt.

My readers, I trust, will not accuse me of assuming an unsuitable degree of seriousness, if, in addition to what has already been said, I beg leave to recommend to their notice, the precept of our excellent Cowper,—

> Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
> His works.

With a few lines from the same poet, expressive of the advantages which such a mode of conduct will ensure to the person who adopts it, I shall conclude the present paper:—

> He looks abroad into the varied field
> Of nature, and, though poor perhaps, compar'd
> With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
> Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
> His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
> And the resplendent rivers. His t'enjoy
> With a propriety that none can feel,
> But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
> Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling say —" My Father made them all!"
>
> *Task,—Book V.*

NUMBER 4.

When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below!——Cotton.

To the Inspector.

Sir,—Your functions as an Inspector, I trust, are not confined merely to observing the manners and behaviour of mankind, but have also a view to the distribution of that applause or censure which their conduct deserves at the hand of impartiality. I call upon you, therefore, for your animadversions on a prevalent evil, by which myself and many others have frequently been incommoded.

I am a young woman, Mr. Inspector, and in consequence of my rank and situation in life, am entitled to some little respect. My fortune enables me to dress up to the fashion, and also to attend most of those public places whither the genteel part of the community resort. Except a lively flow of spirits, the consequence of youth and health, but which some few censorious people are pleased to term levity, my character, I trust, is irreproachable; and I hope you will not accuse me of vanity, if I tell you, that there are not wanting persons to inform me that I am both beautiful and accomplished. To you, Sir, who are doubtless well acquainted with the female heart, it would appear affectation to deny, that the homage which is paid to me, on these accounts, is not altogether unpleasing.

For some time, however, Mr. INSPECTOR, I have been pestered by the attention of certain characters, for whom I know not where to find a more appropriate name than that of *Starers*. These persons apparently place their whole delight in gazing young women like myself out of countenance. If by their impudence they can raise a blush upon our cheeks, they seem to consider it as a trophy of honour. For this purpose, the face of every one they meet is scrutinized as keenly as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza scrutinized the faces of passengers, when in quest of the disenchanted Dulcinea del Toboso. At the theatre, the assembly-room, in our walks, or even at the church itself, the same reason for complaint exists. Could we suppose, Mr. INSPECTOR, that this behaviour was adopted in consequence of any esteem or regard which the gentlemen entertained for us, we might probably be induced to view it with greater lenity, but there seems little reason for such a supposition. Will you have the goodness to write a paper against this shameful practice, for which I dare say you will receive the thanks of all my sex, but in particular those of Sir, yours, &c.

PRISCILLA.

The grievance my fair correspondent complains of, is not of recent origin. The Spectator has informed us that a set of *Starers* existed in his time; a circumstance of which she appears to be ignorant. An evil, however, is not the less pernicious because it has the plea of antiquity on its side: and I perfectly agree with Priscilla, in thinking behaviour, similar to that she has noticed, deserving of the severest animadversions. I am likewise of her opinion, that it does not proceed from any considerations of merit, or even from any admiration of personal charms in the object; because they who are guilty of such a breach of decorum, are generally insensible to any merit or charms, save what they fancy themselves to possess. Perhaps the conduct of such persons may, in a great measure, be attributed to that proscription of every thing like shame-facedness and modesty, which our present systems of education inculcate. Our youths may wish to shew that they have shaken off the restraint of these antiquated qualities; and indeed candour must oblige us to confess, that nothing could tend more effectually to confirm this opinion than the allegations brought forward by my correspondent. An ingenious friend of mine, has indeed accounted for the effect in another manner. It is ascertained, that those who so assiduously seek to raise a blush upon the cheek of innocence, are generally such as have long since ceased to blush themselves. He therefore concludes, that these persons are animated by a principle nearly similar to that of the American savages, who believe that the good qualities of a conquered enemy will infallibly fall to the lot of the conqueror; and consequently supposes, that the *Starers* consider every blush which they are happy enough to raise, as conveying to them the accomplishments of the person against whom the artillery of their eyes is directed. If my friend's conjecture is right, it will give me a more favourable opinion of the *Starers;* since their conduct must then be considered as occasioned by a consciousness of their want of modesty and virtue:—qualifications, indeed, for which few persons will be inclined to give them credit.

But though the sentiments I entertain of these gentlemen are not more friendly than those of Priscilla herself, I must beg leave to observe, that until I receive some further explanation of her letter, I shall not totally acquit her of having invited that observation against which she so pointedly exclaims. She confesses, that she commonly dresses up to the fashion.—Now, although a very laudable object of female dress is undoubtedly to attract the attention of the other sex, yet it will surely be no crime to observe, that, judging from appearances, this object has of late been carried to an unaccountable length. Females of a certain description have usually been distinguished by the wantonness and indecorum of their dress; and if ladies of a totally opposite character should imitate their example in this respect, gentlemen may feel it incumbent on them to use their eyes a little more freely, lest they should be deceived by appearances, and, from the want of proper care, fall into disagreeable predicaments. When that occasional, though it may be esteemed innocent, levity of manners, spoken of by Priscilla, is also taken into consideration, it may probably incline her to treat the *staring* tribe with less asperity, and a little larger portion of charity, than her letter conveys.

In order to take away every shadow of justification from the *Starers*, I would therefore advise all my fair readers to be cautious lest they overstep the bounds of decency in dress, and of propriety in conduct. So careful was Cæsar over the honour of his wife, that he divorced her, because Clodius was known to entertain a passion for her, although no proofs of her criminality appeared; alleging as a reason for his conduct, that the wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected. I would likewise guard our British females against even the breath of suspicion. I would wish them continually to remember, that they possess such a powerful influence over the other sex, as, when properly exerted, will generally secure them from the insults of even the most impudent and abandoned. While the ladies act with a proper regard to themselves and the interests of society, with which their conduct is so intimately connected, so long shall the INSPECTOR be proud to stand forward as their advocate and defender; and even—if his natural modesty will permit, and the necessity of the case require it—to *out-stare* the *Starers* in their behalf.

In issuing my edict against this worshipful fraternity, I shall beg leave, however, lest any misconception should arise, to insert a saving clause for the preservation of my Inspectorial rights. This is the more necessary, since it is no easy task to ascertain the thoughts of ladies from a cursory glance at their features: and as the multiplicity of objects that call for my inspection, may probably, in the course of a century or two, render me less quick sighted than I am at present, I would wish to guard against the establishment of a general rule, which might be construed to my prejudice, and thus eventually injure the interests of the community. If, therefore, I should at any time be accused of too close and too attentive an inspection of my fair countrywomen, let them consider me as only eager to qualify myself for the office I have assumed; let them rest assured, that the privileges I claim, shall never be exerted for the gratification of idle curiosity, but always be rendered, as far as possible, subservient to the general welfare.

To the Inspector.

Sir,—If it is consistent with your plan to notice local grievances, I shall be much obliged by your inserting the following letter:—

Every person acquainted with Hull must have observed, that during the prevalence of wet weather, and indeed at other times, the military are frequently not only paraded upon the flagged part of the streets, whereby passengers have been seriously incommoded, but that, when marching along the streets, particularly on a Sunday, every person, of whatever description, has been driven off the flags, and forced upon the pavement. Being a married man, Mr. Inspector, my wife and children have often, in this manner, been obliged to traverse through the dirt, or otherwise perhaps to wait a considerable time, until the procession had passed. The same disagreeable circumstances have occurred, various times, to several other ladies in my sight, and I have often heard the evil complained of, although it has never been held up to public notice.

In thus addressing you, I would beg leave to observe, that no man is more sensible than myself of the merits of that class of our fellow citizens to whom this letter alludes; nor is there any person who would submit to any privations or inconveniences for their accommodation, with greater pleasure. The ladies, I dare answer for them, are in general actuated by similar sentiments. A polite attention to the female sex, however, has always been deemed one of the characteristics of a truly martial spirit, from the age of chivalry, down to the present day. Trusting that this hint, through the medium of the INSPECTOR, will produce the desired effect,

I remain, Sir,
Yours, &c.
CIVIS.

NUMBER 5.

Parent of hope! immortal truth! make known
Thy deathless wreaths, and triumphs all thine own!
The silent progress of thy power is such,
Thy means so feeble and despis'd so much,
That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
And none can teach them, but whom thou hast taught.

COWPER.

THE following communication has reference to a subject, which, at the commencement of my periodical career, I had determined to exclude from the number of those topics the INSPECTOR was intended to embrace. As this epistle, however, may be acceptable to several of my readers, I shall make no apology for publishing it. For my own part, I am afraid it will be less attended to than those compositions to which the first paragraph of it alludes; since a little observation will suffice to shew, that mankind are far more eager to procure relief from bodily than from mental evils. My publishers will probably be of the same opinion as to its reception, though for a different reason,—because the insertion of it *has not been paid for*. However, as every reader must be convinced, that any want of efficacy on that account, cannot be considered as either their fault or mine, I shall proceed to insert it without further comment.

To the Inspector.

Sir,—That disorders of the mind are more calamitous than those of the body, and require greater skill in order to effect a radical cure, is generally acknowledged; and hence the physician who is capable of removing or alleviating the former, seems more entitled to public gratitude than he whose efforts are confined solely to procure relief from the latter. On this ground I rest my claim to notice. As the publication in which your papers appear, frequently contains communications from persons who undertake to cure the various complaints incident to the human frame, be so kind as to allot a small space to one, whose principal aim is, to remedy the effects of mental obliquity and disease.

In soliciting attention to any subject of this nature, protestations of a disinterested regard to the welfare of society, form so common and so suspicious a mode of introduction, that I shall not adopt it on the present occasion. Neither shall I here attempt to lay down the symptoms or prognostics of those evils which I profess to cure, since most persons are already acquainted with these particulars; and they who have not attained that knowledge, will, after perusing this letter, be at no loss where to resort for further instruction.

To recount the different species, and the lamentable consequences of those mental affections, for which it is my object to provide a remedy, would be to write a history of the world. Over all the discordant passions which agitate the human breast, my influence extends; and although I may not be empowered to eradicate, I am capable of restraining them within proper bounds. The heart that once swelled with a degree of ambition, equal to that which actuated Cæsar, has learned of me to find contentment in a situation lowly as that of an anchorite. The sensual disciple of Epicurus has been brought to surpass even Cato in temperance; and the haughty impetuosity of another Achilles has given way to meekness and equanimity of temper, greater than that of Socrates. Those ferocious and brutal traits which marked the human character, in climes where my power was formerly unknown, have now been gradually succeeded by amenity of manners; and nations that accounted each other as barbarians, unfit to enjoy the light of heaven, are now linked in bonds of amity, and taught to consider themselves equally the children of one Divine Being. From me, numbers have acquired resolution to despise contempt and shame, rather than deviate from the path of duty; and have even rejoiced in the midst of trials, at which Roman fortitude had recoiled, and sought relief from the dagger or the bowl. By my aid, the proud have been brought to exercise humility; the envious to discard envy: rancour has been succeeded by forgiveness; and hatred by brotherly kindness and affection.

One distinguishing characteristic which I possess is, that my favours are dispensed without fee or reward; and in general more freely among those who are commonly considered as least entitled to notice. To the abject, the needy, the afflicted, who collectively form a large portion of every community, I am capable of rendering such assistance as will place them in a state far surpassing that of those who are strangers to me, although otherwise held in higher estimation by the world. My influence can confer happiness, even where haggard poverty is an inmate, and clothe with the smiles of complacency those features wherein disease and death are intrenched. The discovery of that wonderful elixir, which is supposed to possess the property of transmuting the baser metals into gold, and of yielding a life-restoring cordial of transcendent efficacy, has, for many ages, engaged the alchymist in laborious and fruitless researches. What that elixir is fabled to effect in the chemical, I am able to realize in the moral world. Afflictions at my touch change their nature, and are converted into blessings; while the medicines which I administer cheer and revive the fainting soul, and give rise to feelings of hope, of triumph, and exultation, under circumstances which would otherwise induce consternation and despair.

I have already said, that affections of the mind are more peculiarly in my province than those of the body. Formerly indeed, the latter have been miraculously cured through my means; but at present I do not pretend to possess any power over them, unless in cases where they are in some measure dependent upon the former. Yet, as it is a maxim with the enlightened philosopher, that the prevention of an evil is better than a cure, my claims to consideration will, even in this point of view, be found deserving of attention. Were my suggestions generally adhered to in practice, mankind would be preserved from many of those dreadful maladies which are commissioned to punish, even in this life, the votaries of intemperance and licentiousness. If the latent seeds of disease could not be totally eradicated, the lenitives I offer would cause the pangs of it to be less frequently, less severely felt. Affliction would be tempered with resignation. The gradual decay of nature, unaccompanied with acute sensations of pain, would divest the closing scenes of life of many of their terrors, and cause death to appear only as a welcome messenger, whose assistance was necessary to usher mortals into "another and a better world."

Were confidence to be merited by respectability of credentials or authenticated proofs of pre-eminent ability and beneficence, my qualifications of this nature might confidently be adduced in opposition to the pretensions of any competitor. In the earliest period of time, I received my commission from divine authority, and to my precepts mankind were commanded to pay implicit obedience; but a speedy deviation therefrom, introduced a complication of evils into the world, some of which it is not in my power totally to extirpate. Whenever the regimen I laid down was attended to, a state of convalescence succeeded. Recovered strength, however, in that, as in every subsequent age, was in general only the signal for commencing a fresh career of intemperance; and notwithstanding almost the whole of mankind were swept at once from the earth, as a just punishment for slighting my dictates, yet succeeding generations were equally as disobedient as their predecessors. To counteract the growing evil more effectually, my mission was now renewed and attested by tremendous signs; and although confined, in a more especial manner, to one part of the world, its beneficial tendency was experienced by thousands, who rejoiced under it, and have left upon record testimonials of those happy effects which it produced in their own lives and conduct. By degrees, their testimony and my advice were again discarded, for the pursuit of folly and the gratification of vicious propensities. Punishment repeatedly succeeded these continued instances of disobedience, but was as frequently forgotten. Again I received a new manifestation from Heaven; my powers were enlarged, and their sphere of action extended over the globe. In every quarter my influence was felt, and acknowledged to be the choicest boon which could have been bestowed on mankind. Various circumstances, however, have at different periods been permitted to arrest, in a certain degree, the universal diffusion of the benefits flowing from my sway, but, in the eye of reason and impartiality, the blessings I have already produced can never be sufficiently appreciated.

If those persons who profess to relieve bodily diseases, are justified in complaining of the obstacles they have to encounter, arising from prejudice or imposture, the injury which I have sustained, from the prevalence of these, is incomparably greater. Almost every species of crime that has infested the world, some one or other of my enemies has attributed to me. I have been accused of raising terrible persecutions, in which oceans of blood have flowed; of breaking the dearest bonds of society; of exciting dissensions in families, and causing the child to betray the parent, and the wife her husband; of producing melancholy, insanity, and despair; although one of my principal objects has ever been to extirpate these evils, as a reference to the precepts which I have laid down for the government of my votaries will sufficiently evince. Indeed the impartial inquirer must be convinced, that the horrid consequences above enumerated and laid to my charge, are the work of deceivers who have assumed my name, and of whose crimes I am completely innocent. It is some consolation, however, to reflect, that a time is promised and will speedily arrive, when these misrepresentations shall all be done away. My influence shall then be established on an immovable basis, and falsehood and imposture no longer usurp the place of true

RELIGION.

NUMBER 6.

Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise.——POPE.

WHATEVER reasons men may fancy they have for cherishing a spirit of resentment or animosity against any of their contemporaries, such feelings commonly subside when the objects of them have paid the debt of nature. There is something of an humanizing tendency in those solemn reflections which the consideration of our mortality is calculated to inspire, and which incline us to examine with a less scrutinizing eye, failings, that under other circumstances had produced very different sensations. Many of the exciting causes of envy or malevolence have then ceased to exist. A sympathizing sense of the hapless condition of those who were lately our rivals, joined with the knowledge that, ere long, we must be placed in a similar situation, disposes us rather to

"Seek their merits to disclose—"

Than

"Draw their frailties from their dread abode."

Such conduct, and such sentiments, are indeed an honour to human nature. But if they appear justly entitled to our approbation, when flowing spontaneously from minds that formerly had few enjoyments in common with the deceased, cold and unfeeling must that heart be, which, on similar melancholy occasions, will not make some allowances for the partiality of friendship and the overflowings of affection. When the ties that connected us most closely with the world are severed by the death of our dearest friends, their errors and foibles, inseparable from a state of humanity, are either forgotten, or remembered only with sentiments of compassion; while on the other hand,

> "———— busy meddling memory
> In barbarous succession musters up
> The past endearments of our happier hours,
> Tenacious of its theme."—Blair.

It is undoubtedly owing in a great measure to the operation of these causes, that the friends of those who have been snatched away by death, are so anxious to convey to the world a favourable opinion of their characters. In some cases, however, other motives, originating in sources of a less honourable nature, may, perhaps with equal truth, be assigned for this peculiar disposition. The possession of one good quality, although evidently more the result of natural constitution than cultivation, or the practice of one single virtue, from which neither situation, opportunity, nor bodily temperament ever offered a plausible temptation to deviate, may be ostentatiously brought forward as a counterpoise to qualities or vices of a different kind, and which are carefully withheld from public notice. Among the most abandoned of mankind, few will be found who could wish to see those persons they most esteem plunged into the same vicious career with themselves. The libertine, whose principal gratification is found in inflicting disgrace and infamy upon the families of others, is, in general, exquisitely sensible to the slightest attack of a similar nature upon the honour of his own. From these considerations a reason may be deduced, why individuals, who themselves appear to have discarded all pretensions to the approbation of society, are yet anxious to secure a portion of it to their deceased relatives and friends.

On the other hand, they who strictly adhere to the paths of propriety and virtue, are apt to consider their own characters as implicated in some degree in the misconduct of those connected with them through the ties of blood or friendship; and consequently are stimulated to remove, as far as possible, those stains upon the memories of others, which might ultimately affect their own reputation. To this cause, perhaps, we must partly attribute those softening touches, those fine shades in the portraits of deceased friends, upon which men of acknowledged veracity and candour have sometimes condescended to employ their pencils. Even here, the stern moralist may probably find some reason to mitigate the severity of censure; since the public usefulness of many exemplary characters is often injured by an indiscriminate ascription to them of the vices and failings of their relations. It may also be observed, that although, the "*good and bad alike are fond of fame,*" as Pope justly alleges, yet it must be considered as a tacit acknowledgment of the inherent dignity of virtue, when the highest commendation which even vicious men can bestow upon their friends is, that they have excelled in the pursuit and practice of it.

In an early period of history, it had become customary to perpetuate, by monumental inscriptions, the memory of those who had deserved well of society; for which purpose the most durable materials were selected, as brass and marble. The difficulty and expense attending this method long confined it to a small number, to whom such memorials of respect were raised by the contributions of their grateful countrymen. In process of time, it was found that these honours, which were at first intended to operate as a reward for praise-worthy actions, and as a stimulus to aspiring virtue, were afterwards prostituted to the service of those, and those alone, who had amassed wealth enough to purchase their erection; whilst poverty, however dignified by worth or talents, could not hope to attain such marks of distinction. By the invention of printing, and particularly of newspapers, greater facility of circulation has been given to panegyrics upon the dead in modern times; and almost every person, however low his circumstances and situation in life, may now hope to be once at least held out to public notice for his virtues, if he really possess any. It is a disadvantage, however, to which these repositories of knowledge are subject, in common with more voluminous publications, that interest and influence may sometimes procure the insertion of eulogies to which Truth has not affixed her *imprimatur*. Philosophers have often commended a custom prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, who, on the death of their monarchs, ordered a strict scrutiny to be made into their past lives and conduct. If this investigation proved favourable to the character of the deceased, he was interred with the highest honours. If, on the contrary, the decision was unfavourable, those honours were refused to his remains; and this was considered as a mark of indelible disgrace. Such a regulation, operating on the mind by the most powerful motives, could scarcely fail to produce incalculable advantages to society; and it is much to be wished, that a similar investigation, conducted with the utmost candour and impartiality, could be instituted in these times, before any deceased person should be allowed the privilege of an eulogium in a public newspaper.

These reflections have been excited by the following letter of a correspondent, who justly observes, that by giving to vice that praise which is the proper meed of virtue, one powerful incentive to the latter is destroyed. But I hasten to lay his letter before my readers:—

To the Inspector.

Sir,—On casting my eyes over the most gloomy and sorrowful corner of our newspapers, I mean the obituary, I always feel a sensation which I don't know how to describe; a reverential regard for the dead, therein recorded, mixed with a tinge of drollery at the manner in which such events are frequently notified. For instance, when I read of the death of a man whom I have known to be a dram drinker for twenty years past, and whose liver has been baked as hard as a ship biscuit—*I mourn;* but when, in the line immediately following, I observe him lamented as a most respectable, worthy, and upright character, *I* *laugh*—not at the fate of the man, but at the folly of pitching upon such an absurd method of insulting his memory. In the same way, I might enumerate many other characters, whose lives were certainly not exemplary, but whose fame is extolled by panegyrics equally as ridiculous.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*" If you can't speak *well* of the dead, say *nothing* about them. It therefore pleased me very much, when, a short time ago, I saw an account of the death of an attorney, stating merely his name and age; and, without any remark, leaving him to his repose. *Now that was right.* Not that I would have men of exemplary piety, extraordinary talents, or heroic valour, slipped into the silent grave, without a just and an honest tribute of respect paid to their memories. A proper reverence for the ashes of such people, tends to excite in the living a laudable ambition to imitate their excellencies; but to bestow praises which belong only to the great and good, upon the common herd of mortals, is levelling at once the distinction between virtue and vice. I believe there is a natural vanity in the mind of man, which sticks to his last sand, and prompts him to "leave a longing lingering wish behind," that his name may not only be remembered, but approved of, by posterity. Now in order to *obtain* that posthumous fame, let him be assured, that whilst living he must do something to *deserve it.* But if a person of irregular life, or a tame, dull, insipid being, without perhaps a shade of character to mark him whilst living, receives the same flourishing encomiums which belong only to mortals of a higher class, the ardour of honest ambition is checked; because a man has only to read such an account to be convinced, that, let him live as he may, he will be applauded at last.

Were I the publisher of a newspaper, I would give characteristic distinctions, something in this way. If a brewer happened to die, I would say, he was of a *mild temper,* and brewed *mild ale.* A shoemaker's death might be announced thus,—he was an industrious man, made all his *ends* meet, and *stuck* to his work to the *last.* A banker might be renowned for never having *dishonoured his draft.* A baker, butcher, or grocer, for having given *good weight,* and so on. And if any of them should not have been remarkable for such virtues, then say—*nothing about 'em.* On the death of a fishwife, I would observe,—that she whose tongue was once as glib as an *eel,* is now as mute as a *fish,* and lies as *flat as a flounder.*

If you should approve of these sketches, I shall beg you to inform all editors, printers, and publishers of newspapers, that I can furnish them with a variety of others, properly adapted for all the ordinary occasions that may occur; the extraordinary cases may furnish matter for the funeral orations of the eloquent divine, or for the elegant pen of the INSPECTOR.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

DAVID DULBARD.

In addition to the observations of my humorous correspondent, I shall only say, that—notwithstanding the allowances which candour ought always to make on the score of friendship and affection—whenever deceased persons are praised for qualifications they never had, some one or other will consider it as a fit opportunity to detract from those they actually possessed; that when others are extolled for virtues they never practised, it will only serve to recall their vices more strongly to remembrance; that every child, consort, or friend, is not viewed by the world with the eyes of parental kindness, conjugal affection, or friendship; in short, that although no panegyric can be sufficiently great, no lamentation too mournful, for characters of a certain description, there are many others to whom the highest tribute of respect that can possibly be paid is—to let them sink quietly into oblivion.

With regard to my correspondent, if he really belong to the respectable family whose signature he has assumed, I do not hesitate to class him among the most intelligent members of it; and I seize this opportunity of saying so, while he is yet alive, lest afterwards I should be considered as guilty of the fault against which his letter is directed. That none of my friends may be laid under a similar imputation on my account, and as a proof that I have reaped some advantage from his communication, I think it will not be improper to compose a paragraph against my own demise. One of my predecessors, in a like situation, contented himself with hinting as his last wish, that his monument should only signify "he was the deepest philosopher, the wittiest writer, and the greatest man of that age or nation." As I am not vain enough to imagine that I am equal to Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam in abilities, so I have not ambition to aspire to quite so high an eulogium. Unless my friend Dulbard would favour the Editor of the *Hull Advertiser* with one of his characteristic panegyrics, I would merely request to have it said of me, "that he fulfilled the office of an INSPECTOR with credit to himself and benefit to the public; and that his virtues were equal, and his writings not inferior, to those of any of his predecessors."

NUMBER 7.

It is a hungry vice :—it eats up all
That gives society its beauty, strength,
Convenience, and security, and use.—Cowper.

Since the commencement of the French Revolution, the rights of mankind have formed a principal topic of conversation and study. At one period, every village and every petty club had its orators, who condescended to enlighten the minds of their contemporaries, on this important subject. I do not intend to controvert the propriety or advantages of such discussions, but it may, perhaps, be allowable to observe, that even in the minds of many friends to the rights of men, the doctrine has frequently been perverted. That many of the evils which overspread France, at the era of the revolution, arose from the inadequate conceptions which the people were led to entertain of their political rights, appears too evident to admit of a dispute. Emerged from what they had learned to regard as a state of the greatest slavery, into a state of liberty, and buoyed up with enthusiastic notions of their political freedom and equality, they considered themselves authorized to follow, in almost every respect, the bent of their inclinations. In thinking of their *rights*, they forgot their *duties*. The effects produced by such conduct have been written in letters of blood, and afford a *memento* which cannot fail to make a deep impression on every feeling and reflecting mind.

The good sense, and less frivolous dispositions, of my countrymen, will, I trust, lead them to draw a proper lesson from this awful example, and teach them to cherish with assiduity and jealous solicitude, that rational liberty which distinguishes our happy island. My object, at present, is to shew, that conduct similar to that above-described, is in smaller societies productive of consequences less dreadful indeed, but highly prejudicial to human happiness. Whether the political opinions of my countrymen have had any influence upon their general behaviour, I shall not here inquire; but certainly many evils in private life, may be traced to the same partiality to rights, in preference to duties, which has been noticed as producing such pernicious effects in the case of France. Nor does this mode of illustration appear undeserving of some degree of attention. From an accurate observation of the fate of empires, important precepts for the regulation of lesser communities, may oftentimes be fairly deduced. The Iliad of Homer is supposed by some critics to have been written with a design of exhibiting to the discordant States of Greece, a faithful picture of the consequences arising from disunion; yet the scenes which are displayed in that inimitable performance, and the moral it inculcates, are equally proper for the contemplation and instruction of individuals and families, in a private point of view.

Such is the constitution of human nature, that whenever our rights occupy the chief place in our consideration, our duties are too frequently disregarded. There is a spirit of domination inherent in the mind, which will not easily brook constraint, nor willingly submit to those restrictions which a state of society requires; especially if this spirit be cherished by a frequent contemplation of what is due to us from others, without a proper recollection of their reciprocal claims. An example or two may probably place this subject in a stronger point of view; and while they shew the consequences of the evil, afford some light as to the proper remedy.

Attalus is a man of considerable rank and fortune, of acknowledged abilities, and general good character. He has acquired the reputation of possessing a feeling and benevolent heart, and seems ever ready to listen to the tale of wretchedness, and equally inclined to bestow relief. The solicitations of distress convey to his mind an idea of that respect and homage to which his situation entitles him; and it is owing more to this cause, than to a principle of benevolence and duty, that objects of pity experience his bounty. Those who do not ask it submissively, are never considered as deserving of it; nor does he seek for opportunities of ascertaining and relieving the wants of those, whose feelings and situations render them averse to making their distress public, although possessing in general far stronger claims upon his humanity. While Attalus, however, is frequently extolled in the neighbourhood as a model of benevolence and kindness, his family are trembling at his presence. His amiable wife, naturally of a timid disposition, is continually reminded, by his looks and carriage, of the obedience which she vowed at the altar; while her own claims to that endearing courtesy, that reciprocal confidence, which form the basis of connubial happiness, are totally disregarded. From his children he exacts an implicit submission to all his dictates and caprices,—nor are the playful propensities of youth suffered to interfere, in the slightest degree, with his despotic will. His eldest son, on arriving at years of maturity, was compelled to embrace a profession to which his inclination and natural disposition rendered him habitually averse, in preference to one which both these had led him to choose; and probably this is, in a great measure, the reason why his affairs have turned out unprosperously, and that Attalus now sees him a bankrupt. His eldest daughter had formed an attachment to a young gentleman of acknowledged worth, and at one time a great favourite in the family; but by some inadvertence, which was construed into disrespect, he had incurred the displeasure of Attalus, who consequently forbade their union. Not content, however, with the exercise of a father's undoubted prerogative, in this respect, and regardless of the equally incontestable rights of his daughter, who engaged never to marry without his consent, he obliged her to give her hand to a person whom she could not love; and who has since used her with such brutality, that partly from this cause, and partly, perhaps, from the shock which her inclinations received from a forced marriage, she is now dying of a broken heart.

The servants of Attalus are treated as beings who are bound to render him every exertion they are capable of making, while their claims to respect, lenity, or esteem, are never suffered to obtain a hearing. The whole of their time and their qualifications must be employed in his service, because he has purchased a right in them; but they are not allowed to taste the sweets of necessary relaxation, the merited praise of faithful industry, or the pardon of any trivial and even involuntary fault.

As a neighbour, the conduct of Attalus is consistent with the rest of his behaviour. He will not, on any account, forego a tittle of that consideration and respect, to which his wealth and rank in life entitle him. By means of his superior education, he has obtained a greater proficiency in some particular branches of knowledge, than his less intelligent neighbours: while, on the other hand, they are possessed of much practical wisdom, in affairs whereof he is comparatively ignorant, yet on which it is desirable for him to obtain information. This information he expects should be given him upon the slightest intimation, nay even upon the bare appearance of its being necessary; yet when his own advice or assistance is wanted by his neighbours, it must be solicited with the utmost submission and respect, or he will deem himself under no obligation to impart it.

The conduct of Floretta, though equally deserving of animadversion, is less pernicious in its effects. Floretta is as much admired for the accomplishments of her mind as the beauties of her person. Few ladies, indeed, are better qualified for obtaining the universal suffrages of every company in their behalf; yet too high an opinion of her own claims, and too low an estimate of those of others, contribute to lessen her consequence, and enlist many of her acquaintance in the rolls of her concealed enemies.——Intoxicated with that homage to which her various charms and accomplishments justly entitle her, Floretta is dissatisfied unless she alone engrosses all observation and regard; not reflecting, that where such an assemblage of graces is found, the utmost care of the possessor is requisite, to conciliate the good will of associates who are sensible of their own inferiority. Her love of admiration, added to a consciousness of her own claims to notice, causes her to disregard the rules of modern politeness, and incites her to snatch from her less accomplished competitors, every opportunity of displaying their acquirements. Such conduct tends to excite a spirit of envy and detraction; and has often been the means of plunging Floretta into troubles and vexations, from which a different behaviour would have entirely preserved her.

These are only a few of the instances which might be adduced, wherein similar effects have been produced by the operation of the principle

I am alluding to. A slight acquaintance with the world, a little self-examination, will, I am persuaded, convince most persons of the prevalence of the evil, and the necessity for counteracting it. What I have further to observe, on this subject, lies in a narrow compass. I would merely remind my readers, that, when inclined to exert their own rights, they ought to recollect that they have duties to perform, originating in the unquestionable rights of others. Upon the due adjustment of these claims, whether in a political or private point of view, the welfare and happiness of nations and individuals must, in a great measure, depend. He who will not, in order to obtain the good will of his contemporaries, abate something from the rigour of those pretensions which self-love is ever ready to urge in its own behalf, must not expect to conciliate the regard of mankind. If he imitate the character of Attalus, like Attalus he may be feared by his wife and children, but will neither possess their affection nor their esteem. He may gratify his pride, by receiving the tokens of submission from those who supplicate his bounty; but the silent blessings of those who, although plunged in distress, know not how to solicit or where to find relief, will seldom flow for his interposition; nor can he expect to enjoy that heartfelt pleasure which the consciousness of having exerted himself successfully in their behalf, is calculated to inspire. If he make an improper use of those rights with which he is invested as a father and master of a family, and pay no respect to the feelings and rights of his children, he will probably find, when too late, that the plans which he adopted, though perhaps with a view to their happiness, have terminated in their misery as well as in his own. His dependents may do their duty by constraint; but their services will manifest none of that alacrity which a courteous acknowledgment of their claims upon him would have produced. If, like Floretta, any persons are led to expect that they alone should engross the conversation and attention of every company, let them remember, that such a want of deference for the rights of others, will lower their characters in the estimation of many, and make enemies of some, whose friendship might otherwise have been to them a most valuable acquisition.

NUMBER 8.

Nobilitas sola Virtus.

To paint vice in her true colours; to exhibit virtue, as she really is, our only happiness; and to illustrate their respective qualities by example, so as to improve and amend mankind, is alike the grand object of the Novelist, the Dramatist, and the Poet. Each of these enjoys peculiar advantages, and to each are presented peculiar obstacles to be overcome. Whilst the Novelist exerts his descriptive powers in the more humble walk of narration, and the Dramatist, catching "the living manners as they rise," presents our follies as it were embodied to our view, the Poet's magic art or melts the soul by strains of love, or, in our country's cause, with heroic ardour fires our breasts to conquer or to die. Many objections have indeed been urged against novels, as injurious to the morals of their readers; and it is a lamentable fact, that by far the greater number of the ephemeral productions so called, are of the most despicable nature. The poison of infidelity has, by their means, been disseminated among all classes of people; and their baneful influence has extended itself over families, once the abode of happiness. Under the specious title of benevolence, the greatest irregularities are described; and sensibility, that goddess of the idolatry of the present day, amply compensates for the grossest crimes. I would not be understood to pass an unlimited censure on novels; there are many which deserve greater commendation than is in my power to bestow. But I may be allowed to say, that the best of them too frequently represent things otherwise than they really exist. When those who are brought up in a more humble station, see manners and habits of life depicted of which they were before ignorant,—and when it is considered that these habits are described with every advantage that language can afford—it is certainly not to be wondered at, if envy at the superior fortune of others should obtain a lurking situation in their breasts. To this envy naturally succeeds a desire of imitating the objects represented, and an ambition to become of somewhat more importance in the eyes of the world.

The love of distinction is, in a greater or less degree, an inmate of every bosom; and although, in weak and frivolous minds, it may shew itself in such a manner as scarcely to be observed, or if observed, only with contempt, yet it does not therefore cease to be that same passion, which, whether its object be laudable or no, is, in nobler minds, dignified with the name of ambition. It is truly ludicrous to observe the change which this foolish pride often produces in the sentiments and behaviour of men, whom perhaps we have long known as useful members of society, in their respective situations. To be addressed as plain *Mr.* is an affront never to be overlooked; whilst the title of ESQUIRE seems to possess a magic influence over all who, having fortunately scraped together a few thousands, are determined to *live like somebody.* It is impossible to read the columns of our public prints, without being completely disgusted at the eternal repetition of this word, misapplied in almost every instance. If my grocer or linen-draper takes a wife unto himself, it is announced to the public that Benjamin Bohea, ESQUIRE, was yesterday married to Miss Tripe, daughter of Timothy Tripe, ESQUIRE—and it is not without some difficulty that I recognize, under his new title, the man whom I saw a few days before, up to the elbows in dirt, labouring in the duties of his calling.

Should this ridiculous vanity gain much more ground, we may expect soon to see our taylors and shoemakers start upon us ESQUIRES, self-created. All these men are highly useful in their vocations, but over-stepping the bounds which nature has prescribed, they expose themselves to the derision and contempt of those whose good sense teaches them to be content in their stations, and who are sensible of the propriety of the advice—"*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Laughable as it is to see a man, prompted by vanity, thus expose himself, when he actually possesses neither talents nor endowments beyond what may enable him to live quietly in the circle wherein he is placed by nature, yet the consequences may prove of more importance than is generally imagined. The indiscriminate ascription of the title of Esquire—which legally belongs only to the sacred office of a Magistrate, and to some others which I shall not here enumerate—*to persons of every description,* does certainly tend to the destruction of civil order and society. Man is so constituted as to render equality impossible; the visionary theory of a neighbouring nation has fallen to the ground, and completely demonstrated, that distinction of rank and mutual dependence are essentially necessary both to our private happiness and political existence. If my countrymen would but be content with those epithets of distinction to which they are justly entitled, their respectability would be placed on a firmer foundation, and the now-prostituted title of Esquire be restored to its rightful owners, whose conduct would, I doubt not, reflect a lustre on the power whose representatives they are. Let those whose petty ambition soars above the appellation of an English merchant, remember, that virtue alone ennobles the soul; and those who think wealth the *summum bonum* of life, recollect, that

> " *Worth* makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

I shall conclude this paper with the following history. Mercator was the only son of a reputable retail tradesman in a corporate town in the north of England. At his father's death, he succeeded to his business, and being honest in his dealings, and attentive to customers, he was generally respected by his townsmen. With his first wife he enjoyed several years of domestic happiness, until she was separated from him by death, leaving him a widower with three children, in the prime of life. For some time, this loss was severely felt by him; but meeting with a lady of considerable fortune, he was dazzled with her wealth, paid his addresses to her, and was married. The acquisition of riches proved the cause of his subsequent misfortunes. At the repeated importunities of his wife, he gave up his shop, embarked his property in shipping, of which he was totally ignorant, and commenced *gentleman.* In a short time after, he was elected to the magistracy of the town,—and intoxicated with pride at the addition of Esquire to his name, he forgot all his former acquaintance. But, whilst big with self-importance he disgusted all who knew him, intelligence was brought of the total loss of his most valuable ship. The news was too much for his already half-turned head to bear; he grew dejected at the reverse of fortune, and was one morning found hanging dead in his chamber,—an example of the ill effects of petty ambition in the middling stations of life.

C.

NUMBER 9.

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd:—
But triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few:
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene,
Where Rapture utter'd vows, and wept between!

* * * * * * * *

And say without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial Beauty won,
O! what were man?—a World without a Sun!

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

THE VISION OF BACHELORS.

It is generally my custom, after the business of the day is concluded, to spend an hour or two in the perusal of some work, which, by forcibly engaging my attention, and affording matter for contemplation, may operate as an anodyne, in allaying the cares and agitations resulting from a close intercourse with the scenes of active life. Last evening, I happened to take up a volume of Plutarch, and opened upon that part wherein the regulations instituted at Sparta by the celebrated Lycurgus, are detailed. I was particularly struck with the laws respecting celibacy, by which bachelors, after passing a certain age, were rendered liable to a prosecution for remaining unmarried; and, at the command of the magistrate, were compelled, in the depth of winter, to go naked round the streets of Sparta, singing a song in which themselves were held up to ridicule. Other measures of a similar nature were also adopted, calculated to render the nuptial state honourable, and throw the utmost odium upon those who appeared to condemn it, unless strong reasons could be alleged in justification of their conduct.

Revolving in my mind the regulations of Lycurgus, I was insensibly led to reflect upon the contrast which they formed with the opinions and practice of my countrymen; and to this circumstance it is undoubtedly owing, that after retiring to rest, I had a most singular dream, connected in some degree with the subject which had occupied my waking meditations.

Methought I was placed in a large amphitheatre, amidst a numerous concourse of spectators. On a seat elevated above the rest, sat a venerable old man, whose grey hairs, piercing looks, and dignified deportment, drew every eye upon him. In one part of the amphitheatre stood a crowd of persons, some of whom were of the number of my friends, and all of them past the meridian of life. An investigation of their conduct appeared about to commence; and as I was convinced that several of those with whom I was acquainted were of an irreproachable moral character, I felt a degree of surprise at their situation that nearly overpowered me. On applying for information to a person who seemed from his actions to be an officer of the court, he told me in a few words, that the venerable personage above described, was the famous Lycurgus; and that the crowd, in whose fate I had expressed so lively a concern, were of that description styled old bachelors, whom he was about to try for an offence so opposite to the spirit of those institutions which he had formerly established at Sparta.

Whilst I was musing upon the singular nature of this tribunal, my meditations were interrupted by the annunciation of the name of one of my acquaintance, who, after the charge had been read against him *pro forma,* was interrogated as to what he could urge in his own defencc. He began by acknowledging the justice of the accusation, but pleaded in extenuation, that the cares and vexations of a married life were such serious drawbacks upon human happiness, that he had hitherto, on this account, abstained from forming a matrimonial connexion; that in these days of profligacy, it was difficult to perform in a faithful manner the duties of a parent, in consequence of the vicious habits imbibed by children in early youth, and the want of proper examples among those of riper years; that the fretful, peevish, and capricious tempers, manifested by many wives of his acquaintance, had seriously disgusted him; in short, that he considered the blessings which wedlock, under the most favourable circumstances, was calculated to bestow, as a very inadequate recompence for the loss of those pleasures attached to a single life. Such doctrines I could observe excited sentiments of indignation in the stern law-giver; and he paused a short time, as if considering what punishment sufficiently great could be inflicted upon the delinquent. At length he enquired of the persons around him, what was the situation and character of this contemner of marriage? and was informed, that he had for many years had a woman in keeping, who was an absolute tyrant over him, and of whose imperious temper he almost daily received manual proofs. She had borne him several children, over whose education she would not suffer him to exercise any controul, but encouraged them continually, both by precept and example, to ridicule and despise him. Without waiting to hear any farther, Lycurgus adjudged him to remain in his present situation; assigning as a reason, that he who despised the laws of his country, the kind attentions of a wife, and the tender endearments of lawful children, could not be more properly punished than by the despotism of a strumpet, and the contempt and reproaches of an illegitimate offspring.

The next person put to the bar was a man whose squalid meagre look and tattered garb bespoke wretchedness in the extreme. He appeared to be upwards of sixty, although it was ascertained that he had not reached his fortieth year. Being called upon to state his reasons for continuing so long in a state of celibacy, he pleaded with great force of language and expression of countenance, his utter inability to procure those comforts and conveniences of life, which every person with whom he had conversed acknowledged to be indispensably necessary to connubial happiness. He complimented the judge, in very encomiastic terms, for introducing such a degree of abstemiousness and economy into Sparta; and had only to complain, that he had not in this respect copied in their full extent the institutions of Minos, by which all the citizens of Crete, without distinction, were fed at the public expense. Above all he lamented that a similar regulation was not adopted in this country ; since, in such a case, he might have participated in those social enjoyments of which he was at present deprived by reason of his poverty. In conclusion he observed, that so far from being able to meet the growing expenses of a wife and family, he had not wherewithal to keep his own soul and body together. His wretched appearance, and plaintive manner, carried conviction of the truth of his affecting story to the heart of every spectator, and excited emotions of sympathy and compassion. Whilst every person therefore expected that he should have been dismissed with a gentle reprimand, at the utmost, they were surprised to hear from one who had been twenty years in his service, and was obliged at last to leave it merely to prevent starvation, that from his arrival at manhood he had possessed a regular income of £500. a year, which, by his penurious practices, had now accumulated to ten times that sum. Lycurgus observed, that the man who voluntarily relinquished the choicest blessings of life for the sake of acquiring wealth, which he had not a heart to use, deserved to be expelled from society. He therefore ordered the present culprit to be placed in a state of total seclusion, exposed to the punishment which insatiable avarice, like the Promethean vulture, was unceasingly inflicting upon him.

The attention of the court and spectators was now arrested by a tumultuous noise, which drawing nearer and nearer, occasioned a temporary delay in the proceedings. It was found to arise from a conflict between the officers of the court and a tall thin figure of a man, dressed in the extremity of the fashion. His cheeks, while in one part they shewed evident symptoms of the ravages of time, in another exhibited all the freshness of blooming youth. His eyes were sunk in their orbits, and his whole frame was emaciated. It appeared that the officers, having considered him as falling within the description of those persons whose cases were then under consideration, had seized him when coming out of the play-house with a flaunting girl of sixteen, and hurried him before the tribunal. He repelled the charge with indignation, and repeatedly asserted with all the gesticulations of a youthful fop, that he was not more than thirty years of age. To corroborate this assertion, he called in his servant, a man apparently about sixty,—who affirmed that he believed it to be true, as he had heard his master swear it almost daily, ever since he had been in his service. On further enquiries however, this proved to have been upwards of twenty years. It also came out in evidence, that after having ruined his constitution by youthful debaucheries, this ancient beau had suddenly fallen in love, and was on the point of marriage with the young lady who was in company with him when he was seized; and to the latter circumstance, his rage on being accused as an old bachelor was evidently owing. However, since he was about to make the *amende honorable* for his previous attachment to celibacy, and perhaps also because Lycurgus thought the probable effects of such a match would be more than a sufficient chastisement for his former despisal of marriage, he ordered him to be set at liberty.

The next called upon was one who, from his appearance, could only be considered as having barely passed the limits assigned to the commencement of celibacy. In answer to the usual question, as to what he had to urge in his own behalf, he observed, that he was an unwilling culprit, and had exerted himself considerably to avoid being brought within the spirit of the decree by virtue of which he there stood accused. Of the institution of marriage he was a decided advocate; and was fully convinced of the wisdom and ultimate advantage of a regulation which had for its object the increase of social happiness. Such a difference, however, existed between the institutions and manners of Sparta under the venerable law-giver whom he was addressing, and those which the present state of society in this country exhibited, as he hoped would afford some trifling plea in extenuation of his conduct. He had assiduously sought for a consort who would be willing to join with him in the practice of every social and domestic duty ; and contentedly share the pittance which a situation far from affluent afforded. But so much were the female world estranged from the performance of these duties, so completely engrossed by a taste for frivolous and expensive amusements, and so mercenary in their views, that he had hitherto been unsuccessful in his attempts. Upon these accounts, and taking into consideration the short time since he had attained the period at which celibacy commenced, as well as his sincere intention to leave that state as soon as possible, he trusted he might be dismissed. In answer to this the judge observed, that his previous failures were probably owing, in a great measure, to his expecting to find a more copious assemblage of desirable qualifications in a consort, than fell to the lot of an individual ; or perhaps to mercenary motives on his own part. The reasons he had adduced in the close of his speech might perhaps have procured him his dismissal, had he not in a former part brought forward charges against the female sex in general, to which it was impossible to give credit without further examination. In order that a full inquiry might be made into circumstances so totally different from what had ever been known, either at Sparta or any other country in which he had travelled, Lycurgus ordered the accused to remain in custody, and according to the truth or falsity of his allegations was his fate to be determined.

A starch middle-aged man was next brought forward, who, in a tone of contempt, ridiculed the idea of marriage, which he described as only fit for fools or madmen, who were insensible of the fetters they were forging for themselves. He dwelt upon the laughable eccentricities of persons in love, who, for the sake of a smile or a kind look, suffered themselves to be cajoled out of their reason. He expatiated on the superior delight to be derived from that state,

> "Where love is liberty, and nature law,"

when compared with the forced returns of conjugal endearments. The feelings of parental tenderness, in his opinion, originated in weakness; and the prattlings of playful infancy he considered as unworthy of notice or regard. In this strain he ran on for some time, until Lycurgus at length ordered him to be taken away, and placed under the discipline allotted to lunatics.

——On a moment's consideration he revoked this sentence, as being too lenient, and condemned him to drag on the remainder of a long life, under the pressure of those diseases of which he had sown the seeds in reducing this theory to practice; bereft of the assistance of his former friends who would shun him in affliction, and without any of those kind offices and consolatory attentions, which in the time of sickness and old age operate as refreshing cordials to the drooping soul, when administered by the hands of filial or conjugal duty and affection.

The next whose case came under consideration, pleaded as an excuse for his conduct, that he had acted upon principles of universal benevolence. An eminent writer, some years ago, had shewn what distress must ensue among mankind, if the principle of population was suffered to operate unchecked. To ward off this evil as much as possible, he had hitherto remained a bachelor. Besides, he was the fellow of a college, and the statutes of the university forbade his marriage, under the penalty of losing his fellowship. On further examination it appeared, that he was the father of two illegitimate children. This circumstance Lycurgus observed, proved the falsity of his former plea; and with regard to the latter, the regulations of the University, according to his own confession, did not compel him to retain his fellowship. If any advantages were conferred upon a single life, under such institutions, it could only have been with a view of encouraging ingenious youth in their first outset in the world; and not for the purpose of counteracting the laws of nature, and encouraging a life of idleness and dissipation. He was therefore ordered to be deprived of his fellowship, and brought up again for sentence in six months from that time.

A variety of other cases were heard, the particulars of which have escaped my memory. The excuses brought forward were many of them highly ludicrous and absurd. One man, with great assurance pleaded his intolerable bad temper; but Lycurgus observed, that whether the plea was true or merely feigned, the person who had recourse to it ought to be punished. Perhaps the evil complained of might have originated in a life of celibacy; and at any rate, he remarked, (while his features relaxed a little from their accustomed severity) that marriage might have proved an effectual remedy for it; in proof of which he alluded to the case of Socrates, who confessed that he himself was naturally choleric, and that he owed the subjection of his passions to the discipline of his wife Zantippe. I could not help noticing that among the punishments inflicted by Lycurgus, he never had recourse to that alluded to in the commencement of this paper, of making the offenders openly ridicule themselves; but this appeared to me to arise from the difference in the state of public opinion in Sparta and this country, by which conduct that in the former was held to be truly contemptible, in the latter is considered as far from disreputable. To the same cause I thought I might fairly attribute some little apparent variation from the principles formerly adopted at Sparta.

Whilst my attention was deeply engrossed by the scenes before me, I was suddenly accosted by a person whom I had before observed to be very busy in taking delinquents to the bar, and who, calling me by my name, ordered me to follow him. The terror which I underwent, on receiving such an unexpected summons, was so great, that methought I was deprived of all sense and motion; when to my agreeable surprise, my servant entered my chamber, and informed me that the printer's devil was waiting for No. 9, of the INSPECTOR, and in his eagerness had knocked at my door until he had almost broken it to pieces. I felt so thankful for the relief which this rudeness had unintentionally conferred upon me, by awakening me in such a critical situation, that I heartily forgave him; and as my predecessors have frequently exercised the privilege of dreaming for the amusement of the public, I thought I could not do better, in the absence of other matter, than present my readers with the result of my own visions. I hereby protest against all sneers and cavils, on account of my *dreaming*, from those small wits who are apt to jingle words as children do bells, merely for the sake of making a noise; and who, out of their abundant charity, are

> "*Sleepless* themselves, to give their readers *sleep*."

NUMBER 10.

> "Alas! regardless of their doom,
> "The little victims play;
> "No sense have they of ills to come,
> "No care beyond to-day."——GRAY.

WHENEVER I see a number of "playful children just let loose from school," capering and frisking about with all the wild thoughtless joy that the season of youth naturally inspires, I feel a melancholy gloom, prophetic of the difficulties which they will have to contend with in their progress through life. Without pretending to any superior sagacity, and setting aside despondence on the one hand, and vain expectation on the other, one may safely foretel, that but very few of these youths will rise to eminence; that many, hurried by impetuosity of temper, will launch into the stormy ocean of life, without ballast, chart, or compass, and will perhaps be shipwrecked the first adventure ;—some of a more thoughtful and calculating turn, timorous, and fearful of miscarriage, will sit quiet spectators of the bustle, afraid to engage in a scene that presents so many difficulties,—and thus doze away their lives in idle or frivolous inactivity ;—whilst others, by attempting to perform parts for which they are not qualified, will close a life of long struggling and adversity, just where they began. Perhaps the principal reason of the many disappointments and miscarriages in human undertakings, is the foolish vanity of parents, who place their children in situations for which they are unfit; and fix upon a mode of life opposite to the bent and force of their genius. For my part, when I consider how easy it is for a man to succeed in any undertaking for which nature and genius have fitted him, I never witness any great disappointment in human affairs without concluding that the party has made some attempt inconsistent either with his talents or his particular circumstances. Many a man would have made a good pulpit, who cuts a sorry figure in it; and many a mealy-mouthed, silent lawyer, without either brass in his face or copper in his pocket, would have sneaked through life well enough as a journeyman taylor. A friend of mine who has an only son of that description, commonly called *a fine sharp lad,* has lately sent him to one of the Universities to study physic—thus a chattering barber is spoiled. I have been led into these remarks by two letters which I have just received, the one from my friend David Dulbard, and the other from an unknown correspondent, both of which I shall now lay before my readers.

To the Inspector.

Sir,—Yesterday being one of those "murky days of the month of November, wherein Englishmen are apt to hang or drown themselves," I who am a valetudinarian, stirred up the fire, lighted my pipe, and resolved to divert my sulky thoughts with the dancing days of my youth. In order to bring those days more immediately to view, I opened my Lilly's grammar, and found carefully pinned to one of the leaves, a list of the boys who were then my school-fellows, with their rank in the school, all ranged in regular columns under the different heads, *optime, bene,* and *male.* I observed my own name cut a very conspicuous figure in the column *male,* (you see, sir, I have always been a Dulbard.) However, bad as I *then* was, I have *now* great reason to sing O be joyful! for on reviewing the list, and tracing the events which have since happened amongst us, I find that full one half of the companions of my youth, (and some of them my juniors,) have been long in their graves; and amongst the survivors, I can trace curates of villages, missionaries for the East, and martyrs for the Indies; but I do not find a single bishop, dean, archdeacon, or even one prebendary. But what of that? thought I to myself; are we not rich or poor, good or bad, happy or miserable, by comparison? I had no sooner made that reflection, and taken a whiff or two of my pipe, than I began to feel the gloom of my mind disperse, and an exaltation of spirit succeed, which for a moment made me perfectly satisfied with my own station of life; for I considered that I had the odds of so large a portion of my school-fellows. Poor lads! I pitied them to be sure, but I had rather that misfortunes should befal them, than myself—which was very queer, but I believe very natural, in spite of all that your sentimental folks may say to the contrary. In pursuing these thoughts, I could not help taking particular notice of a boy that stood at the bottom of the list *male,* and who I very well remember groaned under the constant chastisement of the master, who tried, and tried in vain, not only to preach, but to *flog,* Latin into him; but the lad was so oddly constructed that he could not admit it either at the *head* or *tail.* That boy now fills, with great emolument to himself and advantage to the public, a very eminent station, and is a living instance that a superior capacity and a more extensive knowledge *are not* the steps by which a man can always mount either to favour or wealth. Since then *riches cannot be secured to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill,* and as in our progress through life it is absolutely necessary that we should either shape our conduct in such a way as to satisfy the injudicious majority, or acquire some trivial qualification that may amuse and divert the great mob of mankind; I would exhort all parents and guardians of children to teach them such a behaviour and address, as will, upon all common occasions of life, prejudice people in their favour. For instance, Sir Archy's method in the play, "booing and booing," is a useful trick, when properly timed and dexterously managed. One might enumerate many other important acquirements of the like nature; but above all, especial care should be taken never to let a boy hold up his head and pretend to exert a spirit of independence; such a spirit, fostered and matured, will be his certain ruin. *Wise* men do not *love* a superior, and fools *hate* one. Besides, the more substantial parts, such as learning and industry, can be made known but to few, and it is not worth while to spend much time in acquiring that of which so very few are judges. Of all the polite arts I know, the art of *getting and keeping* money is the most useful; nothing can bestow more *merit* than the possession of wealth, for it is the source of universal approbation and regard. How often do we see

> "The learned pate
> "Duck to the golden fool?"

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

DAVID DULBARD.

To the Inspector.

DEAR SIR,—When I was about thirteen years of age, my father had some thoughts of placing me apprentice to a worthy old fishmonger of his acquaintance; but unfortunately both for my poor father and myself, he happened at that time to have a dispute with a neighbour about a *spavined* horse of the value of £7. At the instigation of a quirking attorney in the neighbourhood, the quarrel soon ripened into a law-suit, in which my father came off conqueror. On discharging the attorney's bill, it was found to amount to £170. 6s. 8d.—So much money expended on so trifling a subject, naturally suggested to my father the prodigious advantages that must result from the profession of the law. Without consulting my cast of mind, he immediately articled me to an attorney. I fagged at the desk for five long years in the country, up to the chin in parchments; and was then sent to London to receive the last polish or finishing touches; and there drudged one whole term amongst declarations, pleas, and rebutters, which I was as unable to comprehend as I am to decypher the hieroglyphicks upon an Egyptian pyramid. However, during my novitiate, I saw enough of the law to convince me that it consisted of so many subtleties and quibbles, and that the different circumstances of each client's case opened out so many new roads to *terra incognita,* that I despaired of ever being able to discover those mysterious regions. I have now spent the six best years of my life, the very spring of it, and feel such a sinking of the spirits, and such extreme hesitation when a question is proposed to me, that I verily believe my advice will never be worth three shillings and sixpence, although I think I should make a tolerable fishmonger, for I am already a dab at opening an oyster. I therefore beseech you, Mr. INSPECTOR, to give my case your best consideration, and to favour me with your opinion upon the following query:—

Whether it would be prudent in me to abandon my present calling, and to assume the more simple call of—Oysters alive! O?

I am Sir, yours, &c.

G. JACK SPRAT.

NUMBER 11.

Fair Virtue! from her Father's throne supreme
Sent down to utter laws such as on earth
Most apt he knew, most pow'rful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire.—AKENSIDE.

AT a time when my countrymen have been manifesting their joy, and in the most solemn manner returning public thanks to the Divine

Being for our late naval victories, it would ill become a professed Inspector to remain wholly silent. I cordially unite with my fellow-citizens in the common exultation; and while I commend that piety which professes to receive these events as providential interferences, I must also express my approbation of the honourable feelings so universally excited by the death of the gallant Lord Nelson. It is not my intention to write an eulogium on that lamented nobleman; but I may be permitted to observe, that among the number of those whose lives have been devoted to the service of their country, few have possessed stronger claims to the lasting esteem of a grateful nation.

Independent of that public thanksgiving to which I have above alluded, the modes resorted to on this occasion by my fellow-subjects, in order to testify their attachment to the cause of their country, have been as various as the characters of the individuals. Some have sought to manifest that attachment by eating, some by singing or swearing, and others by getting drunk. For my own part, I think I cannot better evince my patriotic disposition, than by writing an Inspector, wherein I shall endeavour to set forth the conduct incumbent upon every person who is desirous of sustaining the character of a real patriot.

The man who expresses no pleasure at the late naval victories, might justly be suspected of wanting patriotism; and the same suspicion may, with equal justice, attach to him who is careless of the influence of his own individual conduct on the prosperity of his country. A late essayist of distinguished reputation has laid it down as a maxim that "a bad man cannot be a patriot." However objectionable this doctrine may be deemed by many pretenders to this virtue in the present day, it appears to be founded on the firm basis of truth. Such persons as have testified their belief in the doctrine of a superintending Providence, by joining in the late religious rites, must be aware, that in order to propitiate the favour of the Deity, it is requisite that we conform implicitly to his commands, whether expressly revealed to us, or discoverable by the efforts of reason. They who acknowledge the authority of scripture, will recollect many promises of national blessings annexed to the performance of certain duties; while on the other hand, national depravity is frequently threatened with the most exemplary judgments. The instances upon record in which these promises and threatenings were carried into effect, are numerous, and will readily occur to the memories of most of my readers.

In what I am about to advance further on this subject, I shall confine myself to the benefits arising, in a national point of view, from the cultivation of that virtue, which is equally enforced both by natural and revealed religion. To expatiate on the rewards which the latter holds out in a future state, would be inconsistent with my plan, and I shall therefore leave it to the divine, whose peculiar province it is, and who must be better qualified to treat the subject in a proper manner. Neither shall I here attempt to shew the advantages arising to individuals, from a strict adherence to the dictates of virtue, although it must follow, that if such conduct contribute to individual happiness, it cannot fail to promote the aggregate happiness of the community.

Under a constitution like the British, the professed patriot, if devoid of virtue, is a dangerous character. The inferior orders of society are naturally inclined to envy the situation of their superiors; and hence every assertion, that the former are made the dupes or prey of the latter, is swallowed with avidity, and believed on the slightest grounds. The passions of the multitude are generally headstrong, and when excited in favour of any person whom they are led to consider as their advocate, sober appeals to their judgment are ineffectual, in proportion to their want of real information. Depravity of heart will often lead a designing man to assume the mask of patriotism, in order to obtain that consequence in the state, and those honours and emoluments, from which his evil passions, without this disguise, would have effectually excluded him. Ambition, envy, or avarice, will prompt him to revile the characters of those in power, from a hope of supplanting them; while to those who cannot penetrate into his motives, his conduct may appear to originate in a zeal for the public service. The want of sound principles will leave him at liberty to prosecute his object, without regarding the means by which it is attained; and like another Catiline, he will hazard the welfare of the community rather than suffer his vicious propensities to remain ungratified. But if the practice of virtue were more generally prevalent, we should not so frequently see the garb of patriotism assumed for the sake of procuring personal advantages. We should find fewer imitators of the example of a late popular character in this nation,* whose unqualified opposition to the measures of government is known to have originated in his being refused an appointment to a certain embassy. I do not mean to infer, from these remarks, that every professed patriot is actuated by similar motives, nor to dispute the good effects which in some instances were produced by the exertions of the individual above alluded to; but I think it may fairly be concluded, that if all classes were more generally virtuous, there would be less reason for censuring the conduct of men in power; and it would also cause the remonstrances of those who oppose their measures from principle, to be attended with greater effect.

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* John Wilkes, Esq.

The want of that information, which I have before adverted to, as rendering the multitude, in a popular government, more liable to be made the dupes of designing demagogues, would, in a great degree, be remedied by the prevalence of virtuous habits. Vice has a natural tendency to debase and enervate the mind, by the preference which it instils for sensual gratifications, above those mental inquiries and pursuits which tend to advance the empire of reason and knowledge. The man who is habitually given to drunkenness, idleness, lasciviousness, dishonesty, &c. will feel little inclination to cultivate his rational faculties; since this would only quicken those perceptions of right and wrong, which such characters are generally solicitous to stifle. Besides, his habitual bias will lead him to devote every portion of time which can be spared from his ordinary avocations, to the gratification of his sensual appetites, and thus deprive him of the opportunities of cultivating his understanding and enlightening his judgment.

The same regard to virtue, however, is necessary in the higher as in the lower ranks of society. Indeed, in the light under which I am now considering the subject, the former are under stronger obligations to it, if possible, than the latter. If national happiness be actually dependent upon the prevalence of national virtue, those who hold a larger stake in the public prosperity ought to feel greater solicitude for the cultivation of those principles by which alone that prosperity can be perpetuated. The force of example is too obvious to need insisting upon. If those persons who, from their situation and opportunities, possess every advantage in point of information respecting the obligations to a life of virtue, are notwithstanding found to act in such a manner as if there were no essential difference between virtue and vice, it cannot be wondered at, should the multitude shelter their own wicked propensities under the sanction of such illustrious names. If those in whose province it more peculiarly lies to legislate for the community, should enact regulations for the punishment of actions in others, which they themselves apparently consider as venial, it must be expected that their decisions will be disregarded, and their functions exposed to contempt. Should every device which depravity can invent be adopted by the great, in order to carry their purposes into effect in the upper walks of life, they need not be surprised to find their dependents and inferiors resorting to the same means in their humbler situations. In fact, that corruption which originates in the higher departments of society, and is propagated downwards among the lower classes, is of all others the most pernicious in its consequences. It is like poisoning the fountain, by which all the streams are insensibly contaminated.

In regard to national strength, it may also be reasonably concluded, that the efforts of a people inured to habits of temperance, industry, and every active virtue, would be much more efficacious in repelling the attacks of an enemy, than those of an effeminate race, immersed in luxury, and degraded by gross vices. It has indeed been maintained, that among the latter alone can the elements of a military force be collected. There is no reason to apprehend any deficiency in the numbers of this class; but the history both of ancient and modern times will afford many instances in which the exertions of a community, wherein virtue has been generally prevalent, have excelled those of the same nation, when equally populous but of deteriorated character.

A slight examination of the actual state of society will suffice to shew, that even in this world, setting aside all considerations of a future state, vice, as such, is generally punished in individuals, and virtue as generally rewarded. This is a part of that moral government which the Author of Nature has instituted. For a proof of this circumstance, the inquiring reader is referred to Butler's excellent Analogy. But if such is the fact with regard to men individually, there is still greater reason to suppose that the same dispensation will be extended to the case of nations. Reason and revelation both concur in pointing out the certainty of another life, in which any apparent deviation from the general conduct of Providence, in dispensing temporal rewards or punishments, will be remedied. But nations, as such, have no existence in a future state, and hence they are more likely to experience those consequences which observation must convince us are the natural effects of virtue or of vice in individuals. History is scarcely any thing else than the record of this important truth.

It has been promulgated as a political axiom by many persons, who are advocates for the practice of virtue in the concerns of private life, that, in conducting the affairs of nations, an occasional departure from its principles is indispensably necessary.—The preceding arguments, I trust, will sufficiently refute such sophistical reasoning. In opposition to the authority of Machiavel himself, on this head, I would venture to recommend the sentiments and practice of Darius Ochus. When, on his death-bed, his son and successor, Artaxerxes Mnemon, enquired of him, by what means he had advanced the Persian empire to such a height of greatness, and managed it so happily, in order that by pursuing the same steps, the same benefits might be insured? The dying king replied, "that he had ever done, to the best of his knowledge, what religion and justice required, without swerving from the one or the other."

I cannot conclude this paper in a more appropriate manner, than by adopting the language of a late eminent author.* "In proportion as justice, and order, and truth, and fidelity prevail; creating mutual love and good will, mutual trust and confidence, among men, which are the great bonds of peace and unity; in the same proportion is the happiness of society, and the welfare of the public, evidently secured. When magistrates rule in the fear of God, looking upon themselves as sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well; making use of all the influence and authority they are invested with, to promote virtue, righteousness, and good manners, among men; when laws are made with one continued view to the good of the public, and executed with diligence, equity, and fidelity; when persons in all the relative stations of life, perform faithfully and conscientiously the duties of the respective stations wherein they are placed; when bargains are regularly contracted upon terms of equitable consideration, and executed with justice and punctual veracity; when in every exigence of common life, mutual trust and confidence, universal benevolence and good will, are both the spring or motive, and the rule or measure, of action; there is no one so absurd as not to see, that there hence arises, in necessary, in evident, in immediate consequence, an image of public happiness the most lovely that the mind of man can possibly be presented with. * * * * * So far as justice, and charity, and universal virtue, prevail and are practised in any nation or community, so far will that community find those good effects, which, were men's virtue perfect, would be perfect felicity. On the contrary, so far as injustice, tyranny, fraud, luxury, and other vices are encouraged in any society of men, so far will that society feel certain degrees of those pernicious effects, which, where vice and corruption arise universally to their highest pitch, do unavoidably end in total destruction."

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* Dr. Samuel Clarke.

NUMBER 12.

How jostling crouds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall and when resign,
I sing.——GAY'S TRIVIA.

THE following letter relates to a subject which has often forced itself upon my notice, and I therefore readily give it a place:—

TO THE INSPECTOR.

SIR,—To the most cursory observer who has traversed the streets of London, the utility of the mode of *walking* adopted there—by each person when his right hand is to the *wall*, keeping the wall; and when the contrary, walking outside—must appear obvious; indeed, absolutely necessary, both for safety and convenience. It is a matter of regret, that such a practice is not commonly followed at Hull, and all other populous places. I have much reason to wish it, for I speak *feelingly* on the subject. This you will allow, when I inform you, that since my residence here, I have not only been jostled, but necessitated to make a thousand unmeaning apologies for coming in contact with others, though, in fact, I was not the aggressor; in truth, I have more than once been in the same predicament as Sterne with the Marquisina di F. at the concert at Milan; that is—I have been obliged to *stand still* while the person I have met has *passed me!* This, Mr. INSPECTOR, is a serious grievance to one of my taciturn temper, having a spice of the *Spectator* in my composition; and if, through the insertion of this letter in your miscellany, the rule I recommend should be made more public, and become generally adopted, it would prove an accommodation to thousands, and more particularly to

Your humble servant,

AMICUS.

The inconveniences stated by Amicus, are such as ought to enforce the adoption of the regulation he has pointed out; but he has passed over in silence some others, that weigh still more strongly with me, and which I hope will be thought equally deserving of regard by the readers of the INSPECTOR, when they consider the probable loss they may eventually sustain. If the opinion of a great living author may be credited, it is the peculiar mark of a man of talent, that whilst others are pacing the streets, observing the faces of their acquaintances, or glancing at the shops, admiring the fashion of a buckle or the metal of a tea urn, the man of talent is giving full scope to his imagination, and—unindebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects—is declaiming or reciting, making nice calculations or digesting sagacious reasonings; consulting, by the aid of memory, the books he has read; or else employed in projecting others. Now setting aside the obstacles which men of no talent have daily to encounter, owing to the grievance noticed by my correspondent,—the difficulties which we, men of talent, (and such all authors are by profession) have to struggle with, must be still greater. For how can we give full scope to our mental faculties, in walking along the streets, when our attention is called away every minute to the preservation of our noddles; or how can we attempt nice calculations, or digest sagacious reasonings, for the benefit of mankind, in our perambulations, when all our skill and sagacity are ineffectual to guide us through straits, almost as dangerous, and equally difficult to clear, as those betwixt Scylla and Charybdis? More than once has a casual rencontre with an unwary passenger, destroyed a train of reasoning which promised fair to render the INSPECTOR far more famous than any former periodical paper; and

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> "Left not a wrack behind."

The insertion of the following letter has, from accidental causes, been much longer delayed than I intended, or indeed than it ought to have been. It refers to a letter inserted in No. 4, of the INSPECTOR, signed PRISCILLA, commenting on the behaviour of a class of men whom my fair correspondent denominated *Starers*:—

TO THE INSPECTOR.

SIR,—I profess myself to be an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, in all its forms and modifications. The most inanimate objects, nay the most minute, in the creation, from the expanded landscape in the luxuriance of autumnal scenery, to the brilliant spar, torn from its native rock, all have my admiration. The grace of form, the life of motion, give warmth and strength to my perceptions. But "the human face divine"—a countenance lit up by love and intelligence, excites in my soul feelings of a nobler nature; which a sense of kindred, and assimilation, renders infinitely more gratifying and endearing than the highest possible pleasure which mute or inactive nature can produce. I am, therefore, upon principle, a Starer; and I can no more suffer a pretty girl to pass without notice, than I can change my nature. Priscilla's animadversions on staring, under your sapient sanction, have called forth all my resentment; and the more so, as I do not believe Priscilla is in earnest, or that your reverence is anything better than a Jesuit. As to the lady, I shall not be so rude as to comment upon her epistle; but I should be glad to know whether she is not verging towards "single blessedness;" or if she was not, that very day she wrote to you, disappointed of a *stare,* when she had laid a *bait* for one. For my part, I have never yet found a *really* pretty and young woman offended by *my* staring—for I never meant to offend *her*. Possibly I may not understand the word in the sense she and you use it, for *I* should *stare* only when I saw what was *monstrous*. If Priscilla has been *so* stared at, it is another thing, Be that as it may, I contend that I may look at a fine woman, and even let her know by my look that I think her so—(to say nothing of shortsightedness, or the necessity of knowing one's friends)—without either alarming her modesty or breaking the rules of good manners. I am inclined to agree with those who hold that "women and horses are the finest animals in the creation;" but I hope I have always made a distinction, and plainly conveyed it by my *manner* of looking at each. The thing *may* be done; and our brother *Starers* (if we are to be called so) will attend to the hint. But with *you*, I am afraid, the difference of idea will be very difficult to define; for notwithstanding all "your natural modesty," by your sly remarks and allusions as to female dress, and the exposure of their persons, (not to follow you farther,) it is pretty clear, that you do not merely look at and admire, but you critically *inspect* the ladies. A fine protector, you, indeed! since the Starers are now publicly informed where and how they are to stare!

I am, yours, &c.

S.

In answer to the observations in the above epistle, I would beg leave to remind my correspondent, that in my comment on Priscilla's letter, I stated that the evil she complained of was not of recent origin; and expressly referred to the account given of a set of *Starers* existing in the time of the Spectator, of short-faced memory. From the authority of that, my great predecessor, my facetious correspondent might have learnt what ideas were attached to the word, as used by Priscilla; or even a reference to Dr. Johnson's dictionary would have shown him, that one of the meanings of the word *stare,* is, to look impudently. "Old though I am"—I was going to repeat the rest of the couplet, but I check myself, lest any of my fair readers should entertain a lower opinion of me than I could wish—I am not insensible of the power and force of beauty; and can, with my correspondent, admire "the grace of form and life of motion," as well as the still more attractive charms that light up the "human face divine." I should be sorry to deprive any of my fellow-men of the pleasing sensations which the contemplation of such objects is calculated to excite. But I wish to remind them, that even this gratification, when carried beyond its proper bounds degenerates into impudence; and however pleasing on other accounts, then becomes painful to the object itself, unless indeed all sense of modesty is fled, in which case perhaps my correspondent would himself acknowledge, that the charms which previously excited his admiration had likewise vanished. If he will agree to relinquish so much of the liberty he claims, as the word stare evidently implies, I have no doubt that the whole of my fair countrywomen, and Priscilla among the rest, will be ready to exclaim, with Mercutio—

> "Men's eyes were made to *look*, and let them."

NUMBER 13.

> "Some men there are whom Heaven has blest with wit,
> "Yet want as much again to manage it."—Pope.

It has often been a matter of surprise and astonishment to many, that men of acknowledged talents and superior abilities have yet been so totally ignorant of the common forms of civil society, as to lay themselves open to the impositions of the worthless, and become subjects of ridicule to others, who in literary attainments are incomparably their inferiors. Nor is it at all uncommon to meet with men of the first eminence in some walks of literature, who either affect to despise those pursuits which differ from their own; or expose their ignorance when conversing on them in an almost incredible manner. Of the former of these characters the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith presents a remarkable instance.—Whilst engaged in works which will immortalize his name, this great author was the dupe of every one who came to him in the garb of distress. His feelings, however, were doubtless honourable to human nature, and were productive of unpleasantness only to himself. On the latter I cannot look in so favourable a point of view. If we trace to its proper source the contemptuous manner in which some men pretend to treat certain subjects, we shall find that it does not spring from a conviction of the unprofitableness of those subjects; but that the love of fame, and the wish of standing high in the estimation of the world, induce them to display their information on topics familiar to themselves, and to despise others (though of equal importance) of which they themselves are ignorant. Characters such as these are but too common in the literary world. How much more amiable is the person who unassumingly imparts to those who surround him the benefit of his labours, and in turn listens to those whose inclinations have led them to other pursuits, than he who pompously sets forth his own abilities, and rudely refuses his assent to opinions, which he would insinuate to be beneath the notice of a man of sense. Such a one, though he be blessed with first-rate talents, yet becomes disgusting to his friends by his self-sufficiency, and affords opportunities to his enemies to expose him to deserved ridicule. For as in beauty, so in the endowments of the mind, does modesty confer the greatest charm. To hear a man converse with ease and elegance on the history of Greece and Rome, and, when the conversation turns on the state of his own country, betray the most palpable ignorance, though not an uncommon, must yet be allowed to be a surprising circumstance.

No less do we wonder when men, whose learning entitles them to the highest respect, support their opinions by arguments, or introduce subjects of discourse, where the rules of common society forbid their entrance. This may, in some instances, arise from a contempt of those established rules as below the regard of the man of science. But surely such conduct evinces a want of common sense. "When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome." If the regulations of civilized life do not militate against virtue, they ought to be obeyed even although they be trifling. "Order is Heaven's first law," and the neglect of it, and of forms sanctioned by ages, has, in the instance of that nation which now proudly threatens our destruction, been attended with the direst effects. But it oftener springs from the pride of learning, of all others the most dangerous; inasmuch as it has a better foundation than either birth or beauty can afford. This overweening consciousness of ability in one branch, most effectually closes the avenues of others, and gives that ill-directed bias to the mind which stamps with truth the observation I have chosen as the motto of this paper.

But of every species of ill-directed wit, that which chooses religion for its object is the most despicable. To say that one acting in this manner wants as much again to manage what he has, is but a feeble condemnation of his wretched misapplication of it. Arguments, irrefragable in their nature, and convincing in the detail, have been so abundantly employed by the wisest men whom this world ever saw, to prove the pernicious effects of such principles, that I need not enter at large into them in this place. Perhaps, however, Christianity has not a more formidable enemy to encounter than a person of this stamp. Few, if any, were ever turned to infidelity by argument; whilst many have to lament the time when, seduced by the glare of wit and learning, they suffered themselves to be deprived of their only sure hope, and became ashamed of their profession through the fear of ridicule. Men who employ their wit in this manner, are much more dangerous than we are in general aware of. The facility with which the uneducated human mind assimilates its ideas to those of men respectable from their learning, is one great cause of our deflection from our preconceived opinions, even when those opinions are right. That such men, however, are justly entitled to the appellation of learned, and philosophers, I cannot conceive. Talents thus abused can only be superficial, except in very few instances, which are therefore the more to be lamented. "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" but they who explore the paths of true philosophy, will, the deeper they penetrate, be the more impressed with the awful truths of religion, and the certainty of the being of a God. With regard to the common events of life, little need be said. How frequently do we express our surprise at the actions of our friends! and yet we do not, although we condemn those actions, suppose that those friends are not able to regulate their own affairs; on the contrary, we are convinced that they are men of understanding. Does not this shew that a man may be learned without much common sense; and also that he may have that sense and yet not know how to apply it?

The following character will exemplify how a man of talent may become an object of ridicule —and the more so as it is not an imaginary one, but drawn from nature. Tom Wou'dbe is now verging on that age, when, if a man continues single in the world, he may, with propriety, be termed an old Bachelor. Not that he is deficient in personal appearance or fortune, nor still less in abilities; but his evil genius, as he terms it, constantly impedes his approach to happiness.

At a public school, to which he was sent when a boy, he distinguished himself by his performances; and though esteemed the cleverest lad in the school, was always unfortunate enough to lose those rewards which were within his reach, by some unlucky mischance, for which he had only himself to blame. When removed to college, confident of his powers in one branch, he amused himself with dabbling in others, until he in the end came off without any of those honours of which he had made himself certain. Disgusted at what he thought ill treatment, he left the University, and made his entry on the great stage of the world. But, rendered no wiser by experience, he fell into sometimes ludicrous, oftener dangerous situations, which to relate would fill a volume. He at length paid his addresses to a lady of beauty and merit, who, knowing his attainments, was favourably disposed towards him. Whilst his friends now hoped to see him cured of his follies—by some ill-timed-remarks, uttered without thought, on the eve of their marriage, he so offended the lady, that she refused ever to listen to him again. The cup of happiness thus dashed from his lips, brought him for a time to serious consideration; but this was not of long duration. His unfortunate propensity to being thought a wit, led him again into broils with his acquaintance, by one of whom he was at length challenged, and seriously wounded. Nevertheless, Tom is still the same, though laughed at by all who know him; no sooner can he get introduced into company, than his evil genius takes the lead. Ask him his opinion of a beauty—ten to one but he will anatomize in description the nerves of the face. Speak of the comforts of warm clothing and a good fire; he will tell you that the New Hollanders go stark naked, or that the peasants of Altenburg wear petticoats no longer than their knees. Thus by his often ludicrous, still oftener misplaced, remarks, he is, though a man of great reading, and much information, shunned by his former friends, and banished from the company of females. His ideas seem to be laid up in the storehouse of his memory without order, and produced without propriety. In short, he is, "*e pluribus unum,*" an instance of a man who either has more wit than he can manage, or wants as much again to manage that which he does possess.

C.

NUMBER 14.

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.—Hor.

Yet few men think these mad; for most, like these
Are sick, and troubled with the same disease.

Periodical writers have generally chosen the metropolis for the scene of their remarks, partly in consequence of the larger scope which it yields for observation, and the greater variety of prominent characters which there force themselves upon the attention, and start forward, as it were, spontaneously to claim a place upon the canvass. Hence the skilful artist is better able to group the different objects, and by a proper selection to hold up to ridicule the vices or follies which he wishes to assail, without incurring the charge of personality. It is well ascertained, that many of those sketches of character which are to be found in our most eminent essayists, were drawn from the life; with the addition perhaps of some trifling circumstances, merely intended to disguise the portrait. This intention was more easily answered, in consequence of the multiplicity of persons who in a few points bore a resemblance to the picture, but who also found, in their vanity and self-love, sufficient to convince them that it was meant for some one or other of their fellow creatures. In a provincial town, an author does not possess the same advantages. Every strong trait of character is there immediately applied to individuals, however unjustly; and as he who paints after the proportions of nature, although his personages may be ideal, must approach to the general standard, envy or malevolence will never be long at a loss to affix a name to the imaginary likeness. Evil dispositions will consequently be excited; and he must be a bold man who, under such discouragements, can sit down to draw characters, the delineation of which may be the means of forfeiting the favour of those whose good will it is his interest to conciliate.

Another reason for preferring the metropolis, as the scene for the remarks of periodical writers, may be, that it is supposed to exhibit more flagrant scenes of folly and vice, than provincial towns. In proportion to the distance the latter are removed from it, in the same proportion they are supposed to possess those qualities by which poets and philosophers have conjointly characterized the country—purity of morals, and decency of manners. In a preceding paper, I stated, that owing to the increased facility of intercourse with the metropolis, we had imbibed a strong attachment to the principles and pursuits of its more polished inhabitants. This remark was exemplified in the eagerness for what is called country retirement, and the pleasures of watering places. An impartial enquiry, I am afraid, will shew, that it is not to such things alone, our imitation has been confined. I shall not enter into a detailed investigation of the subject, but merely hint at a few circumstances connected therewith.

It were easy to draw a parallel between the metropolis and the place, for instance, whence this paper is dated, in the manner of Fluellin's excellent parallel between the birth places of Alexander the Great, and our Henry V.—"If you look into the maps of the world, I'll warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, are both alike. There is a river at Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one; 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both."—We have our

Court end, and our City end of the town ; our streets and squares, dignified by the same names as others in the metropolis,—although candour compels me to acknowledge, that the contrast in their appearance is often ludicrous. We are not deficient in places of fashionable resort, however different they may be in point of title. The air of Bond-street itself is scarcely more congenial to a London buck, than that of Prospect-street to his worthy country imitators; and perhaps an intelligent and impartial spectator would be obliged to confess, that in the essentials of foppery and affectation, the latter are not much inferior to the former. The Crown and Anchor in the Strand, as a rendezvous for the adherents of a party, may probably here be recognized under a different sign. Nay if our scandalous chronicle may be believed, the mysteries of Brookes's are not unlikely to become the objects of our imitation. That we are not without our Grub-street, the effusions of some of my contemporaries afford sufficient proof; and even in the absence of this evidence, persons might possibly be found who would not hesitate to supply the want of it by an appeal to the pages of the INSPECTOR itself.

There are other points, however, which are unfortunately still more striking. In every thing that regards morality, I am afraid that we are not one whit better than the inhabitants of the metropolis. The courtly arts of flattery and adulation are not indeed so likely to be commonly practised among us here, as in the neighbourhood of St. James's; but that they are cultivated to a great extent, appears to me to be an undoubted fact. Whether there is any truth in the reports so long and so currently circulated of the prevalence of secret influence upon the conduct of our political men, I shall not presume to determine; I might however, confidently appeal to the experience of many of my readers for proofs, that here at least, in private life, such influence has, in many instances, been experienced. Stronger inducements to corruption may indeed prevail within the walls of St. Stephen's chapel; but I would not undertake positively to affirm, that we are totally free from criminality in this respect; nor that in every case we give our suffrages according to that view of men and things which the suggestions of conscience would indicate to be the true one. The environs of Drury-lane and Covent-garden have long been proverbial as the haunts of profligacy and licentiousness; yet probably West-street, and some other parts of this town, are deserving of public celebrity in nearly an equal degree; or will be found only to yield the palm to those their celebrated prototypes.

With regard to the mercantile part of our community, they would probably think it an assumption to which they were not entitled, were I to declare that I consider them as more ingenuous, disinterested, and public-spirited, than the same worthy class who daily assemble at Batson's or Lloyd's. Custom House oaths, I am firmly persuaded, are held in equal reverence at the two ports; and perhaps the proportion of those who would rather decline a profit of cent. per cent. than take an undue advantage of the necessities of their fellow-citizens, is nearly the same in both places.

It is among the middle classes of society that moralists have generally taught us to look for instances of a well-regulated conduct, and the observance of relative duties. Many lamentations have been made of the numerous deviations from such a line of action in the inhabitants of the metropolis; and we have had our feelings excited by pathetic details of the sufferings arising from the gratification of irregular passions, and the neglect of social duties, among those persons from whom we might have expected a better example. We have been repeatedly told of the ruin brought upon families, in consequence of their striving to equal or excel, in appearance, such of their neighbours as were better qualified in point of fortune; and of the pernicious consequences of that prevailing love of pleasure which indisposes its votaries for performing their relative duties, and commonly precipitates them into excesses, that finally ruin both fortune and constitution. Vice and folly, as they exist in the metropolis, have been exposed to our observation in all their native colours; yet it may be questioned whether such lessons as these have produced any reformation in the country, whatever effects they may have wrought in the town. Under every point of view it may fairly be concluded, that a sufficient portion of criminality exists in both situations, to constitute a strong resemblance between them.

From the preceding observations it must be evident, that if I have not hitherto undertaken to expose local folly or vice, it has not been for want of proper subjects. Thanks to the manners and fashions of the present age, there is little reason to fear any deficiency in this respect; unless indeed my lucubrations should have the effect of working a total reformation; in which case I may probably think of discontinuing my labours, and confine the INSPECTOR to fifteen or twenty volumes only. I would suggest to my readers, that one reason why I have hitherto been sparing of animadversion, may have been, that I was willing to see whether a dread of it would have produced a change of conduct. I am almost ashamed to confess, however, that few symptoms of amendment are yet apparent; and this has been the cause why, in the preceding part of this paper, I have wished to impress a a conviction, that I am not unacquainted with our present state of manners and of morals.

In what has been advanced, I would not be understood to insinuate that we have imitated the vices only of the metropolis. In different instances we have equalled if not excelled its virtues. To this assertion our various charitable institutions for the relief of indigence and misery bear honourable testimony. Nor are these the only demonstrations of our benevolence. The number is far from inconsiderable of those among us who delight in privately performing acts of charity, beneficence, and kindness; in alleviating the sufferings of such unhappy objects as are pining in secret, under the pressure of mental or corporeal affliction, too delicate to bear up against the buffetings of adverse fortune, and too modest to supplicate relief. Probity, candour, and generosity, are virtues exemplified in divers living characters: and if fewer allusions are made to the examples of such persons, it will be because their conduct is above all praise, and merits a reward far more lasting than the INSPECTOR will ever be able to confer.

NUMBER 15.

"Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
"And we than ours;
"Next age will see
"A race more profligate than we."

Old folks are very fond of recalling the scenes of their youth; and it is natural enough. A young man may be compared to a traveller, just beginning a journey on a bright summer's morning, when all nature looks cheerful; but as he jogs on, the season declines; autumn begins to scowl, and winter raves around him; he then wishes himself at his journey's end—and so it is with life. As age approaches, the burden presses more heavily, until at length we are unable to support it; and down we drop. Making then all just and fair allowances for the sentiments of the same man in youth and in age, I still think that the race of which I am almost a solitary remnant, was more prudent, more virtuous, and infinitely more honourable, and punctual in its dealings, than the present. Commerce and its attendant wealth, had not then made such destructive havoc in the morals of mankind. I shall not pretend to enlarge upon that astonishing wide-spread licentiousness, which makes an old man shudder; neither shall I attempt to contrast the sedate, sober, peaceful habits of the last age, with the empty foppery, and debauched, intriguing, speculating habits of the present day; but shall content myself with giving a short outline of the life which a tradesman once led; and leave my readers to their own reflections.—A man was then content with slow gains; he rose early, and ate the bread of carefulness. He was his own *master,* his own *servant,* his own *banker.* He loved his own wife, his own house, and his own shop. There all his pleasures, amusements, and cares centered. I know the gay will curl up their muscles, and call this the dull garrulity of dotage: but tell me, ye fashionable gentlemen, whether any of you on going to bed, can lay his head down, and bid the world good night, with as much serenity as such old codgers did? No aching heart or aching head, no schemes of wealth, no spectres of injured friends or ruined tradesmen, ever haunted their pillows, or disturbed their repose. If a man, 50 years ago, had engaged in a speculation which required £5000. when he had not £5. in the world, it would have been regarded as the wandering of a disturbed imagination. *Now* it is every day's practice, and we are told that such schemes give vigour to trade, promote the commerce of the country, and advance men to wealth. Such measures perhaps may occasionally answer.

"A short life and a merry one," is become a common maxim; but let me ask, where is the fun of appearing in the gazette, or upon the new drop?—Whether I take my pencil to trace the fluttering phiz of a beau, or my pen to describe his manners, I always copy from nature,—and then, although the drawing may be faint, it bears some resemblance to the thing aimed at;—here, then, is an original letter from a modish trader:

To the Inspector.

Sir,—I have a very comical, and at the same time a very serious, tale to tell you; and I beg you will lend me a patient hearing. At my first entrance into business, I was desirous, as other young folks are, of making friends, and gaining customers; but being naturally timorous, and bashful in a most eminent degree, and having to enter upon a line of life which required much front and confidence, I felt myself perplexed beyond measure, and hung back for some time; except that now and then, when my spirits were a little brisker than usual, I made a push or two that just kept me from starving. All the while

I observed, that men, who I was very sensible were my inferiors, in point of talents and application, outstripped me amazingly, and were making rapid fortunes.

At that juncture, a friend of mine, who had become bankrupt in his earlier years, and has since attained to great wealth, let me into the secret; he told me that the way to win the heart was to fill the stomach and tickle the ear; and that if I meant to succeed, I must give what he called *parties*, and be, or at least seem to be, every body's most obsequious humble servant. I now resolved to begin in good earnest, got me men servants and maid servants, laid in an excellent stock of wine, put on the world's mask, and pushed forward.

Good dinners, tea and cards, soon brought me into notice; and by some I was thought to be tolerably clever. So much show, with the noise that attended it, gained me the confidence of tradesmen, amongst whom I soon passed for a man of some consideration, and got into as much debt as I could reasonably wish;—it is true that all the while I was not worth a penny—but then I possessed that which is of equal value with money. By shewing a bold front, giving myself the tinkling title of Esquire, and assuming airs of importance, I kept the tradesmen at bay; for they sneaked and cringed at the appearance of so much parade, and durst not press me for money, for fear of giving offence to a person of my figure. I was now emboldened to run a gig, and whisked myself to the watering places, where I met and was welcomed by numbers of my feasting cronies. I now drank my bottle, played my rubber, visited the assemblies, and the theatre, and was a *good fellow* at most of the convivial and fashionable parties in my neighbourhood.

After I had thus regaled myself and my friends for some time, my taylor turned sulky, and began to grumble for his cash; and as a beau is something like a paper guinea—his value depending upon the good opinion of his friends—I was sadly alarmed at the impertinence of Mr. Thimble. However I sewed him up with grog, gave him an order for a new suit, and a promise to settle with him; but it would not do. Whispers had gone abroad; and as my house was a house of cards, a breath was sufficient to blow it down; the enemy was at the gate; for I found that *little Timothy*[*] was waiting to tap me on the shoulder. I therefore made an honourable retreat into the *Gazette;* and instead of *giving* feasts, I became a feast for the lawyers. Since then, my kind

[*] The Sheriff's Officer.

friends, who were once so obliging as to eat my beef and drink my claret, pass me with as much indifference as they do a dung cart; and I sit cheerless and forlorn, writing this account. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." I am now a scholar regularly taught by the world, and shall no doubt be able in future to profit by my education; and I desire, Sir, that you will publish this letter, to save other young gentlemen the trouble and loss of time which attends so fashionable a mode of instruction. Tell them that "honesty is the best policy;" and that "a man may make more haste than good speed."

I am yours, &c.

Tofty Clappy.

Mr. Inspector.

I think I have hit upon a capital plan for a general reform. We are all harping upon the same old string—the corruption of the age; now suppose each individual would lead a new life, and reform *himself;* would not that restore universal harmony, in the most speedy and effectual manner? Let every man mend *one;* and let that *one* be himself.

T. C.

G.

NUMBER 16.

There is a folly which we blame,—
That ready tendency to spy
Our neighbour's faults with sharpen'd eye,
And make his lightest failings known,
Without attending to our own.—— WILKIE.

TO THE INSPECTOR.

SIR,—Among the multiplicity of subjects which claim the notice of a professed INSPECTOR, there is one to which I beg leave to call your attention; as the evil resulting from it appears to me to be of no trivial nature.

A few evenings ago, I was engaged to make one of a large party at a friend's house; and from the slight knowledge I had of many of the company, who were generally characterized as persons of sense and ability, I flattered myself with the hope of enjoying no ordinary pleasure. During the interval between our assembling and the appearance of tea, our conversation in some measure answered my expectation. But afterwards, I was sorry to find, that from treating on general topics, it became more particular; and that remarks on the affairs of our neighbours, and animadversions on their conduct, engrossed a very considerable portion of our time.

If I could have brought myself to believe, that merely an acquaintance with things *unknown before,* constituted *knowledge,* I should have had sufficient reason to congratulate myself on the great acquisition I had made this evening. The characters of many of my friends were placed in such a light that I could scarcely recognize their portraits; their conduct under various circumstances was severely criticised; and motives imputed to them which I verily believed them to be incapable of harbouring.

Most of the company joined in censuring the behaviour of some one or other of their acquaintance; and the folly or indiscretion of Mrs. Such-a-one found a parallel in that of Mr. What's-his-name, or Miss How-d'ye-call-her. The female friend of one of our party was given up as a compound of levity and affectation; that of another was found guilty of malevolence and hypocrisy; a third was a bad housewife; and the character of a fourth, for chastity, was hinted to be not altogether unimpeachable. One gentleman had risen to opulence by means which, some of the company partly insinuated, were incompatible with honour or honesty; another was accused of intemperance and extravagance, notwithstanding all his pretensions to frugality and sobriety. I was sorry to find, that the instances of virtue brought forward were rare indeed; and much fewer than those of a contrary nature.

I confess that, from the conversation of this evening, my opinion of the moral state of society among us would have been a most melancholy one, had I not been fully convinced that the failings of those persons of my acquaintance, whose characters came under consideration, were grossly exaggerated; and each virtue which I knew them to possess, exhibited in such a manner as to give it the appearance of its opposite vice. I was often on the point of speaking in their defence; but a false delicacy (for which I have since frequently condemned myself) prevented me from opening my mouth. Indeed the laws of fashionable society enforce a tacit acquiescence at least in the sentiments of our associates; and a person who should take upon himself to disturb the harmony of an agreeable party, by entering into any controversy, would forfeit all claims to future consideration. There were persons present whom I knew to be as warm friends as myself to some of the individuals whose reputations were attacked; yet who, like myself, never uttered a syllable in their defence. Our conduct afterwards struck me as being similar to that of the Roman triumvirate, who yielded up their individual friends to proscription, in order that they might be at liberty to gratify their personal enmity.

Another thing which forcibly impressed me was, that during the interval employed in this manner, two of our number being unexpectedly summoned away—on leaving the room they each of them successively afforded a fresh subject for animadversions, similar to those in which they themselves had freely indulged in regard to others. I was not displeased thus to find

> "Even-handed Justice
> "Commend the ingredients of their poisoned chalice
> "To their own lips."

But I could not help thinking, that were I obliged to leave the company, my reputation would probably be the next sacrifice; and had this consideration operated as strongly upon the minds of the rest, it would probably have given a different turn to the conversation. For my own part, although I am an enemy to cards, yet in this instance, I heard with less regret than I should otherwise have done, a proposal for their introduction; thinking them the lesser evil of the two.

When I reflect upon the characters of many of those who took an active part in the above conversation, I am still more astonished at the course which it assumed. Some of them I can readily acquit of any thing like intentional calumny, or wilful misrepresentation; even if they had been labouring under the influence of rivalry, or smarting under the infliction of injury, I cannot think they would have suffered their resentment so far to get the better of their candour, as to allow them to load the name of a rival, or even an enemy, with undeserved censure.

In what I have said on this subject, I would wish to have it understood, that I by no means attribute what passed to the influence of that mild beverage of which we had partaken; neither to that propensity to scandal in the female sex, which some of their enemies are inclined to ascribe to them: for I could not help remarking, that some gentlemen, who had declined tasting the tea, were more voluble and censorious than any lady in the company.

I am, &c.

SEXTUS.

I thank my correspondent for his letter,—and as I cordially agree with him in opinion respecting the turpitude of the practice of which he complains, shall readily join him in condemning it. As his letter is without either date or postmark, I know not in what part of the kingdom the scene to which it refers was laid; but hope, for the credit of my townsmen, that it has been at a considerable distance. Agreeable conversation is one of those social enjoyments which not only affords a high gratification, but also one of the most useful relaxations to the mind. It calls the attention off for a season from the fatigues of labour or of study. It tends to promote the ends of humanity; to diffuse the blessings of civilization; and by rubbing off the rust contracted in a life of seclusion, or incessant application to business, interests us more intimately in the welfare and happiness of each other. But when we feel no pleasure in conversation, unless it turn upon the failings or follies of our acquaintance, this is an evident symptom of a depraved mind. If traced to its source, I believe it will generally be found not to originate, as my correspondent appears to have conjectured, in wilful calumny or misrepresentation, but in a levity of speech, a talkative propensity, which seeks to gratify itself in heedless discourse, unconnected with any serious thought either of its good or evil tendency.

As to that part of my correspondent's letter which regards the censure passed, in their absence, upon those members of the party who had previously concurred in animadverting so freely upon others, I can only wish that they had been placed in the same circumstances with Sir R. Fletcher and Foote, as related by Cumberland, in the memoirs of his own life. Garrick, Sir Robert, and Mr. Cumberland, had dined with Foote. After passing about two hours in perfect hilarity, Sir Robert rose to depart. There was a screen in the room that hid the door, and behind which Sir Robert, for some purpose or other, stopped; when Foote, supposing him to be gone, began to play off his ridicule, at the expense of his late guest. It was (the narrator observes) *a way that he had*,—and *just then* a very unlucky way,—for Sir Robert, bolting out from behind the screen, cried out—"I am not gone, Foote,—spare me till I'm out of hearing;—and now, with your leave, I will stay while these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine." Were persons who are present at such scenes as that related by my correspondent, to recollect, that themselves would perhaps furnish the next topics of this kind, I am of his opinion, that this consideration would tend most effectually to check that acrimonious freedom of speech, against which his observations are directed.

It must be allowed, that to throw a veil over the vices or follies of mankind, when circumstances render the disclosure thereof necessary, is equally culpable with the concealment of acts of virtue; but many reasons may be assigned to show, that in exposing such vices or follies we should be well convinced that we are actuated by no improper motives, and that we do not exceed the bounds of justice and propriety. On this head, as well as on the general topics which this paper embraces, I would beg leave to recommend to the attention of my readers, the following extract from a late celebrated writer. Its excellence will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for its length.

" Discourse of the affairs of others, and giving of characters, are in a manner the same: and one can scarce call it an indifferent subject, because discourse upon it almost perpetually runs into somewhat criminal. And first of all, it were very much to be wished that this did not take up so great a part of conversation; because it is indeed a subject of a very dangerous nature. Let any one consider the various interests, competitions, and little misunderstandings which arise amongst men; and he will soon see that he is not unprejudiced and impartial; that he is not, as I may speak, neutral enough, to trust himself with talking of the character and concerns of his neighbour, in a free, careless, and unreserved manner. There is perpetually, and often it is not attended to, a rivalship amongst people of one kind and another, in respect to wit, beauty, learning, fortune; and that one thing will insensibly influence them to speak to the disadvantage of others, even where there is no formed malice or ill design. Since therefore it is so hard to enter into this subject without offending, the first thing to be observed is, that people should learn to decline it; to get over that strong inclination most have to be talking of the concerns and behaviour of their neighbour.

" But since it is impossible that this subject should be wholly excluded conversation; and since it is necessary that the characters of men should be known; the next thing is, that it is a matter of importance what is said; and therefore, we should be religiously scrupulous and exact to say nothing, either good or bad, but what is true. I put it thus, because it is in reality of as great importance to the good of society, that the characters of bad men should be known, as that the characters of good men should. People who are given to scandal and detraction, may indeed make an ill use of this observation: but truths which are of service towards regulating our conduct, are not to be disowned, or even concealed, because a bad use may be made of them. This however would be effectually prevented, if these two things were attended to. First, that though it is equally of bad consequence to society, that men should have either good or ill characters which they do not deserve, yet when you say somewhat good of a man which he does not deserve, there is no wrong done him in particular; whereas, when you say evil of a man which he does not deserve, here is the direct formal injury, a real piece of injustice done him. This therefore makes a wide difference; and gives us, in point of virtue, much greater latitude in speaking well than ill of others.—Secondly, a good man is friendly to his fellow-creatures, and a lover of mankind, and so will, upon every occasion, and often without any, say all the good he can of every body; but, so far as he is a good man will never be disposed to speak evil of any, unless there be some other reason for it, besides barely that it is true. If he be charged with having given an ill character, he will scarce think it a sufficient justification of himself to say it was a true one, unless he can give some further account how he came to do so: a just indignation against particular instances of villainy, where they are great and scandalous; or to prevent an innocent man from being deceived or betrayed, when he has great trust and confidence in one who does not deserve it. Justice must be done to every part of a subject, when we are considering it. If there be a man, who bears a fair character in the world, whom yet ye know to be without faith or honesty, to be really an ill man; it must be allowed, in general, that we shall do a piece of service to society, by letting such an one's true character be known. However, no words can express too strongly the caution which should be used in such a case as this. Upon the whole matter: if people would observe the obvious occasions of silence, if they would subdue the inclination to tale-bearing, and that eager desire to engage attention, which is an original disease in some minds; they would be in little danger of offending with their tongue."—BISHOP BUTLER.

NUMBER 17.

Although the virtues of *universal* philanthropy and benevolence are in the present age held up to our view with every possible encomium, I must confess that I am not so superior to what are now fashionably termed *prejudices,* as to overlook the objects of commiseration which fall under my individual notice, wrapped up in the visionary projects of a modern philosopher.

Whenever I turn my eyes to the contemplation of the country of my ancestors, I feel thankful that I can claim it for my own, and an honest pride in surveying its manifest blessings and superiority. And in no one instance do I more glory in this superiority, than in the spirit of true liberality and benevolence which so generally prevails amongst us. Whether I read the classic works of antiquity, and examine into the state of the most renowned heathen nations, or observe the manners and institutions of modern times, in none do I find such noble monuments of philanthropy as grace our island; a philanthropy not founded on the ridiculous principles of infidel philosophy, but inculcated by religion, and supported with cheerful activity. It were vain to look for buildings appropriated to the relief of the poor and distressed amongst the Greeks or the Romans; the whole heathen world did not contain so many as are to be found within the walls of a modern city. Nay their language did not even contain a word sufficient to express the meaning of charity. Their sages taught learning and wisdom, but it was reserved for christianity to add charity and benevolence, by teaching us the duties owing to our Creator.

On this subject much more might be said than there is room for in the limits of this paper. It has indeed employed the pens of many able writers, and forms no inconsiderable share of common place declamation. But as this declamation is generally directed against the want of the exercise of the social feelings, and as it falls but too often to the lot of the moralist to condemn vice, it is surely not unreasonable to indulge in the exquisite gratification of beholding virtue retaining her powerful influence over the human mind, and appearing in her loveliest garb, in the exercise of benevolence. Cold must the heart be that is not warmed by contemplating it so proudly pre-eminent amongst us. Locally also, as well as nationally, this is a source of real pleasure ; and I cannot but heartily congratulate my townsmen on the distinguished rank which they hold in the practice of this virtue. The numerous and well-regulated charitable institutions in this town, are its proudest boast, and confer more importance on its inhabitants than their riches, their docks, or their commerce.

It is nevertheless to be lamented, that, notwithstanding the laudable means taken to relieve the necessities of our fellow-creatures, a great proportion of them still struggle with adversity. That those who have once experienced the blessings of prosperity, are, when reduced to taste the bitter cup of adverse fate, the most deserving objects of our sympathy, will be generally allowed; from whatever event such a fall in life may originate, our sincerest commiseration is due to them. But, alas ! too often does the unfeeling pride of wealth lead men to triumph over such a fall, and pass by the sufferer with contemptuous scorn. How bitter are his pangs none can tell, unless placed in a similar situation. In spite of all the arguments of reason and experience, to prove the frail tenure of riches,—and although such an instance as I have just mentioned forcibly shows the uncertainty of their enjoyment,—yet does man hug himself in the possession of them, nor contemplates the possibilityof a reverse of fortune.

But if the situation of a man thus unfortunate be deserving of pity, how must the keen arrows of distress be sharpened ere they pierce the female breast. Born with flattering prospects, with pleasing hopes of future happiness, and nursed in the lap of affluence, woman's misfortunes interest our warmest feelings. With Jaffier may she say,

——————" I have known
" The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
" Have slept with soft content about my head,
" And never waked but to a joyful morning;
" Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
" Whose blossom scaped, yet's withered in the ripening."

A man may find the means of subsistence in various ways; a female has difficulties peculiar to her sex to encounter. The avenues of trade are almost barred against her; and in the few employments to which she may turn, she will find her place supplied by beings unworthy of the name of men, whose whole lives are spent amongst ribbands and muslins, and whose effeminacy would be best cured by participating in the discipline of a seventy-four.

It cannot but be considered as a national evil, that so many thousands of deserving females are deprived of bread by these means. Unable to find employment, they are lost in idleness, or driven to despair; and enter on a career of vice, which soon terminates in a premature dissolution.

To alleviate therefore the afflictions of the softer sex,—to afford them, without wounding their feelings, the opportunity of employing their industry and ingenuity, and to convert into a source of profit those arts which were once considered only as accomplishments,—is a duty and a pleasure that will eagerly be embraced by every feeling mind. With these benevolent views it is, that an institution is now established in this place, which, if supported, will add another wreath to the brows of my townsmen, already distinguished by their liberality. The institution to which I allude is the Repository for Female Work; many, on a similar plan, have succeeded beyond all expectation, and some of them in towns much inferior to this in size, wealth, and population.

Besides the utility of such a plan, already mentioned, it affords opportunity to those who live in affluence, to employ their leisure moments in contributing towards the general fund. Doubly sweet to the susceptible mind are the blessings thus bestowed, when the means of bestowing them are the fruits of its own energies. To the female part of my readers, this paper is principally addressed; they have already distinguished themselves; and I am confident they will still remember, that accomplishments are never so attractive as when accompanied by benevolence, nor beauty so lovely as when the eye of sensibility glistens with a tear.

NUMBER 18.

What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate!
If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortunes; suicides in woe!—— YOUNG.

"Be not *cleanly* over much."——ANON.

TO THE INSPECTOR.

SIR,—I beg you will take the first opportunity of giving your thoughts to the public, upon an evil which I have severely felt, and from which I dare say I am far from being a solitary sufferer. You must know, Mr. INSPECTOR, that I am married to a very notable woman, who is in many points, as good a wife as ever fell to the lot of any man; but she has one prevailing foible, often productive of much uneasiness in our family. The darling object of her heart is to establish a character for neatness and elegance in whatever regards the œconomy of her house; nor should I find any fault with her on this account, were it not that our family comfort is frequently sacrificed in order to promote it. Her endeavours have in a great measure been successful. In the estimation of almost all our acquaintance, our house appears an earthly paradise; but on the other hand, the very reason why it excites their admiration and praise, makes it to me a real place of purgatory: although I can assure you, that I am far from being partial either to dirt or irregularity. In my estimation, the calm enjoyment of domestic comfort ought not to be sacrificed for the sake of appearances only. The sentiments of my wife, unfortunately, happen to be a little at variance with mine on this subject; and provided her vanity can be gratified by the applause of her visitors, she is regardless of the family privations by which it is purchased. No trouble or anxiety is spared in order to procure their momentary approbation; and should an accident intervene to spoil the appearance of any part of our furniture after it has been properly prepared for exhibition, the loss of her dearest friend would scarcely be deemed a greater calamity.

Were you, Mr. Inspector, to witness the care and circumspection with which I am obliged to act, in order to avoid infringing upon the prescribed regulations of our household, your gravity, though equal to that of Nestor, could scarcely secure you from laughter. I dare not open a door, nor touch a chair, without putting on my gloves, or making use of my coat lap, lest the insensible perspiration from my fingers should stain the brass lock, or sully the glossy mahogany; in which case a sympathetic cloud would not fail to overshadow the countenance of my wife. Indeed so very earnest is she that all around her should wear a shining aspect, that her face (which, by the bye, Mr. Inspector, is really a very pretty one) is generally the only murky object in the house, unless it be sometimes that of your humble servant.

It has always been my opinion, that the right of using the fire poker (I mean in the way of stirring up the fire) was one of the indisputable privileges of a husband; and I consequently claimed it at our marriage; but after a long series of disputes, have at last ceded my pretensions, for the sake of quietness. For, will you believe me, Mr. Inspector? the fears of my sullying its polish, disarranging the whole œconomy of the hearth, and covering the chimney piece with a shower of ashes, have more than once occasioned my dear wife's falling into hysterics, when I have by accident unthinkingly put down my hand, as if about to lay hold of it. Nor is this the worst of the case. Whatever may be the temperature of the air, our fires, by a law as irrevocable as those of the Medes and Persians, are lighted and put out, in the autumn and spring, upon certain days, which from time immemorial have been fixed upon for this purpose in the Housewife's calendar: and no plea of a backward season, or intense cold, can defer the period in which the cheerful flame must give way to the nicely curled ivory shavings. Even in the depth of winter, our fire is often suffered to become extinct, between the fear of the smoke of green coals on the one hand, and that of *raising a dust* on the other.

This, however, is not all. The same principle, operating in different directions, pervades the whole of her housewifery. In order to preserve our crockery ware for extraordinary occasions, almost every article on our breakfast table is of a different pattern; and the whole appears like the show-board of a china shop. At dinner, our knives and forks are of several sorts, some broken and some whole. Our silver table-spoons and the small quantity of plate we possess, are locked up, and suffered to tarnish, whilst plain pewter is substituted in their stead. Even as regards my wife's dress, she generally goes so much in dishabille in a morning, in order to show her finery afterwards to advantage, that though I prefer simplicity to elegance, I am often almost ashamed of her, when a friend pops upon us accidentally. Her gowns are frequently altered to suit the prevailing taste; and then laid by so long before they are worn, that another alteration becomes necessary.

You may easily conceive, Mr. INSPECTOR, that in the midst of this extraordinary anxiety, many vexatious events must occur to disturb the peace of our family. Our domestic animals are sometimes indecorous; servants are continually guilty of blunders and misfortunes, either wilful or involuntary; and even I myself, as I have before hinted, often come in for a share of the blame. What with the frequent recurrence of such mishaps, and anticipations of future imaginary ones, we seem daily becoming more and more insensible to the varied blessings of which we are possessed; and unless the insertion of this letter, and your animadversions upon it, open the eyes of my wife, I dread to think of the consequences.

Part of the few hours that I can spare from business, I generally wish to employ in reading, being very partial to books; but my pleasure in this respect is much circumscribed, in consequence of my wife's disliking to see such lumber, as she terms them, in any of our rooms. If I am suddenly called away, and accidentally leave my book behind me, it is immediately banished, and I find great difficulty in regaining it. Even the INSPECTOR is not allowed to remain, although only for a few moments, upon the chimney-piece or mahogany table. You see that, like a skilful logician, I have reserved to the conclusion my strongest argument for your interference, which I trust will be granted to,

Sir,
Your humble servant,
TIMOTHY SOFTLY.

Before my correspondent had insisted so strongly on my immediately inserting his letter, he ought to have inquired whether I myself was married; as in that case, my publishing it might perhaps be productive of some little uneasiness in my own family. I have thought proper, however, at all hazards, to grant his request. It might gratify the witlings were I to observe, that HE ought to consider himself as a happy man indeed, whose wife had only one foible; but the approbation of such persons would be dearly purchased by the loss of the esteem of the fair sex. Admitting the facts in Mr. Softly's letter to be truly stated, few comments upon it are necessary. It has always been my opinion, (with due submission however, in this case, to the superior judgment of the ladies) that in all the regulations of a family, comfort ought, as far as possible, to be combined with neatness, order, and elegance; but that care should be taken lest the former be sacrificed to the latter. The value of these indeed, ought to be estimated principally according to their tendency to promote domestic comfort. If superior elegance, for instance, can only be attained by depriving ourselves of the conveniences of life, the want of it ought to be acquiesced in cheerfully. If a greater degree of neatness and order, instead of promoting the happiness of our families, be only procurable by continually harassing ourselves and every one around us, and loading our minds daily with fresh cares and imaginary evils, prudence requires that our desire after it should be circumscribed within proper bounds. For my own part, I must acknowledge, that I seldom enter the interior of any house, without involuntarily forming some idea of the character of the mistress from its general appearance and arrangement; in the same way as a disciple of Lavater would from her countenance. Neatness and regularity insensibly prepossess me in her favour; but if circumstances indicate that these very estimable qualities are pushed into extremes, and that every deviation from them, however slight, becomes productive of pain and mortification; if I see the master of the house, like my friend Timothy, putting on his gloves to open the door, or the servant ready to commit a fault from the very dread of doing it,—my sentiments change; and instead of admiring her for her management, I pity her for her misplaced anxiety.

Philosophers, who are generally considered (at least in their own estimation) as most capable of directing mankind in their search after happiness, have often expatiated on the folly of placing our chief pleasure on inferior objects, liable to frequent accidents, over which we have no controul, and commonly possessed of only an imaginary value. Perhaps Mrs. Softly's attachment to the decorations of her house may justly be considered in this light. How precarious must that happiness be, which is continually dependent on wind and weather, the slovenliness of servants, the thoughtlessness of visitors, and the perpetual recurrence of accidents! Dust in summer, and damp in winter, will cloud the polish of the brightest steel, and sully the lustre of the finest mahogany. Servants will not always execute the wishes of their masters or mistresses, and are often apt to substitute *wiping* for *rubbing*. Every guest will not, like my correspondent, be brought to take the precaution of putting on his gloves before he seizes the fire poker or draws a chair. Accidents often occasion the rusting of a knife, the tarnishing of a piece of plate, the staining of a carpet or a table; and cats and dogs, where they form parts of an establishment, will sometimes misbehave, in spite of even Mrs. SOFTLY herself.

The following letter, which I received some time ago, from another hand, will form no improper conclusion to this paper. I recommend it to the attention of both Mr. and Mrs. SOFTLY, in common with the rest of my readers who are either married or entertain thoughts of entering into that state; sincerely wishing the promulgation of it may prove as beneficial as my correspondent appears to think it will be.

"Mr. INSPECTOR.

SIR,—I am an Englishman, and therefore the good of my countrymen, like oil in a Florence flask, is always uppermost in my mind. I have turned over several dead and living authors, to find out a remedy for dissensions in matrimony. All my labour proved ineffectual till yesterday, when looking over a Spanish author, (for I read Cervantes in his own tongue) I found out a receipt for Happiness in Wedlock. I do not mean to make a penny of it, and shall therefore make no secret of it, nor of its author; though perhaps your publishers may wish I had, in order that they might reap the benefit of the advertisements. But not to detain you any longer—Alphonso, King of Arragon, says, that 'to make a happy marriage, the husband should be *deaf* and the wife *blind;* that he should not *hear* the *reproaches* of his wife, nor she *see* the *errors* of her husband.'

I am,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

P. W."

Hull.

NUMBER 19.

——— Emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial; whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting,—its bitterness from woe.—MALLET.

VARIOUS are the modes of writing adopted by moralists, for the purpose of conveying instruction to mankind, and enforcing the obligations to a life of virtue. Some have preferred the didactic method, and contented themselves with laying down the rules by which our conduct ought to be governed; others have endeavoured to operate upon the judgment through the medium of the imagination—and hence tales, fables, and allegory derive their origin: others again have confined their labours principally to the exemplification of the truths they wished to inculcate, by appeals to real characters, as exhibited in the pages of history, or falling within the sphere of private observation. Mankind are so constituted that each of these modes will be differently appreciated by different persons. Many feel no relish for truth unless she appear in all her native simplicity; and are ready to aver of her (what the poet observes on another occasion,) that she

> " Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,
> " But is, when unadorned, adorned the most:"

Whilst minds of a contrary stamp are more strongly impressed, either by some fanciful representation of the virtue or vice which is intended to excite their approbation or disgust; or by viewing it embodied in real character, as recorded in history, or existing in common life.

It is the peculiar province of the periodical essayist, by uniting these different means, to endeavour, at least, to promote the intellectual improvement of the various classes of readers, under whose eyes his lucubrations are expected to come. Although duly sensible of this truth, I must confess, that I never experience so much pleasure in fulfilling the office of INSPECTOR, which I have assumed, as when I am led to meditate on the characters of persons eminent for their public or private virtues. By contemplating such objects we are forcibly brought to approve, and imperceptibly to imitate, their excellencies. We trace their behaviour through various trying situations; see wherein they have erred, (as the best of men will often err;) and derive from their examples, at once inducements to virtue, and precedents for our own regulation under similar circumstances. From them we may learn how the theoretical principles we profess to believe, may best be reduced into practice. It is much easier indeed to delineate a vicious, than a virtuous character; and perhaps the execution of the former will often procure an author more applause. But such a portrait is frequently examined only with a view of finding in it something reprehensible, which we fancy is applicable to our neighbours; whilst in the latter, our self-love leads us to ascribe part of its beauties to ourselves, and sometimes may induce us to copy the good qualities of the original.

The character of Fidelia, as delineated in the Spectator, (No. 449,) is a very amiable one. We cannot but admire that sense of duty which led a beautiful and accomplished young woman to dedicate all her powers of pleasing, to cheer the languid hours of an aged and afflicted parent, of whom she was the sole prop and stay. Those elegant accomplishments which she possessed in a high degree, and to procure which he had lavished his riches, with no other view, probably, than that of seeing her the idol of public admiration, she applied entirely to promote his comfort and alleviate his sufferings. "The love of fashion and the love of sway," those two powerful motives of action, which a celebrated poet has described as the ruling passions in every woman's bosom, were by Fidelia kept in subserviency to the dictates of filial duty; and even the addresses of a lover, in every respect worthy of her affection, were declined, lest the duties of the conjugal state should have interfered with that attention, which, in her opinion, the situation of her father imperiously demanded. The benevolence of heart, and strength of principle, which dictated this line of conduct, must excite feelings of admiration, even in minds incapable of making similar sacrifices.

The behaviour of Fidelia, however, is not wholly unexampled in the present degenerate age. Many instances, I am persuaded, might be adduced, wherein the powers of pleasing bestowed by nature on the female sex, are exerted in an equally honourable manner. Indeed it is from this loveliest part of the creation, that all men fondly look for that kind sympathy, those endearing blandishments, which divest the evils of life of half their terrors; and soothe, if they cannot eradicate, those afflictions, mental or corporeal, from which no stage nor condition of life is wholly exempted. In the feeling mother, the affectionate daughter, the loving wife, we are sure of meeting with those who, in the hour of adversity, will cheerfully endeavour to alleviate our distress. Their domestic habits, the nature of those occupations in which they are engaged, and above all, those fine sensibilities with which they are endued, peculiarly fit them for the fulfilment of this important branch of social duty.

With the other sex, the case is in general very different; owing to the operation of various causes. The constitutions of men render them naturally less susceptible of the tender feelings; their habits, formed in the hurry and bustle of active life, cause them to be more inattentive to the suggestions of sympathy; the cares and turmoil of business engross their attention; and being commonly less liable to experience the pangs of sickness and affliction themselves, they view the sufferings of others with a greater degree of apathy, and exert less activity in procuring them relief.

These considerations have often, formerly, led me to admire the behaviour of an amiable young man of my acquaintance, whom I shall introduce to my readers by the name of Eudoxus. Although I do not pretend to say that he equalled Fidelia in filial regard, yet his conduct justly entitled him to be held up as an example to others of his own sex.

The father of Eudoxus was far advanced in years, and had been a long time blind. He was a widower, with no other child, nor indeed near relative; neither had he the advantage of a great variety of friends, whose attention and conversation might, in some degree, have rendered less irksome the privation of sight under which he laboured; and cheered his mind when sinking under the languor that generally accompanies old age. This want, however, was in a great degree compensated by the kindness of his son, whose views were continually directed to anticipate his father's wishes, and procure him every gratification his situation would allow.

Although Eudoxus was extensively engaged in business, which consequently engrossed a large portion of his time, and left him few hours at his own disposal, he nevertheless contrived to devote some of his leisure to the suggestions of filial duty. Happy in an affectionate wife and a family of amiable children, he did not forget, amid their caresses, that there was another who had a claim to some part of his attention; and who had watched over him with paternal tenderness, in the helpless hours of infancy. He recollected the anxiety with which his fond parent provided for the cultivation of his talents in youth, in order that he might procure those intellectual qualifications which contribute so much to the real happiness of life, and be enabled to sustain with propriety the respectable station in which he was placed. Blessed with the full enjoyment of every sense, and particularly of that invaluable one of sight, Eudoxus fully entered into the cheerless situation of his aged father, to whom the pathetic lines of Milton, descriptive of his own condition, might with equal propriety be applied :—

> ———————— With the year
> Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me ; from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with an universal blank
> Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

To lessen these privations, Eudoxus applied himself with unceasing assiduity. In his little excursions into the country, he observed the various changes in the face of nature with a keener eye, in order that he might be enabled by his descriptions to soothe the mind of him to whom such appearances were no more visible, and render the want of sight less regretted. His kindness operated to recall the images of former pleasing scenery ; and thus to substitute the visions of fancy for the present barren reality. He detailed the passing events of the day; he entered into the feelings of an old man towards the few remaining companions of his happier years; and by recounting whatever he might have learnt respecting them, endeavoured to gratify those feelings.

The last time I had occasion to call upon Eudoxus, I was referred to him at his aged parent's, who at that time laboured under the attacks of an acute disease.—Eudoxus was sitting by his father's couch, reading to him; and, whenever a paroxysm came on, endeavouring by every means which prudence could suggest, to mitigate the pangs of the venerable sufferer. The latter, if tolerably at ease, would, at the close of every paragraph, comment upon what he heard; and frequently digressed very far from the subject to descant on the occurrences of his early years,—upon which he dwelt with all the garrulity of age; while the countenance of the son glistened with pleasure, to find his attention drawn from his present forlorn condition to the consideration of better days. Although I had been acquainted with Eudoxus for some time, and entertained a favourable opinion of his virtues, the impression made upon my mind by his behaviour at this period, was such as to raise him still higher in my estimation.

Thus, while many other men of the same age and circumstances were immersed in sensuality and dissipation, or engrossed by a sedulous attachment to the fashionable mysteries of gaming, was this worthy young man actively employed in alleviating a parent's cares, and administering to him the balm of comfort and consolation. Nay, the innocent pleasures and amusements of life, in which Eudoxus might have freely participated, he frequently relinquished, in order that he might fulfil the dictates of duty. In the company of his own amiable family, and a large circle of friends, he might have passed very agreeably every hour that could be spared from his customary avocations; and yet have received the praises of the world as a pattern of domestic virtue. He might have contented himself with spending a vacant hour in his father's presence, and procuring him every solace and attention which money could have purchased; and yet have been considered by the generality as a perfect model of filial tenderness. But Eudoxus drew his opinions of duty from a purer source; and his practice bore honourable testimony to the rectitude of his principles.—It is only to be wished, that my endeavour to do justice to his conduct, may prove the means of causing it to be more universally imitated.

NUMBER 20.

So Harlequin extolled his horse,—
Fit for the war, the road, the course;
His mouth was soft, his eye was good;
His foot was sure as ever trod.
One fault he had, (a fault indeed!)
And what was that?—The horse was dead.——Prior.

If my readers derive any instruction or entertainment from the present paper, they will have the goodness to attribute it to the kindness of two correspondents, of whose letters it principally consists. The observations contained in the first of these letters may be of considerable importance to those who occasionally traffic in horses; but, for my own part, I feel little interested in the subject. Indeed we periodical writers, (the good-natured reader will give me credit for a little vanity in this expression) are seldom conversant in what relates to animals of that species; unless it should be to that old ambling nag Pegasus, whom we may perhaps now and then bestride, though commonly to as little purpose as the idiot did his broomstick; and like him too, we may exclaim—" if it had not been for the name of a *horse*, I might as well have been *on foot*." Neither the great Isaac Bickerstaff, nor his short-faced successor, ever appears to have kept a horse. The latter generally travelled in a hackney coach; and although he did once or twice hunt along with his friend Sir Roger, it was upon the Knight's steed; and I believe, though his natural modesty has prevented any explanation on this head, his behaviour proved to the satisfaction of the neighbouring country gentlemen, that when upon *horseback* he was out of his *element.* The facetious Adam Fitz-Adam wrote a whole paper upon horses and horse-racing; but in it he shewed less knowledge of the noble animals in question, than of gentlemen grooms and jockies. Yet he was the only one of my predecessors, that I am acquainted with, who ever possessed a nag; and certainly with all his superior judgment, his success in this speculation was not calculated to inspire me with a determination to follow his example. His untimely fate affords a melancholy proof of the uncertainty of all earthly enjoyments; and often reconciles me to those pedestrian exertions to which I appear doomed through life. Poor Fitz-Adam! The very *first* ride he took in that one-horse chair which formed the acmé of his wishes, and to attain which he assiduously toiled through many years, proved his *last.** As I always wish to draw some consolation from even the most disagreeable circumstances, I often comfort myself for being compelled to go on foot, with this reflection—that at any rate I am in no danger of being duped by jockies, or breaking my neck by a fall from horseback. But to my correspondent's letter.

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* Vide—The World, No. 209.

To the Inspector.

Sir,—In my younger days, I had a particular pride in keeping a fine prancing horse; for I fancied that a young gentleman never appeared of so much importance as when mounted on a mettlesome steed, with leather breeches, japanned boots, shining spurs, and a dandy whip. Thus accoutred, I vainly imagined I was trotting on the high road to distinction. But as I grew older, I grew wiser; for in my dealings with jockies, I assure you *I have bit the bridle,* and am now a worse man, by some hundreds, for my folly. However, what was once a vanity, is now an act of necessity; for I am troubled with a complaint which compels me to ride for my life; and I give you this account of my dealings in order that you may INSPECT the evil, and give your opinion upon the best mode of redressing it. I should like to know how it happens that men, and those too who, on other occasions, pass *current* in the world, (that is, who are as honest as their neighbours,) should, when they have a horse for sale, make it their study to use every art, shift, and contrivance, to impose upon the unwary purchaser? Does it not prove, that there is a selfishness inherent in mankind; and that men in general will over-reach and cozen when it is their interest to do so, and when they can do it with impunity? Horses are less understood among us townsmen, than most other articles of traffic; and as there is a smaller chance of detection, there is more room for the heart to take its natural play. But to the point.

My first purchase was a blood gelding, with a neck like a rainbow; he went so near the ground, and shovelled the dust in such clouds about me in the summer, and so bespattered me with dirt in the winter, that I could seldom see the road. At length he bowed the knee, saluted the turnpike, and popped your humble servant into the Newland Drain. I bore this with tolerable composure, and tried again. My second was a plump looking mare, that carried a particularly grand tail. In combing it one day, to my great surprise, the hair sloughed off, and left me only the naked stump. The fact was,—her natural tail was as bare as a rat's, and the dealer had dressed her up in an artificial one. However, I was not discouraged, for I tried again, and have since, at different times, had restive, plunging, purblind, tumble-down, and run-away horses. I had lately an old mare, that when pressed to go a little out of her ordinary pace, used to make a painful rumbling noise in the thorax, not unlike the working of the sucker in a dried water pump—the Jockies termed her *a roarer*. And at present I ride a poney—about one of the best I ever had—that entertains me very much in my excursions, by kicking the loose stones and pebbles about the turnpike; so that if you saw it, you would suppose the beast was playing at foot-ball. I cannot omit mentioning one very queer horse that I had; I sometimes think (though perhaps uncharitably) that its former owner must have loved *a drop;* for it halted at every inn on the road, and always took time to stale before I could get it to budge an inch further.

A wise man of old, who was in your line (I mean he was a great INSPECTOR) said, "The ways of men are past finding out." Pray, Sir, did he allude to horse-dealers or attornies?

I am your obedient servant,

G. TOFTY CLAPPY.

Hull.

By publishing the following letter, I may perhaps be considered as rendering myself liable to that charge of inhumanity, which my correspondent himself appears to have anticipated. Should the allegation on which his observations are founded, be true, they seem entitled to consideration; if he has erred in this respect, I shall be glad to assist in rectifying his misconceptions.

To THE INSPECTOR.

SIR,—I wish to address a few lines to the public, through the medium of your paper, on a subject which has often struck me as of some importance to the community. With the persons confined for debt in different parts of the country, and particularly at this place, it has long been customary, on the event of a marriage in the town or neighbourhood, to solicit money from the gentleman; and few weeks elapse in which their thanks are not publicly announced in the newspapers to "A. B. Esq. for his kind donation of one guinea," or sometimes more, as the case may be. Were the money thus collected employed to alleviate the distress to which the unhappy persons in question are often reduced, it would be well bestowed: and I should be the last to object to what might justly be deemed an act of charity. But when it is known, that instead of relieving the wants of the necessitous, such bounty is commonly spent in promoting intemperance and sensuality, it seems worthy the donor's consideration whether it might not be more beneficially applied, and whether there be not stronger claims upon his liberality, than custom can plead in the behalf of such dissipation? Imprisonment for debt, I am afraid, in almost every case, operates so perniciously upon the principles of the person confined, considered as a member of society, that there is little occasion for any additional incentives to idleness and immorality.

Probably the above observations may draw down upon me the charge of cruelty and inhumanity. No one, however, I will venture to assert, feels more keenly than myself, for the situation of those unfortunate persons to whom I allude; and if the tenor of my remarks appears to be at variance with this assertion, in the eyes of superficial observers, I would only beg them to recollect, that the momentary gratification of a few individuals ought not to be put in competition with the welfare of society at large. I applaud the principle of making others participate in our happiness—from whence the custom above referred to has evidently originated—and have no intention to set bounds to the liberality of my countrymen, or to dictate through what channels their bounty should flow. My desire only is, that the tribute of generosity, whether bestowed upon these or any other objects of pity, may be applied to purposes of genuine charity, instead of ministering to vicious indulgences.

I am, &c.

CRITO.

Hull.

NUMBER 21.

———————— I fly
From riot, care, intemperance, and vice;
And from the fountain head of all—the dice.
The Syren's voice shall charm my ear no more;
With joy I quit that treach'rous fatal shore,
Where a friend's ruin is by friends enjoy'd,
And ev'ry virtue is by turns destroy'd.—GARRICK.

IN my fourteenth number, I hinted that I was not totally unacquainted with the prevalence of certain vices amongst some of my townsmen. I hoped, indeed, that this allusion to them might alone have had a beneficial effect; and was willing to wait a little while in order to observe if any improvement had taken place;—but, sorry to perceive no symptoms of that nature, I sat ruminating on the most effectual means of attacking and exposing such vices, when the following letter was put into my hands. As it bore immediate reference to the subject of my reflections, I am induced to give it an early place, and submit the complaints of my fair correspondent, as soon as possible, to my readers.

Mr. Inspector.

It is with no inconsiderable diffidence that I venture to address myself to you,—nor am I certain that in so doing I do not step beyond the bounds of strict propriety; my feelings, however, must plead my excuse, for nothing but the intimate connexion it has with my happiness could ever have induced me to beg your advice on the following affair.

I am, Sir, a young lady of, I trust, unblemished reputation, and can claim tolerable pretensions to notice, whether from fortune, family, or education. My person—but why should I speak of that which is perhaps the cause of my present misfortunes? Suffice it to say, that it attracted the attentions of many young men,—to none of whom did I pay any regard, as I found that personal charms only were of any value in their estimation; for, Sir, under the care of the best of parents, I had been taught to look to intellectual accomplishments for permanent happiness. One only youth of my acquaintance did I distinguish for his superior taste and genius; and to his marked yet delicate attentions, I could not long remain insensible. Nay, such either is the flattery of fancy, or the keen penetration ascribed to our sex, that I thought I perceived his partiality before he himself was conscious of it. The more I saw of him, the closer did his image become entwined round my heart. Formed for love, and with superior abilities, improved by a liberal education, he seemed to rise above the trifling gaieties which occupy so much of the time of youth.

Whilst I have been thus diffuse, I feel a melancholy pleasure at the retracing of past scenes; nor can you wonder, Sir, that his openly avowed affection should meet with a similar return. But, alas! within these few months, what a total change has taken place! Persuaded by the specious conversation of some, and perhaps from a want of courage to brave the ridicule of others, Henry was led to the billiard table, and, elevated with a slight success, rapidly acquired a taste for that and every other destructive species of gaming. So deeply has this diabolical passion taken root in his breast, that no arguments nor entreaties produce more than a temporary effect;

the sight of a pack of cards, and the rattling of dice, possess irresistible attractions; and he, who once would have shuddered at the bare name of a gamester, is now fast sinking into that debased and despicable character.

When I reflect on what he was, I can scarcely persuade myself that such a change is possible; but, alas! I too soon am convinced of its reality. How tremendous must that passion be which can so soon destroy the fairest hopes! Neither the loss of what he once most esteemed, nor the daily diminution of a handsome fortune, seem able to draw him back to the path of virtue; I have therefore ventured on this method of awakening him to a sense of his danger, and entreat your assistance to my endeavours.

But do not think that whilst I thus show my affection, I am insensible to my own situation. I know too well the infatuation of a confirmed gamester, ever to unite my fate with his; and should this attempt fail, I will strive to forget him, nor suffer my heart to entertain a thought of one so unworthy. Many of your former numbers we have read together with pleasure; and I do still indulge some hopes that this letter will excite the dormant sparks of virtue, and restore him to happiness and his once loved

SOPHIA.

Such of my readers as have never witnessed the direful effects of a love of play, may be disposed to think the above character rather exaggerated. I have no doubt, however, of the truth of SOPHIA's observations, and sincerely wish that her letter, which will probably fall under the eye of him for whom it is intended, may restore the deluded youth to his rank in society. It evinces at once such sincere affection and sound understanding as will, I hope, have the desired effect; but should it fail, I can only advise her to pursue her determination, and forget that he ever existed.

It does indeed to me appear strange, that so unmeaning a vice as gaming should ever engross the attention of a reasonable and immortal being. It is an acquired vice; no natural passion can be pleaded in its defence; and yet certain it is, that none other has so unlimited a sway where once it obtains admission. Nor is the case before us singular, in that the unhappy object possesses talents worthy of a better fate. The endowments of sense, and the pride of learning, are alike insufficient to save the man who comes within its destructive vortex; to religion alone belongs that power. To sum up its general character in the forcible language of Garrick: "The passion of gaming is not to be conquered even by the best understandings; it is an absolute whirlpool;

wit, sense, love, friendship, and every virtue, are merely leaves and straws that float upon the surface of the tide; which, as they approach this gulf, are all drawn in, and sink to the bottom, as if they had never been."

Gaming has, by some author, been defined to be a tacit confession of ruin, by drawing lots, as it were, on whom the ruin should first fall. It has therefore been forbidden by the wisest legislators, and in agricultural countries; but in a land like ours, and especially in such a town as this, supported by trade, the bare knowledge of such a vice is pregnant with innumerable mischiefs. How can the adventurous merchant prudently trust his property in the hands of any person who is known to squander away his money and his time at play? The good faith, so essential to commercial dealings, and therewith one grand support of our nation, is daily undermined by this fashionable pursuit. It destroys every sentiment of real honour, and substitutes in its place a fictitious semblance,—possessed of which, a man may defraud his creditors, debauch his neighbour's wife, and murder his friend, yet appear at the midnight gaming table, and be proclaimed to the world as a *man of honour.*

It is not possible to conceive a more despicable existence than that of such as are thus wretchedly miscalled men of honour. True it is, that these characters are most frequently to be found amongst persons whose birth and fortune place them in the highest ranks of life; yet we are not without many recent instances in a lower sphere. So rapid indeed is the contagion of this vice, and so prone are the lowest orders to imitate their superiors, that it is nothing uncommon to see the labouring mechanic spend his evenings and his Sabbaths in drunkenness, and risque his hard-earned gains on the throwing of a halfpenny. The consequences of gaming, in a mercantile community, are so dreadful, and, I fear, its prevalence amongst us so increasing, that I cannot conclude without again adverting to them, and intreating the watchfulness of my readers against the admission of so destructive a vice. The indulgence of play, even for small sums, is calculated to inflame the worst passions of our nature; and although many never overstep the limits of their circumstances, yet I would have it remembered, that the most determined love of gaming had once only a slight beginning, and gradually increased, until overthrowing the barriers of prudence, it, like the winter's torrent, bore down every virtue along with it, and buried them together in one undistinguished mass of ruin.

C.

NUMBER 22.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give;
Or you may die, before you truly live.——YOUNG.

MOST nations are in possession of a variety of proverbs, handed down by tradition, and comprising directions for the regulation of the conduct and pursuits of mankind. These precepts are often highly honourable to the sagacity of the first promulgers; and perhaps better calculated to produce beneficial effects upon the minds of the commonalty than elaborate dissertations on the same topics. Their brevity facilitates their commitment to memory; and the terse expressions in which they are couched, render them easy to be recollected. In those writings of antiquity which have escaped the ravages of time, many specimens of this mode of instruction occur. Sacred writ brings us acquainted with the Proverbs of Solomon, abounding with useful information, and lessons of practical wisdom. So well convinced were the ancient Greeks of the utility of proverbial maxims, that seven men, whose superior abilities obtained them the title of the seven sages of Greece, left each of them one or more of these maxims, as a legacy to posterity; and perhaps it is chiefly owing to this circumstance, that their names are yet held in common remembrance.—We might indeed be led to infer, from this honourable appellation being confined to so small a number of persons, that a scarcity either of wise men or of proverbs, existed in that country; but innumerable proofs of the contrary are extant. In regard to the latter point, many expressions occur in the works of Hesiod, which critics are clearly of opinion belong to this class. Several others of the poets, and Euripides in particular, abound with passages of a similar nature. From the last named author, St. Paul, it is well known, borrowed the adage of "Evil communications corrupt good manners," which thus comes to us enforced by the sanction of apostolical authority. Plutarch furnishes an abundance of short maxims and sentiments, uttered by those eminent characters whose lives he has recorded, and which were perhaps transmitted to the period in which he lived, in consequence of their having assumed a proverbial form.

Since the invention of printing, and the consequent diffusion of learning, proverbs have declined in estimation; and instead of being carefully handed down by tradition, many of them are at present only known by the care with which they have been treasured up in the repositories of curious collectors. In the romance of Don Quixote, Cervantes has immortalized several of the Spanish proverbs. The burlesque and ludicrous manner in which they are introduced by Sancho, has thrown over them an irresistible air of ridicule; and as the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha have often been supposed to have produced a considerable change in the Spanish character, the above circumstance may also have materially aided that effect, especially among the middling and lower classes.

In our own island, a variety of proverbs are yet transmitted from father to son, although they are becoming fewer in every generation, owing partly, perhaps, to the same prevalent love of amplification, in preference to sententious brevity, that encourages the manufacture of a ponderous quarto volume out of the materials of a slender duodecimo.—Allan Ramsay has left us a collection of Scotch proverbs; several of them, however, unsuited to the delicacy of a more refined age. To the celebrated naturalist Ray, we are indebted for a variety of English ones: the greater part of which are now fallen into disuse. Dr. Franklin, in his Pennsylvanian Almanack, gave currency to a great number; and the "sayings of poor old Richard" (often re-printed in this country) have been frequently retailed in humble life, and, I hope, adopted as principles of action by my countrymen. Indeed proverbial sayings, wherever in use, are in general among the first lessons imbibed by youth; and as the sentiments which recur most frequently to our remembrance, commonly possess the greatest influence over our minds and actions, so the maxims that we have been accustomed to hear and repeat from early age, may justly be expected to operate with considerable effect, in forming the character and influencing the behaviour. Our English proverb of "Learning is better than house and land," has doubtless been the remote cause of many persons reaching a degree of literary eminence which they would otherwise never have attained. In my opinion, we may, without outraging probability, trace to this source the origin of the Novum Organum of Bacon, the Principia of Newton, and the Essay on the Human Understanding of Locke. If I might be permitted to adopt that figure of rhetoric called anti-climax, I would add, that should any of my readers derive either amusement or instruction from the INSPECTOR, they are in all likelihood indebted for it to my grandmother's repetition of this sage maxim. No man was better qualified than Dr. Franklin to appreciate the modes of conveying instruction to the great mass of mankind; and his adoption of proverbs, for this purpose, is alone sufficient to stamp a value upon them. Among those which he has communicated in the work before mentioned, there is one so extremely important and of such extensive application, that with a few observations upon it I shall conclude the present paper.

" Take care of the pence; the pounds will take care of themselves;" in its literal sense is confined to pecuniary affairs; and even in this light alone will be found deserving of attention. The necessity of that strict economy in small things, especially at our first setting out in life, which it inculcates, will be obvious to every person acquainted with the world. Poverty and distress are seldom the effects of single instances of extraordinary profusion; but commonly originate in inattention to what are deemed, comparatively speaking, petty expenses; " expenses that singly (to use the language of our great moralist) are not sufficient to alarm our caution, but the aggregate of which will generally be found far to exceed our expectations." A man whose circumstances are not quite independent, would doubtless use some consideration before he sacrificed ten or twenty pounds to an object wherein he was not materially interested; but such a one will often throw away a few shillings upon trifles, and that daily, without reflecting upon the relation that shillings bear to pounds. I am far from wishing to inculcate an ungenerous or avaricious parsimony; but when the complicated evils, arising from a want of circumspection in these particulars, are taken into consideration, the propriety of adhering to the directions of the proverb cannot fail to carry conviction to every man's mind, unless he is rendered callous by long acquiescence in confirmed habits of heedlessness and profusion.

But it is not solely the literal observance of the proverb, that I wish to enforce upon my readers. I am desirous that they should carry the principle of it into every department of life, and learn from thence to appreciate aright the value of things that we are too apt to consider as trifles. In other concerns, as well as in matters of a pecuniary nature, objects of transcendent importance will generally force themselves upon our attention; whilst those which seem to be of less consequence, although they are equally indispensable to the promotion of our true interests and happiness, are suffered to pass unregarded. This will be found particularly to be the case, whereever morality is concerned, unless all distinctions between virtue and vice are set at nought. No tradesman, for instance, who is not totally devoid of principle, will have recourse to swindling, or endeavour to increase his wealth by open violence or dishonesty ; but many will feel no qualms of conscience in attempting to overreach a customer *in the way of business,* or in puffing off their merchandize with eulogiums, of the falsity of which they must be thoroughly convinced. The man whose detestation of the crime of adultery is so great that no inducement would lead him to commit it, will yet treat the wife of his bosom with coldness and disrespect; he would scorn to use such conduct towards her, as, in the estimation of the world, would rank him as a bad husband ; but he will harass her with repeated bursts of petulance and querulousness, and thus, with the greatest indifference, plant daggers in the heart of her whom he has sworn to love and cherish. Many wives also, would be shocked at the idea of defiling the marriage bed, who are, notwithstanding, too careless about preserving the good opinion of their husbands, and think complacency and readiness to oblige, trifles scarcely deserving of their attention. Should what they have been taught to consider as innocent freedoms, unfortunately kindle suspicion and jealousy, they will hold themselves acquitted to the world and their own consciences, if no act of gross criminality has been committed. Extravagance, idleness, or a want of cleanliness, are evils which a good housewife will view with becoming abhorrence; but to ward off those little vexations which are continually occurring,—to maintain that habitual cheerfulness, that equanimity of temper, which is so conducive to comfort and happiness,—these are the *pence* which require to be taken care of; the more important objects, the *pounds*, will take care of themselves. Indeed if we examine closely the evils of social life, I believe it will appear, that they commonly originate in things which were at first thought to be beneath notice. An anecdote is related of a Count of Flanders, who was accustomed to amuse himself in playing at chess with his wife; the latter frequently beat him. This circumstance was suffered to irritate his temper,—which, by degrees, was productive of a similar irritation on her part; a mutual hatred arose between them, insomuch that when he was taken prisoner in battle, she let him remain a long time in confinement, though she could easily have procured his release. Many instances of connubial unhappiness, I am persuaded, have originated in causes equally trivial, when more serious provocations would have been effectually guarded against.

In the other branches of family connexions, the same necessity for attending to objects of a secondary nature exists. Many parents consider themselves guilty of a gross breach of duty, if they neglect any means of acquiring wealth for their children; and yet, whilst intent upon what is considered the main chance, pay little regard to their personal feelings, or to those peculiar circumstances with which the happiness of the individual is intimately connected. On the other hand, too, many children may be found, who would not willingly, in any important point, contravene the opinion of their parents, nor act in determined opposition thereto, who are notwithstanding, very indifferent whether they please or not, in things which they themselves deem of little moment. Masters and mistresses, also, are frequently inattentive to the spirit of the precept I am enforcing. Their minds would revolt at the gross infringement of those rights and privileges which even servants are allowed to possess. To treat them with brutal ferocity, or harass them by requiring more at their hands than can be reasonably expected, would be justly considered as a breach of duty. But that kind familiar treatment, that attention to their comfort and happiness, that forgiveness of involuntary error, which alleviates the hardships of a subordinate situation, is administered with a sparing hand, if not totally forgotten.

In addition to what has already been said, I shall only at present observe, that in our general intercourse with mankind we shall find, that our favourable reception will commonly be found to depend less upon the possession of pre-eminent acquirements, than upon the operation of qualities of a more humble nature. Few persons, for instance, are capable of procuring universal esteem by the extent of their learning, the brilliancy of their wit, or the superiority of their understanding. These indeed will always excite a portion of respect; but if they are not combined with what have been denominated the lesser morals,—if humility, good nature, and affability are wanting, aversion and disgust will in general succeed; whilst the possessor of the latter qualities, although inferior in wit, in learning, or even in wisdom, finds a ready passport into every company. The consciousness of superior talents will, for the most part, induce the owner to cultivate the influence naturally resulting from them; though often at the expense of every other accomplishment. The *pounds* will thus be taken care of, but the *pence* will be left to take care of themselves.

NUMBER 23.

He stands upon a dangerous brink,
Who totters o'er the *sea* of *ink*;
Where reputation runs aground,
The author cast away, and drown'd!
Not such alone who understand,
Whose book and memory are at hand;
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts, *more* or *less*;
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies;
But those who cannot *spell* will *talk*;
As women *scold* who cannot *walk.*——LLOYD.

SINCE the commencement of these my periodical labours, I have had occasion to admire the profound sagacity of Walter Shandy, Esq. and am almost a convert to his opinion, that a large portion of our good or bad fortune in the world depends upon the assumption of a propitious or unpropitious name. Not that my own choice was either made without giving the subject all due and solemn consideration, or that it was not perfectly consonant to the nature of the objects I had in view. Several of my readers, however, declare, that under a different appellation, they would have taken up my writings with more pleasure. The Tatler, for instance, or the Tell Tale, or the Trifler, or the Babbler, or the Quizzer, would, as I am informed, have excited a degree of curiosity greatly to my advantage. People then would have been induced more generally to read my lucubrations, under an idea of meeting with a good deal of private anecdote, inuendoes, scandal, libelling, lampooning, or quizzing ; all of which, I am told, are ingredients highly necessary for stimulating the intellectual appetite,—now almost sinking into a state of satiety. Some of these titles, however, have often been adopted ; and, independently of this consideration, I am sensible that I want the requisite qualifications for fulfilling the task which would have been demanded at my hands. Again, many I am told, are afraid of reading my papers lest they should find their own characters *inspected* rather too closely ; but as this could only spring from a consciousness that the figure they were likely to make in such an exhibition, would not be altogether what they could wish, the number of these persons, I hope, is but few. There are others who, considering the word INSPECTOR as synonymous with SPY, are, out of their abundant loyalty, suspicious of my political principles, and scrutinize my writings with extreme jealousy, lest, in this critical state of our affairs, I should disclose any thing which might subserve the views of our enemies. Nay, in some parts of the country, I find I have been less popular than I really think I have deserved to be, in consequence of an opinion in circulation, that I am the INSPECTOR OF TAXES, *alias* the WINDOW PEEPER. To quiet the alarms of these good folks, I will solemnly assure them, that, notwithstanding I have now employed my talents upwards of twelve months, in the cause of the public, Government has not thought fit to compensate my services, by appointing me to even that humble situation; and consequently, that if I cannot give them any additional *light,* I have no interest in plunging them into greater *darkness.*

These are a few of the mortifications to which my choice of a title has subjected me. My manner of writing has been productive of many others. In more than one company, where I was not personally known, I have heard myself accused of being a fanatic, merely because some of my papers were deemed too rigid in their morality; and that I had once or twice given extracts from sermons, in corroboration of my sentiments. On the other hand, I find that I have irrecoverably lost the favour of some professedly serious people, on account of having occasionally excited a laugh, and rendered absurdity ridiculous; and for that, on the clearest evidence, I have been convicted of reading Don Quixote, and quoting Shakspeare. Whether I possessed sufficient philosophy to hear unmoved these weighty allegations, is a question which I am not obliged to answer; but I confess that I have experienced some little pleasure at finding myself subjected to such contradictory charges, which I am inclined to consider as no slight proof of the wonderful versatility and successful application of my talents. Other sources of gratification have not been wanting. A little incident occurred a few days ago, which, as it went to prove that my fame was considerably extended, was the cause of no little self-gratulation to me.—An elderly woman of decent appearance called at my lodgings, and with great deference informed me, that my character for wisdom was so high in her neighbourhood, that she had come many miles to solicit my advice. Such an able exordium produced its natural effect. I was almost tempted to set her down for another Queen of Sheba, and myself for a second Solomon. I wish I could close the story here, but truth compels me to relate the sequel. It appeared that our ideas of a *wise man* differed greatly. On inquiry I found that she had been robbed of the greatest part of her property, and wanted me to *point out the thief.* To my great mortification, I was obliged to confess that this was beyond my powers. My visitor left me, much dissatisfied with my answer,—and, I dare say, fully convinced that, whatever I might be in other respects, I was, at least, no *conjuror.*

Some of my correspondents have favoured me with communications intended by them for insertion in the INSPECTOR,—and, in the introduction to which, they praise my labours so highly, that I must have felt exceedingly proud, had it not occurred to me that these commendations were probably meant to mislead my judgment, and induce me to give a place to articles, which, without such seasoning might have been rejected. In order to take away all temptation to such practices in future, I think it best to give this public notice to all whom it may concern, that I am perfectly aware of the great extent of my knowledge, the force of my reasoning, the keenness of my wit, and the elegance of my style. I cannot therefore promise to insert any letters or papers which have little other merit to plead than that of giving me information of what I am previously so well acquainted with. Others of my correspondents have yielded me far greater pleasure—that of believing my writings have already been, and in all probability may be still further, productive of essential benefit. One young man in particular, in terms that breathe his sincerity and openness, expresses his obligations to me for a paper on the tendency of gaming,—which has contributed to wean him from the love of play, and strengthened his resolutions to avoid, in future, that pernicious vice, in the vortex of which he was nearly involved. Several writers have also frankly disclosed to me, as a warning to others, the errors of their own conduct, and the consequent loss of peace and happiness which they have sustained. I purpose making such use of their information, occasionally, as appears to me best adapted for promoting the end in view. One of the many letters, of this nature, which have come to my hand, I shall subjoin, in compliance with the wishes of the fair writer.

To the Inspector.

Sir—As I consider your periodical numbers calculated to produce very good effects upon the public, I should be glad if you would exercise your talents, in order to alleviate the evils of which I am about to complain. One of your late correspondents, Mr. Softly, has been a little severe upon our sex. I will not say he is altogether in the wrong, yet I cannot but think he has carried the matter rather too far; however, be that as it may, I think I can pourtray a character infinitely more offensive than poor Mrs. Softly. In my youth, I was rather partial to novels, and perused with avidity every publication of the kind which I could procure; and, as there is no scarcity of this commodity, I will confess my head was tolerably well stored with high flown descriptions of the marriage state. In short, I resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity of becoming a wife. Tom Thoughtless vowed eternal love; I listened to his protestations,—and, in the very short space of a month, accompanied him to the altar of Hymen. I (like many other deluded damsels) fondly imagined that my husband would always be the same *good creature* I had ever thought him—and that I should taste the purest happiness; and as I really loved him better than any one else, I endeavoured to please him by every means I could devise. I dressed well, saw good company, and was never averse to attend him to any place of fashionable resort. We pursued this mode of life for some time, until I began to be a little satiated with it, and submitted to my husband the propriety of our beginning to be a little more domestic, and that I conceived we ought to omit seeing company on the Sundays, as by this means we were preventing our servants from properly observing the religious duties of that day.—Alas! little did I think of the impending storm. My loving spouse swore and stamped, and declared that *retirement* was his *utter aversion*—that I was in danger of *Methodism,* and of becoming the greatest mope in the world; that he should soon be ashamed of such a wife, and that he always would spend his time in the manner most congenial to his taste. I was awed to silence: I had vowed to obey, and found resistance would be in vain. But this first quarrel has been productive of painful consequences. My husband generally spends his evenings at some club or tavern,—and from the society he has there met with, has contracted a love of gaming; he returns home, gloomy and discontented; the smiles of his wife have no charms for him; his children are neglected, his affairs deranged,—and, in short, his temper has become violent and overbearing. Finding my late dreams of happiness vanished, and my peace of mind broken, I have resolved to use all the means in my power to reclaim him; and, in order to effect this reformation, I request your aid and assistance,—being also in hopes that my melancholy fate may prove a warning to your fair readers, and induce them to prefer, in their choice of a companion for life, the man of sound sense and solid piety, to the gay votary of vice and dissipation.

I am, Sir, with respect,
Your constant reader,
LYDIA THOUGHTLESS.

NUMBER 24.

We are polish'd all! * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but, alas!
Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!—COWPER.

AMONG the various changes which have taken place in society, in this kingdom, during the last century, none is more striking than the great increase of politeness, especially as manifested in the prevalent modes of address. About a hundred years ago, a celebrated writer classed our countrymen under the two heads of gentlemen and mechanics. At present, these classes appear to be intimately blended; and no peculiar marks remain by which such a distinction as the above-named author intimates, can be clearly conveyed.

Our gentlemen, indeed, may not all be mechanics; but our mechanics are all gentlemen. We have not only gentlemen of quality and of fortune, but gentlemen of the turf, alias blacklegged gentlemen; gentlemen farmers, gentlemen of the brush, and gentlemen of the thimble. Formerly *Mister* used to be the appropriate designation of gentility, and the christian name that of mechanics; at present, the latter is so rarely used in company, that a stranger to our manners, who considered it as a distinguishing mark of Christianity, would be apt to infer that we had no religion at all. With regard to the word *Mister,* on the other hand, it is become a common appendage to every person, from the man of ten thousand a year to the driver of a dust cart. A striking fact, in proof of the pertinacity with which this polite epithet is claimed in the humbler situations of life, lately came to my knowledge. A shoe-black, who had been about a week in the service of a friend of mine, one morning entered his chamber, with a look of solemnity and importance, and hoped he had approved himself to his master's satisfaction. "Perfectly so, Tom," was the reply. Tom, with many bows and scrapes, acknowledged the goodness of my friend's place; but added, that he must beg leave to give him warning, unless the rest of the servants were ordered in future to call him no more plain THOMAS, but MISTER.

These innovations have not been confined to the male part of the community. It is almost as uncommon to meet with a woman who is not a *lady,* as with a man who is not a *gentleman.* The race of old women, who, if I recollect aright, were pretty numerous in my younger years, is now totally extinct. Even the name itself, by long disuse, has lost its original signification; and we now never hear it mentioned, unless when applied to some person, frequently of the male sex, of whose understanding we do not entertain a very high opinion. The old dame, under whose tuition I imbibed the rudiments of learning, was almost the last person whom I recollect bearing that title. Every teacher of a school for two-pence a week, is now a governess. A dame, in reference to the head of a family, is now become obsolete, and instead thereof, *Mistress,* or the diminutive *Miss,* is generally adopted. Our women of quality have given place to ladies of quality; our country gentlewomen to country ladies; even women of the town, to whom a still more homely appellation was formerly applied, are metamorphosed into ladies of pleasure. The char-women, washer-women, and some few others of such like occupations, have hitherto been hindered from participating in the *honours* of their sex; but I understand they have presented a petition of *right* to the Herald's office, and, if their request is not granted, mean to solicit that, at any rate, a new title be invented for their exclusive use. With the trifling exception of these classes, I understand it has been determined in a solemn court of privileges, that all females of whatever rank or description, are in future to be deemed ladies, by the courtesy of England; and, as far as I am capable of judging, although they have no seat in the Senate, are likely to be as tenacious of their rights and honours as any member either of the Lords or Commons. A few days ago, I happened to follow two of the fair sex along the street, and heard them loudly exclaiming against the mercer whose shop they had just left. "How shockingly impolite, Miss! how vastly ungenteel!" "Yes, indeed, Ma'am! never saw the like on't!—'John, wait upon these *young women,*' might very well have been 'John, wait upon these young ladies!'" My curiosity was excited to know who these *young ladies* could be; and on passing them it was fully gratified. The mother of one of them, I found, kept a green stall; and in the other, I recognised the daughter of my own barber.

Without informing my readers what claims to gentility I myself possess, I must confess that I have often wondered whence this indiscriminate use of its appellations can have originated. An acquaintance of mine, of a satirical turn of mind, attempts to persuade me that he has discovered the cause. He attributes it to the conduct of those persons, who, born to the possession of the rights and immunities formerly attached exclusively to rank and fortune, have condescended to throw down the barrier, and given their inferiors an opportunity of equalling, and even surpassing, their own acquirements. When gentility, for instance, was apparently made by such persons, to consist in a few frivolous observances, and mere modes of external politeness, easily to be copied ; in the unbridled indulgence of the sensual appetites, and in contending for the palm of excellence in the lowest pursuits and recreations of the vulgar,—it might, he observes, be expected, that the latter were fully qualified to participate in its titles and honours. How far his theory is founded upon fact, I leave others to determine. Admitting his premises to be true, his conclusion seems perfectly just ; the vulgar are certainly better fitted to excel in many of these respects than their superiors ; and consequently have an equal if not a greater claim to such honours and distinctions as may thence arise.

But whatever may have been the cause of this promiscuous use of the titles above alluded to, I believe any attempt to abolish it utterly, would be at present an impracticable, and probably a pernicious undertaking. Under this impression, I purpose to give a few directions,—on a proper attention to which, I will allow the lower classes of society as full and perfect a right to the free use and enjoyment of the words ladies, gentlemen, mistress, miss, and mister, as any other persons of what rank or order soever.

In the first place, I shall lay it down as a fundamental doctrine, that the cultivation of our rational faculties, so far as every person's opportunities will respectively admit, is a genuine source of honour and distinction. A coronet on the brow of ignorance and vice, confers little more real title to respect, in the eye of reason, than the cap and bells of folly would in the same situation. An accurate knowledge of the duties incumbent upon us in every station of life, and an unremitting endeavour to fulfil them; a strict adherence to justice and honesty in all our dealings; the cultivation of a charitable and benevolent spirit, ever prompt to relieve the afflicted and distressed; the exercise of the social affections; and a predominant desire to promote the comfort and happiness of all around us;—these are the qualifications which I would point out as indispensably necessary, for every person who wishes to substantiate a claim to the appellations usually annexed to gentility. These attainments are within the reach of the poor as well as the rich; and are entitled to a degree of respect, greater and better merited than wealth and noble blood without them. A man may be descended from the Howards, rich as Crœsus, learned as Bacon, polite as Chesterfield, and yet want those accomplishments which alone can constitute the real gentleman. On this part of my subject, I shall beg leave to introduce a quotation from an oration delivered at Athens, by Isocrates, 2200 years ago.

"Whom shall I term a gentleman, when I deny that the arts, the sciences, and the exercises can alone constitute that character?—Why, above these, and every thing else, the man who becomingly attends to each incident of the day; whose opinion liberally and without prejudice directs his judgment on each business and event; and who in every relative situation acts most justly as well as expediently;—who, in his daily intercourse with mankind, gives his behaviour the grace of decency and good breeding, and his conduct the force and simplicity of morality and justice;—who bears with the rudeness and impertinence of others, and reprobates them only by a contrast of more engaging manners;—who commands his pleasures, and not his pleasures him; and is therein abstinent, or not so wholly taken up with them as to lapse unwarily beneath the level of manly conduct, and of that moderation in the use of them which is suitable to the dignity of human nature;—and (which is most of all) who is never depressed immoderately by misfortune, and who never insults society by too exulting gaiety in success; but seems as little elate with the gifts of fortune as with the endowments of mind whch he possesses."

Should the wealthy and the noble take offence at my allowing persons in humble life, thus qualified, to retain possession of the rights and privileges of *ladies* and *gentlemen,* I would humbly beg leave to point out a way to them, whereby their advantages, in regard to birth and fortune, may enable them to attain a still more honourable title,—that of *fine ladies* and *fine gentlemen.* I shall conclude with a specimen of the acquirements requisite in the latter character, quoted from the author to whom I have alluded in the beginning of this paper.

"When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. Before he makes his appearance, and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life. It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found; men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters, are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees; he is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind."

NUMBER 25.

"Order is Heaven's first law."—Pope.

To the Inspector.

Sir,—Being frequently amused and entertained with your lucubrations, I take the liberty of presenting the public, through the medium of your paper, with a few desultory thoughts on a subject which has a close and intimate connection with our happiness. The gayest spirits have their serious moments, and in these the votaries of dissipation may be frequently heard to complain of the mutability and inequalities of our condition, and the general shortness of human life. Short indeed! at its longest period; but how frequently made shorter by the negligence of our habits, and the ruinous and destructive tendency of our vices. The most rigid philosophical investigation of the situation and connexions of human nature, proves, beyond all doubt, the first principle of all religion, which is, that man is placed in this world in a state of trial and probation; and that he is responsible to the ruler of the world, for his conduct in it. Now considering the vast importance of time, the many mighty effects which it produces, and the important consequences which result from a proper or improper mode of employing it, nothing appears more worthy of our attention than a well-digested general plan of regulating our multifarious occupations. To live without rule or method, is to live in confusion or disorder. The present hour will be occupied with what ought to have been done the last; many of our duties will be entirely neglected; and the rest performed at such a time, and in such a manner, as is the least favourable for giving efficacy and vigour to our conduct. There is an elegant correctness of action, to which every one ought to aspire that wishes to live really respectable in his own eyes, and also in the opinion of the world. To live without a wish of this kind, is a token of the completest depravity; while to have the wish, and yet to neglect the means of accomplishing it, when they are so much in our own power, must certainly originate in a wretched imbecility of character, which must always make a man ridiculous, and will most assuredly render him miserable.

The different wants of society require a great variety in the service of its members. All are not called upon to govern and take the helm of power; nor are all men capable of doing so. We are evidently formed for social life, and destined to act in reference to the necessities, the employments, and the pleasures of others. And nature has wisely adapted the constitutional peculiarities of man to his circumstances. His infinitely variegated talents correspond with the duties of his situation.

> With wise intent,
> The hand of nature on peculiar minds
> Imprints a different bias, and to each
> Decrees its province in the common toil.

In the eye of reason, all stations may be considered as being upon a natural equality; and, however the prejudices of some may be shocked by the proposition, it is capable of clear demonstration on principles of the soundest philosophy. It is our passions, not nature, that constitute the difference. Some situations, we grant, have a greater and more extensive influence on the political interest of society than others; yet "let not the eye say to either the hand or the foot, I have no need of thee." In a moral point of view, we contend, without admitting any exceptions, that he who fills the lowest offices of society with faithfulness, however he may be overlooked amid the false glare of meretricious grandeur, is as essentially valuable a link, in the great chain of the community, as he who fills the highest. It is, perhaps, owing in a great measure to our vanity, that we are so apt to complain of our own condition in the actual constitution of society. It is our offended pride that is perpetually objecting that places of honour are monopolized by weakness and insignificance. The truth probably is, that the world is not quite so unjust as such objectors pretend. If mental strength and energy are sometimes seen to stagnate and languish, in situations that allow no scope for exertion, their neglect, it is not impossible, may be owing to some evident obliquity of character, which, in the natural course of things, might render their promotion an act of public injustice. I pretend not that the organization of society is perfect, nor that it does not admit of very considerable amelioration and improvement. But whatever defects may be observed in it, we have no just grounds for petulant complaint; as there does not exist any prescription, by which a man's attainments in life are bounded by the circumstances in which he is born. His personal character and condition have a reciprocal action on each other. By folly, some are reduced from ease and affluence to penury and want; and we are not without numerous instances, in which, by a contrary conduct, others have advanced from small beginnings to a pre-eminence in dignity and honour. Were we possessed of a more minute acquaintance with all the various circumstances that act upon a man's condition, we probably should be fully satisfied, that intellectual capacity, when joined with industry and good conduct, will always attain to that respectability in life to which it is entitled on the ground of genuine merit.

What is the result? Every man has duties which it is creditable to discharge, and which it is disgraceful and ruinous to neglect. Our Maker claims our first and supreme attention; society has its manifold demands upon us; and we have many obligations in reference to our own personal feelings and character. The absurdity and folly of irreligion, may be reserved as the subject of another paper; and the present one shall be concluded by recurring to the principle with which I set out. If the various ramifications of social duty are considered, as well as the consequences which are appended to it, it will appear that every man has an interest in inquiring after the most effectual mode of discharging it. Now that the principle of order, when carried into the various divisions of our conduct, will most essentially contribute thereto, is very evident. Regularity is the great basis of social happiness; and its effects upon our personal enjoyments are incalculable. When this pervades the character, we may anticipate every thing great and valuable from the man. It is connected with every virtue, and with every excellence; while, on the contrary, there is not any vice, nor any evil, to which its opposite does not tend. I confess, Mr. INSPECTOR, that to some, all this may appear the very "foolishness of preaching;" but if, by it, others are taught to think more justly of society, and to act more worthily in it, it will not be in vain that I have written, and taken this occasion of subscribing myself, &c.

CANDIDUS.

NUMBER 26.

Of Beauty, long confin'd in Folly's chain,
Misled by Fashion and her glittering train;
Of evils springing from that thirst of praise
Which fires the youthful dames of modern days;
Which taught them all the various arts they know,
"Brought Dress into the world and all our woe;"
I sing. * * * * * *

AURELIA, OR THE CONTEST.

EVERY person conversant with the writings of our best periodical essayists, must be well aware, that among the subjects which have been considered as falling within their immediate province, that of Dress occupies a very prominent station. The operation of face painting was early animadverted upon in the TATLER, by Mr. Bickerstaff; and the same author, in a solemn manner, took the petticoat under his own particular inspection. His successor, the SPECTATOR, frequently interposed his advice in the important affairs of fans, patches, party-coloured hoods, and naked shoulders. In the GUARDIAN, the venerable Nestor Ironside paid much attention to furbelows and farthingales, and in particular, wrote several learned dissertations on the tucker, —a part of dress which has since fallen, in a great measure, into disuse, although it is evident that this shrewd judge of human nature was deeply impressed with a sense of its importance. In the RAMBLER, indeed, we seldom find any discussions on subjects of this nature; which may, perhaps, be accounted for from the peculiar disposition of the author, who appears to have paid little attention to exterior circumstances; and has, throughout his writings, endeavoured to point out what mankind should be, rather than enlarged on what they actually were.

My object, in this introduction, is to shew, from the precedents afforded by these celebrated authors, that I have an undoubted right to animadvert upon such peculiarities in dress and fashion as fall under my notice,—a right which I intend to exercise occasionally in future. Upon an attentive consideration of every thing relative to this subject, however, I feel conscious that it would be an act of injustice, were I to neglect the earliest opportunity of declaring my approbation, in general, of the alteration in the modes of dress since the commencement of the last century, especially so far as it regards the female sex. For a degree of stiffness and formality, which detracted greatly from the native charms of heaven's fairest workmanship, ease and elegance have been substituted; and that person must be utterly unfit for a judge of the beautiful in form, who could, on this account, prefer the starched figures of the days of old Queen Bess, or even of Queen Anne, to the female costume of the present day.

At periods considerably later than the reign of the last named Sovereign, the female shape was frequently disfigured by fashions equally preposterous as those of any preceding era. We are informed, in ancient history, that the courtiers of Alexander the Great carried their necks awry, in adulation of that monarch, who happened to be so formed by nature;—in like manner, the fashionable ladies of Great Britain were, some years ago, all humpbacked and round shouldered, out of compliment to a late celebrated duchess. The head dress was, at one time, carried to such a formidable height, and so artificially constructed, as to afford a pretty tolerable imitation of those prints which are said to represent the tower of Babel. Certain appendages of cork were substituted for the enormous hoops of former days; and, as a counterpoise was soon found necessary, the former made way for false bosoms. Even within the recollection of most of my fair readers, protuberant waists were all the *ton,*—a fashion which, though it could not possess any claim to *gracefulness,* might at least, in many cases, be allowed the merit of *utility,* and had a right to the praises which I find bestowed upon it in the following stanzas of a poem by a contemporary writer:—

" No curious prying eye can see
" What spinsters would conceal;
" Nor slander's foul envenom'd tongue,
" The secret tale reveal.
" Hail, happy days! when maiden fame
" Is thus so well protected,
" That every wish may be indulg'd,
" Yet wholly unsuspected!"

The tendency of the human mind to run from one extreme into its opposite, has often been remarked; and from this principle it is that the levity and dissoluteness of the court of Charles the Second has been attributed in a great degree to the affected sanctity and austere behaviour of the Puritans, during the commonwealth. Upon the same principle, perhaps, we may account for the lightness of dress, in which my fair countrywomen have lately indulged. For my own part, as I deem it most commendable to err on the side of candour, I have often thought, that this fashionable nakedness was probably meant as an open appeal to the world, against malicious insinuations, similar to those in the stanzas above quoted; but since the length of time during which the fashion has been prevalent, must have sufficed to convince the most sceptical of the falsehood of such insinuations, I am glad to find that my fair readers seem disposed to assume a little more clothing. This, I can assure them, they may safely do, without running any hazard of losing that grace and elegance I have already praised, and from which I should be sorry to see them deviate.

It must be confessed that many reasons might be assigned why the modish style of dressing, or rather of undressing, ought still to be encouraged. In the first place, it enables a number of persons to *follow the fashion,* who otherwise could not do so. Many ladies, for instance, who would find it difficult to muster *two* or *three* petticoats, may be able to procure *one.* Secondly, it is economical; since it not only saves wear and tear, (to use a seaman's phrase) in the articles of gowns, petticoats, and handkerchiefs, but also washing, starching, and other expenses of a similar nature. Thirdly, it admits of more latitude in behaviour, and allows of freedoms which would be apt to excite unpleasant sensations of shame, in a more formal costume. Much, however, as Sir Roger de Coverley observes, may be said on both sides.

It may be objected, that it lessens that distinction of ranks, with which the welfare of society is supposed to be intimately connected, and enables the maiden to make as fashionable an appearance as her mistress. It strikes at the prosperity of our manufactures, by diminishing the consumption of cottons, cambrics, and other articles of that kind, now become staple commodities. It also tends to encourage indolence, by allowing those hours, which otherwise must be employed in what housewives call cutting and contriving, to be spent in reading novels, and in other occupations of a like frivolous nature. It approximates too closely to the style and appearance of a certain class of females whom modest women should not seek to resemble; although it must be confessed, that many have apparently little objection to copy them in this respect, who, we may charitably hope, would yet be ashamed to imitate their conduct.

There are other reasons, independently of what has just been advanced, why levity of dress ought to be discarded by my countrywomen. History affords us many instances, wherein generals, of acknowledged talents, have lost the victory, which fortune seemed to have placed almost within their grasp, by too great confidence in their own resources. In like manner, the light clothing of the ladies, although originally adopted, as has been before observed, to display their innocence, might probably, if longer persisted in, have invited attacks, the eventual consequences of which it was meant to shew had been effectually guarded against. Another and still more striking consideration—for the truth of which I may safely appeal to the observation of all who peruse this paper—is, that of those young ladies who have most distinguished themselves by fashionable nakedness, more have caught colds and consumptions than either lovers or husbands. Those of my fair readers who are proof against this argument, I shall give up as wholly incorrigible.

The celebrated authors alluded to in the commencement of this paper, have, in their writings, testified the opinion they entertained of the influence of female dress upon the character and conduct; and the few observations I have thrown together will shew, that my sentiments are in unison with theirs, on this important point. Since I sat down to write the present paper, I have been informed that a grave assembly of divines, at a late solemn meeting,* have taken the subject under consideration, and formally denounced war against " the unjustifiable custom of the men wearing lapelled coats, and expensive showy stuffs; the women wearing short sleeves and long-tailed gowns; and the children a superfluity of buttons and ribbons." That part of this passage which relates to gentlemen and children, I shall not touch upon in the present paper, which is solely devoted to female fashions. I shall therefore only advert to the censure passed upon short sleeves, and long-tailed gowns. With the reason upon which this decision has been grounded, I am not acquainted. It cannot, however, be economy; because this principle, although applicable to the latter article, would be infringed by their proposed reformation, in the former. With regard to short sleeves, although they have an appearance of economy, for which I profess myself a decided advocate, I must confess that I should not object to see a little more extravagance in this respect; neither do I think, after the closest *inspection* I have been able to make, that it would render the charms of my fair countrywomen less attractive. Long trains these gentlemen might probably consider reprehensible, for the reason which I have seen assigned by a late celebrated writer, viz.—"That they may often bring a lady into the most critical circumstances. For should a rude fellow offer to ravish a kiss, and the lady attempt to avoid it, in retiring she must necessarily tread upon her train, and thus fall fairly upon her back, by which means all the world knows—her clothes may be spoiled."

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* The Methodist Conference, 1806.

NUMBER 27.

Here is fostered every ill,
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know:
Come, then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
Your talents here; this place is but a show,
Whose charms delude you to a den of woe:
Come, follow me,—I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow.—THOMSON.

In a former number, I dwelt, at some length, on the necessity of an attention to trifles, and endeavoured to show that, in many cases, things which are considered in this light by the generality of mankind, are actually of the utmost importance. I purpose to resume the subject in the present paper.

In our progress through life, we frequently suffer ourselves to be carried forward by the power of fancy, to some point of imaginary good, in order to reach which, we are ready to sacrifice every intervening object. The usurer, as Addison has justly observed, would consent to the annihilation of that portion of time between the present moment and the quarter day. The politician would give up that part which he thinks must elapse before his schemes can produce their effect; and the lover, in like manner, thinks every moment an age, that keeps him from the object of his affections. Yet all these characters join in complaining of the shortness of life, though they are continually wishing it still shorter. The same remark may with equal propriety be applied to the subject of human happiness. The paucity of pleasures, and their fugitive nature, afford a very common topic of complaint. We form to ourselves some idea of superlative delight, in the enjoyment of an object deserving, it may be allowed, of our warmest attachment; but the attainment of which, Providence seems to have denied us: our faculties are completely engrossed in the pursuit; and every pleasure of a less intense nature, however lavishly bestowed, is suffered to pass unregarded. Like the boy in pursuit of the rainbow, we trample upon the choicest flowers, and neglect the sweetest scenery, for the delusive chase of a fleeting and transitory vision of delight, which, probably, we shall never be able to realize. Perhaps we have formed some plan that might, if we were enabled to execute it, be productive of happiness to thousands of our fellow-creatures; and in the prosecution of this great design, neglect to use our present means for meliorating their condition. We imitate the conduct of the man who starves himself, and views the miseries of his fellow-creatures with apathy, lest, by disbursing a few shillings, he should delay the period when he purposes to make amends for his past unkindness, by building an hospital or endowing an alms-house.

Such is the general conduct of mankind. The different dispositions and peculiar circumstances of individuals occasion, however, a considerable variety in their pursuits. The epicure, whose imagination riots on a delicious repast upon venison or turtle, despises every other gratification, and thinks each day a month until the wished-for moment of *serving up* arrives. The debauchee, whose highest aim is to triumph over the virtue of unsuspecting innocence, counts every other pleasure a trifle unworthy of his notice, and languishes for the opportunity of imparting indelible shame and misery, under the mask of reciprocal affection. To the ears of the gamester, even the music of the spheres would seem harsh and dissonant, compared with the rattling of the dice; while the drunkard feels no enjoyment unless in the act of swallowing his favourite beverage. Ambitious or avaricious minds, in their pursuit of riches or of honours, think every other object unworthy to occupy a moment's leisure. The married, if unhappy, look forward with anxiety to the day when the chains which gall them may be broken; while the single anticipate, in imagination, the pleasures of the nuptial state. The heart of the coquette flutters at the thought of a new conquest; and the mind actuated by the love of fashion, cannot think of tasting happiness until the arrival of a new dress. These are some of the various objects which often engage the whole attention of both sexes; and leave them little time to think of others which promise less apparent gratification.

A slight degree of experience, however, must convince every impartial observer of the instability of happiness placed upon such foundations. The epicure, however large his means of procuring the good things of life, cannot hope to revel in fresh dainties every day; nor would his appetite allow him always to enjoy them with the same gust; to say nothing of the vexations arising from the ignorance and perverseness of cooks, which have given rise to a proverb so well known that I need not here repeat it. The gamester will not always, even in the present day, meet with a set of companions equally as attached as himself to cards or dice; nor can the drunkard be ever guzzling his favourite liquor. Independently of that remorse which the keen reproaches of ruined innocence must frequently occasion to the debauchee—unless indeed his heart is utterly insensible to the pleadings of humanity—such triumphs as he seeks to gain cannot very frequently occur, and he must often undergo the shame of a repulse in his dishonourable attempts. Riches and honours will frequently occasion anxiety and disappointment to those persons, who, in making them the chief objects of their pursuit, neglect those comforts which a gracious Providence has already bestowed upon them. Of those persons unhappily matched in wedlock, only one half, at any rate, can have the pleasure of following a wife or husband to the grave; and to the greater part of these, the length of time before "a consummation so devoutly wished" takes place, will probably render the chance of again entering the temple of Hymen nearly hopeless. The coquette must not expect every day to see a new lover at her feet; her charms will infallibly give place to wrinkles and old age,—and then, if not before, she will hear no sighs except her own. Every single person is not fortunate enough to excite reciprocal affection; and even of those who do experience this pleasure, many will be prevented from reaping its fruits by the obstacles arising from prejudice, fortune, or caprice. Modes of dress may either change too often for the purses of the modish part of society, or else not frequently enough; a belle may only be able to procure a new gown or head dress once a month, while her companions are changing theirs weekly; and a spruce beau be condemned to wear a coat two months behind the fashion, owing to the want of information in his blockhead of a tailor.

From the preceding observations it will appear evident, that the characters alluded to must often be debarred the gratification of their highest wishes; and, consequently, that the pleasure dependent solely upon such gratification, must be both precarious and transitory. In every pursuit, the probability of disappointment increases in proportion as the object of it is more difficult to be procured. Besides, every philosopher who has made human happiness the subject of his inquiry, has confessed that it depends less upon the enjoyment of intense pleasure, than upon a multiplicity of agreeable sensations of a lower degree. The feelings we experience every moment, in a state of perfect health, are not so lively as those arising from the more immediate gratifications of sense, but they are not less conducive to our well-being and comfort in life. In like manner, many enjoyments which Providence has placed within our grasp every hour, although less exquisite than others we expect to meet with, ought not to be despised on that account. The former are the *pence,* which we should endeavour to take care of; the latter are the *pounds,* which may be safely left to take care of themselves.

Admitting, therefore, that all the individuals characterized above, had formed a just estimate of the great importance of those objects to which they are exclusively attached, I would only beg them, for the reasons now advanced, to pay a little more regard to things which they appear to consider as comparatively trifling. The pleasures I would recommend to their notice are within their reach, and may be obtained with as little trouble, and far more certainty, than those which have hitherto engrossed their attention. I would remind them that every situation in life has peculiar duties attached to it, sufficient to exercise our diligence, and occupy our leisure; and that the conscientious fulfilment of those duties is attended with a degree of satisfaction, which renders them deserving of cultivation. If the epicure and drunkard cannot enjoy the gratifications of sense so often as they could wish, they may yet, by a slight sacrifice, be able to satisfy the cravings of hunger or thirst in the wretch who is sinking under sickness or poverty, and thus enjoy that "nobler luxury of doing good." The covetous or ambitious, although disappointed in the ultimate object of their aims, may, by directing their efforts into other channels, easily and effectually promote the cause of virtue by their influence and example, and greatly meliorate the condition of their fellow creatures. If the unhappy in wedlock are compelled to discard the hope of a new and more fortunate connexion, they may have it in their power, by mutual concessions, to render their present situation far more desirable; and though the coquette cannot secure a lover, she may yet be enabled to make many friends. The unfashionable dress of a beau may, in some measure, be compensated by increased complaisance, and a more diligent cultivation of the understanding;—and even on the part of the ladies, the ornament of "a meek and quiet spirit" will leave little reason to regret the temporary want of a modish costume. Persons in every station may find full scope for their exertions, in the exercise of benevolence, in acts of kindness, in the cultivation of the social affections, in relieving the wants of the afflicted, soothing their anguish, and alleviating their distress,—and in fulfilling the claims of society upon them as children, parents, wives, husbands, neighbours, and friends. These are the trifles which I would earnestly recommend to the notice of my readers. The attainment of them is easy; opportunities for exercising them occur every moment; and, however paradoxical it may appear to many persons, they will in practice afford a degree of delight, less vehement, perhaps, but equally gratifying, more lasting, and far oftener to be enjoyed, than that arising from the most successful pursuit of the objects of sensual pleasure, vanity, or ambition.

NUMBER 28.

The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.

THOMSON.

THE nature of virtue is an inquiry which has often occupied the attention of philosophers and moralists; and various definitions have been given of it by those authors who have undertaken to elucidate this important subject. Some make it to consist in following nature; some in a regard to truth, considered with respect both to words and actions; others in acting up to the moral fitness of things; some place it in the agreeable and useful, as they relate to mankind in general,—and have even gone so far as to include bodily graces and accomplishments in their definition; one class has made it to consist in the imitation of God; and another in doing good to mankind, in obedience to his will. An examination of these different opinions, and the reasons upon which they are grounded, would occupy more time and space than the limits of an INSPECTOR will allow; but if the sentiments of mankind in general, as displayed in their conduct, are allowed to form a tolerably correct test of truth, it will not, perhaps, be difficult to point out the futility of most of these definitions; since a small portion of observation will suffice to shew, that though most men profess to act in conformity to the standard of virtue, the number is very small of those who attempt to reduce any of them into practice. How few, for instance, at present, consider themselves as under any obligation to follow nature, at least in the sense in which moralists have used that term. How few act with a perfect regard to what is denominated the fitness of things. Many persons openly or tacitly deny the being of a God; and, of course, the imitation of him, or an endeavour to promote the happiness of mankind in obedience to his will, cannot enter into their conceptions of virtue. Among those who profess a regard to truth, as it relates to words, many are exceedingly inattentive to it in what belongs to actions. The agreeable and useful, so far as individuals are concerned in them, meet with their warm approbation; but in what concerns others, are often found to possess little influence on the mind and character. That bodily graces or accomplishments constitute the whole of virtue, may indeed seem to derive confirmation from the behaviour of many persons among us, who either are, or fancy themselves to be, in possession of them, and who apparently despise every other qualification; but the old, the envious, the ugly, and the awkward, will oppose such a claim, and are in sufficient numbers to prevent the doctrine from obtaining universal acceptation.

This evident inconsistency in the conduct of the generality of mankind, when referred to any of the above definitions of that virtue by which they profess to regulate their lives, leads to a supposition that they have adopted some opinion of its nature, different from any of those before enumerated,—but what that opinion is, remains to be deduced from a view of all the circumstances. According to Aristotle, virtue consists in mediocrity. The authority of this ancient philosopher, upon many subjects, is indeed less regarded than it was formerly, owing to the modern discoveries in most of those branches of knowledge which he assiduously cultivated. His talents and sagacity, however, are yet held in great estimation; and many of his deductions are acknowledged to be the result of legitimate reasoning. Whether a similar concession will be made in favour of the above definition of virtue, needs not here be inquired; but certainly, on the supposition that the conduct of men is a fair criterion of the principles by which they are actuated, the strongest grounds exist for concluding his opinion to be that which governs and regulates their practice. There is, however, reason to believe, that in determining the limits of the mediocrity in question, our author and his modern followers would be found to differ materially; and it is a subject of regret, that the point upon the scale assigned, by the latter, as the boundary beyond which virtue degenerates into vice, should be fixed so low.

The truth of these observations will, perhaps, appear more evident by a reference to some particular branch of virtue. Courage is universally acknowledged to be of that description, and is countenanced as such so long as it is confined to the standard of the world; that is, to the readiness of encountering danger or death in any cause, without discriminating whether it be good or bad. Indeed the merit of this quality seems to be enhanced in proportion as the occasion on which it is to be shown is foolish and preposterous. A man who dares to kill his dearest friend, in order to satisfy some frivolous punctilio of honour, is reckoned a brave man; and if to the seduction of a wife or daughter he add the murder of a husband or brother, he is counted deserving of double praise. But if he have the spirit to apologize for conduct which he may be conscious was improper, and is ready to incur the censure of the world, rather than hazard either his own life or that of a friend, for a mere trifle; if he strictly attend to the suggestions of conscience, and dare to brave the contempt of his acquaintance, rather than offend against the positive commands of God;—whatever other epithets may be applied to his conduct, the world will not denominate it virtuous.

Few qualities are deemed more worthy of commendation than generosity, when kept within certain limits; as for instance, when it is merely employed in lavishing upon the follies or vices of others, what is not immediately necessary to the gratification of our own passions; or when we bestow our favours liberally upon those who solicit assistance, without either inquiring into the justice of their claims, or the right we have to bestow upon them that portion of our means to which others may possibly possess a better title. But when a man curtails his own enjoyments, in order to afford relief to the necessitous,—when he is anxious to convey succour to those who are silently pining under sickness or adversity, for the want of a small portion of his superfluity,—he will generally be accounted *quixotical*:—on the other hand, if he hesitate at relieving every real or pretended object of pity, until their claims are ascertained,—or refuse to participate in every expensive and fashionable amusement,—his conduct will be stigmatized as mean-spirited and parsimonious. In either case he will have exceeded that mediocrity beyond which, in the opinion of the world, virtue degenerates into vice.

Humility also, to a certain degree, attracts the admiration of mankind; but pushed a little further, appears, in their estimation, to cease to be a virtue. A man who does not wish to outstrip his neighbours in expense and show, but confines himself in outward appearance to the rank of life in which he is placed, endeavouring to live upon what are called easy terms with all around him, and not pretending to be better than they, will, perhaps, be complimented for his humility. But if he proceed a step farther, and think less highly of *himself* than his equals in rank or fortune think of *themselves;* if he condescend to take more notice of his inferiors—enter more deeply into their concerns—endeavour more earnestly to promote their comfort and happiness—and shew that he considers them, however low in situation, as his fellow-creatures, the children of the same beneficent Creator;—they who heretofore considered him entitled to praise for his humility, will now be ready to rank him among those who have transgressed its proper limits; and will scarcely be brought to follow his example.

The above remarks may be extended still further, and exemplified by particular instances. Prudentius is a man who ranks high for his honesty in the esteem of his contemporaries, and is frequently held up as a model for imitation to the young tradesman. His conduct is considered as strictly exemplary. In transacting business he is well known never to refuse taking any advantage afforded him by the ignorance of those with whom he has to deal; and is sometimes suspected of having misled them by false information, that he might profit by their subsequent conduct. He is punctual in fulfilling the bargains which he makes, unless indeed some unforeseen occurrence has rendered it desirable that the contract should be voided; in such a case he thinks himself perfectly warranted in laying hold of any error that can render it nugatory; but this, in the opinion of the world, does not in the least detract from his honesty.— It is all fair in the way of trade. His neighbour, Probus, on the other hand, has frequently been known to decline an opportunity of making what is called a good bargain, because he was well aware that the person with whom he had to deal was accidentally ignorant of some circumstances that greatly affected the value of his commodity. The young and unskilful are sure of meeting with the same fair dealing at his hands as the artful and experienced trader. When he himself has made an unfortunate speculation in the way of business, and some flaw in the contract has afforded him a legal excuse for declining to fulfil his part of the stipulation, he has often been known to decline this advantage, to the great surprise and sometimes offence of his more prudent neighbours. For these reasons his character is held in far less estimation than that of Prudentius; and while, as before stated, the latter is held up as a model for imitation, Probus is only pointed out to notice, in order to guard the novice in trade against falling into his errors. In fact, had Probus been content with abstaining from all open dishonesty, and not pushed his notions of virtue beyond those entertained by his neighbour Prudentius, he might have been considered as a man of equal worth, and acquired a similar degree of popularity.

If the opinion of Aristotle,—that "virtue consists in mediocrity,"—be sufficiently corroborated by that mode of thinking and acting generally prevalent in the world, of which some specimens have been given in the above observations; it is easy to prove the converse of the proposition, viz. that "vice consists only in extremes." The example of Prudentius has shown that, in the way of trade, a little of what stricter moralists would denominate fraud, is considered as not at all inimical to virtue. A person may cheat his neighbour at pleasure, and yet be esteemed for his purity of principle, provided he abstain from any very flagrant and gross breach of faith or honesty. He may occasionally be found in a state of intoxication, and yet obtain the praise of sobriety and temperance, provided he does not transgress in this point more frequently than the generality of those around him. He may now and then indulge in a licentious amour, if he only manage it with some little attention to decency, and abstain from any dishonourable attempts on the wives or daughters of his neighbours and equals; and yet maintain an unsullied character for virtue. Perhaps by a sudden impulse of vanity or feeling, he may be led to contribute handsomely to some popular charity, which will ever after entitle him to the praise of humanity, liberality, and beneficence; although he is nearly regardless of these duties through the remainder of life, and substitutes for them, in his own immediate sphere, a series of cold, imperious, arbitrary, and unfeeling conduct, which yet does not break out into such extremes as the world thinks to be alone deserving of reprobation. In respect to religion, he may profess his acquiescence in the doctrines of christianity, and maintain a regular and decent deportment, which will generally procure him the reputation of being a very pious and virtuous character; but if he appear more anxious to reduce his opinions into practice than the rest of those around him, and manifest a stronger sense of the necessity of stricter purity of heart and life—his virtue, in the estimation of the world, immediately acquires the nature of vice, and his piety is pronounced to be enthusiasm.

NUMBER 29.

On parties now our fate depends,
And frowns or smiles as these are foes or friends.
Wit, judgment, nature, join; you strive in vain;
'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.
Fix'd to one side, like Homer's gods we fight;
These always wrong, and those for ever right. —— WHITEHEAD.

THE long interval of time* which has elapsed since the publication of my last number, has occasioned several inquiries whether my periodical labours had quite closed or only experienced a temporary interruption. I have been repeatedly reminded that many topics yet remained for discussion; that various characters, estimable for their virtues, ridiculous for their follies, or detestable for their vices, might with great propriety be held up to public view, as models to be copied or examples to be shunned. Instances of gross misconduct in different individuals, have been pointed out as deserving of the severest reprehension; while, on the other hand, I have been called upon to do an act of justice to the public, in circulating the knowledge of various benevolent and charitable deeds, which otherwise might probably sink into oblivion.

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* Viz. from January 17 to October 3.

These proofs of the estimation in which my labours have been held by a part at least of the community, have indeed given me considerable gratification,—but my readers need not be afraid that they have in anywise rendered me vain; for I must candidly confess, that I have been favoured with an equal number of communications of an opposite nature: some blaming my temerity in undertaking a periodical paper; and others congratulating me on having relinquished a task, to which my long silence proved I had found myself unequal. One correspondent, in particular, has kindly condescended to write my epitaph; although I am not only yet alive, but, to spare any of my friends that trouble, had actually, in a preceding number,* composed one for myself, containing as large a portion of eulogy as my modesty would allow me to claim.

To the latter class of correspondents I would merely hint, that my silence may perhaps be satisfactorily explained, without recurring to any of those causes to which they have assigned it. It is not improbable, that I might be tempted to follow the precept of Pythagoras for a season, in order that the value of my communications might be better appreciated, and my subsequent effusions rendered more desirable, in consequence of my taciturnity. At any rate, it would have been more charitable to have ascribed the suspension of my labours to that mystic influence of the seasons, which we are often told operates upon the imagination and fancy of the poet. The vein of Milton, we are informed by one of his biographers, never happily flowed but from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. As there seems no just cause why this excuse for indolence ought to be considered solely as a poetical privilege, may not the prose writer be supposed to be liable to a similar affection, though probably at a different season?

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* No. 6.

Another reason yet remains to be suggested. Certain periods, however pregnant with occurrences of a nature sufficiently important to arrest the observation of an impartial INSPECTOR, and afford him materials for censure or applause, are not the most favourable for ensuring a proper degree of attention to his remarks. While engaged in the bustle of an election contest, or immersed in the whirlpool of party violence, few men have the leisure, and still fewer perhaps the inclination, to contemplate any other subject.

A writer whose brows are not decorated with the colours of a favoured candidate, and whose professed object is wholly unconnected either with politics or parties, has therefore little reason to flatter himself with obtaining a moment's regard, since he offers none of those attractions which, by ministering to the temporary passions of men, irresistibly engross their attention. Nay, is there not room to believe, that if the Virtues themselves were to descend among us at such a period, in *propria personæ,* their favourable reception would, in a great measure, depend upon the opinions entertained of their having imbibed the principles of Whig or Tory?

It is not my design in the preceding observations to decide upon the propriety or impropriety of political attachments; but merely to shew, that under the circumstances therein alluded to, it is scarcely to be expected, that persons should be led to forego what they consider as the general interest, for the sake of attending to what concerns themselves individually. A man whose influence, if properly exercised on such an occasion, may perhaps be decisive of the fate of an empire, has some kind of an excuse for the temporary neglect of his other duties; to such a one, political sins often appear as the worst of crimes; and while employed in detecting and punishing delinquencies of this description in others, his own deviation from the strait path of virtue may be deemed only a secondary consideration.

It has been observed above, that political struggles afford abundant matter for remark to an attentive INSPECTOR; and it is greatly to be wished that the reflections to which they give birth were of a more pleasing nature. At no time are the malevolent passions more violently excited. Persons of the greatest candour are apt on such occasions to be insensibly misled by their prejudices; and while the conduct of their own friends and partizans appears all fair and honourable, the jaundiced eye of partiality perceives nothing but the grossest blemishes in that of their opponents. The attachments of friendship, and the ties of kindred, are too feeble to resist the powerful impulse of party. Even those who, however opposite in their political opinions, yet deservedly rank high in point of general character and public estimation, are often tempted to entertain sentiments of each other, which, under different circumstances, they would be ashamed of harbouring for a single moment.—Nor is this at all times without some appearance of reason. Under the severe regulations of Sparta, some kinds of theft, if not classed in the list of virtues, were at least considered as venial;

and perhaps there are strong grounds for supposing, even in this enlightened age and country, that there are occasions, wherein certain deviations from the acknowledged principles of morality, in the estimation of political men, cease to be vicious.

These are evils which cannot be too deeply lamented. They tend to lower the characters of persons, otherwise highly estimable; to circumscribe their usefulness; and to perpetuate a spirit of discord and rancour, destructive of that "milk of human kindness," which ought to circulate in every bosom. While the furor of the political mania, whence such evils derive their origin, is still prevalent, it would be a vain and useless task to declaim upon their diabolical nature; but surely the first symptoms of remission may fairly be seized to warn the wise and the good of every party against the pernicious consequences.

It is not my intention to arraign that interference in whatever appears to regard the welfare of the State, which is the peculiar privilege and birthright of Britons; but merely to remind my readers that they have also other obligations to fulfil, materially, though indirectly, connected with the prosperity of the community. The corruption of public bodies, and the want of principle among our public men, form common, and perhaps just, topics of complaint. Any attempt to remedy those evils, is surely praiseworthy; but it is equally necessary to inquire, how far they are countenanced and even propagated by the conduct of individuals in humbler stations. The man, of whatever party, who exclaims against a senator for sacrificing principles to power, ought to consider, whether he himself has not been guilty of a similar offence in the choice of a representative ; and whether, in the only political transactions that fall within his sphere of life, he likewise has not adopted that jesuitical maxim—of the end justifying the means—which often constitutes a leading article in the statesman's creed ? The subject of broken promises and court-corruption forms a theme of declamation ill suited to the man who has falsified his own protestations, or been guilty of receiving the wages of bribery and corruption ; and who has thus, by his own depravity, sanctioned at least, if not actually occasioned, the very crimes which he execrates. In a competition for office or employment of whatever kind, when personal influence, whether arising from fortune, character, or situation, is bartered away for pecuniary emolument or any other consideration, there is little reason for complaint, if the person to whom such office is delegated, follows the examples of his constituents, and traffics with it for some object of greater value in his own estimation. Of the two parties implicated in such offences against the rules of morality, the guilt of one affords no excuse for the turpitude of the other; and it cannot be too often repeated, that when the morals of the community are corrupted, those of their governors can scarcely be expected to escape the general contagion.

Should these observations be considered as misplaced in a paper professedly unconnected with politics, let it be remembered, that the subject is not treated in a political, but in a moral point of view. It might, indeed, be laid down as a maxim to which the history of all ages bears ample testimony, that "the decay of private virtue is the primary cause, and leading symptom of public ruin." Such a decay occasioned the civil contests which ended in the subjection of the Roman Republic to a perpetual dictator. Even in the time of the first Cæsars, when opportunities offered for restoring the government to its former state, the friends of liberty were compelled to acknowledge that their countrymen were become incapable of enjoying that invaluable blessing. For these reasons, I could wish all my readers to reflect, that the future condition of this flourishing empire is liable to be materially influenced by their moral conduct as individuals; and that, whatever the success of the party whose cause they have espoused, their own adherence to the rules of virtue is an indispensable duty.

N. B. In order to obviate any suspicion of being actuated by selfish and interested views, the INSPECTOR thinks it necessary to declare, that he does not intend to offer himself as a candidate at the next election.

NUMBER 30.

Sure these are but imaginary wiles;
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.—SHAKSPEARE.

No argument like matter of fact is.
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles by what they do.—HUDIBRAS.

SOME time ago, I received a letter signed AMICUS, informing me of certain transactions between several young ladies of this place and a professor of the art of witchcraft, from an adjoining county. My correspondent expressed himself in terms very indignant at those ladies, for suffering themselves to be made the dupes of an impostor; and called upon me to join him in his animadversions upon the folly of giving credit to such practices, especially at the present day. My sentiments on this subject, however, are totally different from those of my correspondent:—so far from denying that there is such a thing as witchcraft among us, I shall undertake, in this paper, to prove its existence; and have little doubt, if his mind is in the slightest degree open to conviction, of making him as firm a believer in this doctrine as the late Cotton Mather, or even Mr. Glanville himself.

It is true that the Legislature, several years ago, thought fit to repeal the statutes provided by the wisdom of our forefathers for the punishment of witchcraft; and hence the opinion entertained by many well meaning people of its having become extinct, probably originated; for the decree of such an enlightened assembly must undoubtedly have had great influence upon their contemporaries. But whatever might have been the actual state of the case at that period, the conduct of many of our modern senators, and the abundant evidence of a different nature which I shall produce, will, I trust, prove the truth of my position.

In the first place, it may be observed, that the fact of the existence of witches, at the present day, is so notorious, that they are acknowledged to form a very large part of the population of a neighbouring county. That man must indeed be very ignorant, who has never either seen or heard of *Lancashire witches;* a race as celebrated for their beauty as those of yore were for age and ugliness. Nor is this species (of mischievous beings, shall I call them?) confined to that county,—for Yorkshire itself can furnish us with an ample number; and I fancy there are few of my male readers who have not, at some time or other, felt the force of their magic spells. How commonly do we hear it said,—"What a *bewitching* creature!" "How *enchanting* she looks!" "What wonderful *charms* she possesses!"—and various similar exclamations. Nay, if verbal testimony should be deemed ineligible, written proofs might undoubtedly be produced under the hand of almost every man who can guide a pen. Even though it should be allowed, that in what relates to the young and lovely of the female sex, men's words are not always to be credited, yet there seems no reason to doubt their veracity when speaking of others, devoid of these attractions. But how often do we hear of such ladies looking "like an old hag," or "as ugly as a witch;"—terms of comparison which, certainly, no person would ever use, were he not convinced of their truth, and the propriety of the application.

It is not my design to enter into the history of modern witchcraft, or to enlarge upon the means by which its influence is exerted,—though these would form curious topics for discussion. It will be sufficient to observe, that the adepts in this art may be divided into two classes,—in the first of which must be ranked those to whom I have alluded. The fascination of this class is generally of a pleasing nature, and most commonly resides, like that of the basilisk, in the eyes; so that the object they gaze upon is in danger of destruction. The numbers slain annually by them, if we may believe the assertions of the dying victims, are incalculable; although their deaths are not classed under any particular head, in the bills of mortality. Instead of preparing their charms in a cauldron, in the midst of a wild heath,—as customary in the days of Macbeth,—witches of this description prefer a modern toilet; and the loathsome ingredients of "eye of newt" and "toe of frog" are discarded, for the more powerful aid of lace and cambric, lavender and carmine.

The second class of witches are those who, like their predecessors of old, delight in working

" woe and trouble" to mankind ; and though it must be confessed that I cannot appeal to ocular demonstration for the fact of their existence, yet I may confidently adduce the concurrent testimony of many thousands in proof of it. Almost every man is compelled to confess, at one period or other of his life, that he has certainly felt the operation of this supernatural agency, or otherwise he should have acted differently. How commonly, for instance, do we hear persons exclaim, " I was certainly bewitched when I behaved in so absurd a manner ;" " I was bewitched when I married my wife ;—" I must have been bewitched or I should not have got drunk ;—" I should not have thrown away my money at the gaming table if I had not been bewitched," &c. In short, if there is any truth in words, this mischievous influence is as commonly exerted to bewilder the minds of my countrymen, and frustrate their good intentions, as the spells of the enchanters of old were to counteract the chivalrous projects of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Should it be alleged that these are mere common-place expressions, made use of by men in a fit of peevishness, when not altogether satisfied with the propriety of their conduct, it may be answered, that such persons ought, at least, to be as well acquainted with their own feelings and situation as their neighbours. Even if they were not, we find mankind equally disposed to attribute whatever they see ridiculous or censurable in others, to the operation of the same cause. Indeed this alone can enable us to unriddle all those anomalies and eccentricities observable in human life. When we see a man, who has hitherto borne a fair character, throwing off, in his old age, the restraints of religion and morality, and acting in defiance of their dictates, how can we otherwise account for it if witchcraft is discarded? Or what excuse can be found for the woman who abandons an affectionate husband and lovely offspring, to seek shelter in the arms of a worthless profligate, unless we allow her to have been bewitched? What other inducement could lead the respectable tradesman to make shipwreck of his conscience by defrauding his creditors?—the man of fortune to forfeit his independence for the sake of an empty title or a pension?—or the patriot to forego the cause of his country, and quietly reap the wages of corruption? When the man of learning and genius becomes so far regardless of character as to sit down calmly, and attempt to obtain a portion of fame, by means at which virtue and delicacy revolt, who will not believe him to have been bewitched? Or to what other cause must we ascribe that inextinguishable thirst after pleasure, which actuates the hoary sensualist, when age and infirmities hourly recal his attention to subjects of the utmost solemnity and importance? The rich, who often sacrifice their own happiness, and that of all around them, to external pomp and show;—the miser, who deprives himself of even the very necessaries of life, in order to hoard up a little of that wealth which his heart will not allow him to use;—the debauchee, who strains every nerve to obtain a name of infamy, and entail upon himself misery and disease, must all, certainly be labouring under the influence of witchcraft.

After such a mass of evidence in support of my position, it appears needless to adduce any other arguments. Even admitting that the existence of witchcraft could not be proved, still there are many reasons why the doctrine ought not to be exploded. I shall only mention one, viz. that if this should unfortunately ever be the case, the world would be deprived of the most convenient plea for folly and wickedness that ever was invented: and when the great trouble mankind are at, in devising excuses for their misconduct, is taken into consideration, this circumstance must be deemed of no common importance. When any person, for instance, is conscious that he has not acted as he ought, and yet cannot be allowed to palliate his transgressions by pleading that he was under the influence of witchcraft, he has no alternative left, but must be compelled to acknowledge himself either a villain or a fool. How unpleasant it would be to be placed in such a dilemma, I shall leave every unprejudiced mind to determine.

There is one inference I would wish my readers to draw from the preceding remarks, were I not afraid that it might induce them to think that, in this discussion, my conclusions had probably been influenced by interested motives. My predecessor, the SPECTATOR, in more than one place, has intimated, that when any marks of dulness appeared in his compositions, they were to be attributed to design, and not to involuntary causes. For my own part, as I am never dull designedly, I would beg of my friends, that whenever symptoms of dulness are perceivable in the numbers of the INSPECTOR, they will not attribute them to any inherent defect in the author, but merely to the circumstance of his being "actually bewitched."

NUMBER 31.

Truth, I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart;
And shew the paths that lead astray,
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.—Moore.

Mr. Inspector.

Sir—I am a plain tradesman, who, by my own industry and the prudent management of an excellent housewife, have contrived to get a comfortable living, and to lay by a little money, even in these hard times. As a daughter is the only child we have, we were passionately fond of her, and, in consequence, determined to give her the best education in our power, in the hope of her proving a comfort to our old age. We have often delighted ourselves with the progress she made in her schooling; and though we were not always able to judge of the use of those things she had learnt, we thought them wonderfully fine and clever. Often have we listened to her with rapture, while parleying French with her master, whom we sometimes invited to visit us, for that purpose, during the holidays: and because Mr. Tweedle, the music master, praised her airs, and sonatos, and symphonies, we could not help thinking they must be mighty fine; though for my own part, I always preferred "A cobbler there was," or "Last Valentine Day;" and Dorothy, my wife, thought nothing equal to "Nancy Dawson," or "Jockey to the Fair."

Well, Mr. Inspector, you must know then, that Polly having finished her education, came home to us at midsummer, and for some time, we were highly delighted with her accomplishments; but unfortunately, she has since found out, that her father and mother are ignorant people, and have nothing of gentility about them. She is continually carping at our speech, in which, it seems, we often offend against the rules of grammar; for Polly is now quite a grammarian. She accuses her mother of using what are called *plurals,* when she ought to use *singulars;* and I am blamed for blundering in my *moods* and *tenses.* For my own part, I must say, that I am not always very well pleased with Polly's *moods.* She has even told us, several times, that she was ashamed to hear us speak when any of her school-fellows were present; and indeed I myself have frequently seen her blush on these occasions; although I tell her that nothing is shameful but what is sinful; and that if she had not been indebted to our cares and labour, for supporting her at school, she would probably have spoken no better than either we or our neighbours, whom she often ridicules.

Nor is this all our cause of complaint. I have before said that we have no great taste for music, although both Dolly and myself are fond of a song, or a tune, now and then; and many a time has Polly formerly charmed us with some of our favourite pieces. But now, notwithstanding the great expense we have been at in her learning music, we can seldom be favoured with a song or a tune of our own choosing. This is old; that is unfashionable; so that instead of them we are compelled to put up with modern shakes and quavers.

Besides, Polly, as I before told you, has been taught French; and she now seems to consider almost every one of her acquaintance, who is ignorant of that language, as scarcely worthy of her notice; and I am sorry to say, we have sometimes reason to suppose that her father and mother are not more highly thought of. Now as she formerly used to be an affectionate girl, we take very unkindly to this change, and are grieved to find that what we hoped would make her a blessing to us, is likely to produce a different effect. As she reads your paper, do, Mr. INSPECTOR, remind her how cruel it is, that the painful sacrifices we have made, to get her a good education, should be thus rewarded. She has not a bad heart, and perhaps may profit by your hints. You will excuse this freedom; and please to correct what errors you find in this letter, before you publish it.

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY PLAIN.

My correspondent's request is so reasonable, that I have lost no time in acceding to it; and this I have more cheerfully done, because cases somewhat similar have not unfrequently fallen under my observation. It is very common with parents to wish to give their children an opportunity of obtaining qualifications superior to what they themselves have had the means of acquiring, and which they have either admired or heard commended in others. This is certainly a very laudable ambition, provided a proper regard is had to suit the mode of education to that station of life which their children are likely to fill. For want of attention to this matter, many parents have fallen into errors, productive of still more serious consequences than the evils complained of by my correspondent. As Mr. Plain has not been very explicit, respecting his circumstances and situation, I shall not take upon me to inquire how far it was prudent in him to be at the expense of teaching his daughter French and music. These are certainly elegant, and often useful accomplishments. The force of custom has rendered the former almost indispensable among persons who have any pretensions to fashion or gentility. I shall not here undertake to decide how far this is right or wrong; though I may perhaps be allowed to hint, that the utility of such an acquisition to others, who possess not these pretensions, may be questioned. Indeed, without being influenced by that national antipathy by which my countrymen often think they best display their patriotism, there do seem to be strong grounds for lamenting, on public principles, the prevalence of the French language in our seminaries of education. It was the avowed object of one of the most eminent statesmen of the age of Louis XIV. to pave the way for the ascendancy of France, by cultivating and refining that language, and extending the knowledge of it more generally. To its prevalence throughout the continent of Europe, and the consequent dissemination of French principles, may be ascribed a great part of the recent successes of their armies, which have nearly realized the scheme of universal empire; nor is it improbable that the same cause may produce similar effects in this island. Our own history will furnish us with an useful lesson on this head. One of our most judicious antiquaries observes, that in the reign of Edward the Confessor, it was esteemed a piece of breeding for all the lower orders of the people to speak the French tongue, and to despise the language and customs of their own country. This was considered, by sagacious observers, as an omen of their approaching conquest by that nation, of whose speech and fashions they were so fond; and the prediction was verified in a few years, by the successful attempt of William the Conqueror.

With regard to music, it certainly deserves to be ranked among the most rational relaxations of life,—and, where there is a predilection to it, may be cultivated with the utmost propriety, if personal circumstances offer no insuperable impediment. To those whose affluence or situation in life renders them, in a great measure, independent of mental or bodily exertion, it will yield a constant fund of amusement, and may fill up, with advantage, some of those vacant hours which otherwise would, perhaps, either be passed in *ennui* or employed in recreations of a less innocent nature. I have indeed heard some persons invidiously argue in its behalf, that it is an exceedingly proper study for those, and those only, who without it cannot expect to make a *noise in the world;* but though I entertain a much higher opinion of its value than they who have thus characterized it, I cannot help thinking that, in the inferior stations of life, acquirements more essential to happiness are often neglected for the sake of obtaining a smattering in that delightful science; though it is neither of the slightest use nor ever after practised, when once the season allotted for education is passed.

But whatever propriety or impropriety there may have been in the mode of education adopted by Mr. Plain for his daughter, there can be no doubt, from his own allegations, that he has reason to complain of her conduct. If the kindness of parents should enable their children to procure greater advantages than they themselves have formerly enjoyed, the objects of it surely ought not to make such advantages a reason for returning that kindness with a want of natural affection, and a behaviour bordering on contempt. Whatever stress may be laid upon exterior accomplishments, in the present age of politeness, it ought to be remembered, that these are only truly valuable so far as they are indications of a cultivated mind. They are the polish, which adds indeed to the beauty of the metal; but without it the latter may still be of equal, nay perhaps of superior value, for every useful purpose. That man or woman whose life is marked by the faithful performance of the social and relative duties, will ever be esteemed more highly, by all whose approbation is worth securing, than they who are deficient in these particulars, though endowed with every natural and acquired grace that even the heart of a Chesterfield could desire.

In conclusion, therefore, I would remind my young readers of every description, that the claims of parents to the respect, the gratitude, and the affection of their children, originate in a higher source than the accidental acquisitions of art or science; and that the possession of those accomplishments which fashion and a highly polished state of society have rendered essential in a modern education, does not authorise children to treat those persons with unkindness and neglect, to whom they are not only indebted for these very qualifications, but even for life itself.——An authority, to whose dictates it may be unfashionable to appeal, but which, I hope, all who read this paper respect, has expressly enjoined—" Honour thy father and thy mother." My young readers will please to observe, that this command is general, and that it allows of no exception with regard to those children whose parents may happen neither to be acquainted with the rules of politeness, nor know how to speak grammatically, nor have any taste for music, nor understand French.

NUMBER 32.

Permit, ye Fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line.—GREEN.

TO THE INSPECTOR.

SIR—I have long regretted the abusive language which has been lavishly bestowed on the fair sex, in consequence of the present fashionable mode of dressing, or rather of undressing, prevalent in the metropolis and other parts of the kingdom; and as you have frequently joined in propagating the popular clamour, I hope you will be candid enough to give my defence of them a place. I am induced to take this liberty because I have my reasons for believing that even you, Mr. Inspector, secretly prefer a continuance of the present fashion, to the revival of the obsolete method of incumbring the body with a load of useless clothing, whatever you may aver or insinuate to the contrary.

The principal design of dress, I conceive, Sir, is to display the beauties of the person to the greatest advantage; and not, by an old-fashioned attention to what goes under the name of modesty, to conceal those exquisite graces and perfections which nature has so lavishly bestowed on the female sex. If experience, therefore, has proved to the satisfaction of the ladies, that an unreserved disclosure of their charms ensures to them a greater degree of admiration and homage, it would be arbitrary, in the highest degree, to endeavour to oblige them, either directly or indirectly, to adopt a different line of conduct.

Many unanswerable arguments might be urged in support of the above fashion; and, in point of economy, in particular, it seems to deserve universal encouragement. But a still more honourable motive has been assigned for its prevalence. My friend, Jack Rattle, who is intimately acquainted with several leaders of the mode, assures me that they are actuated solely by a desire to relieve the wants of their distressed fellow-creatures, by a sacrifice of their own superfluities; and that they thus voluntarily discard the parade and expense of clothing, in order that their inferiors may be enabled to perceive its inefficacy and inutility. Although, fully persuaded, without any irony, of the benevolence of our fair countrywomen, I am scarcely inclined to credit my friend's account; yet surely the bare possibility of its being accurate, ought to put a stop to the licentious declamations of their enemies.

If we view the subject in another light, we may consider the conduct of the ladies as an incontestable proof of their candour, and detestation of hypocrisy. Personal defects are very frequently hidden from the world, by means of artificial disguises: and nothing, in my opinion, more evinces the fortitude and noblemindedness of our females, than their contempt of the sneers and sarcasms of the world, at their publicly exposing blemishes of this kind, when put in competition with the benefits likely to result from their conduct to society at large.

It has long been a general complaint, that mankind have degenerated from the virtues of their forefathers; and the heroes and heroines of preceding ages have been pointed out as fit patterns for our imitation, and objects of our regard. Our ladies, in particular, have been frequently reminded of the transcendent virtues of Lucrece, Portia, Cornelia, and other famous Roman and Grecian characters; and she has been most applauded who has been thought to approach nearest to the standard of these celebrated personages of antiquity. For my own part, Mr. Inspector, I have long thought that our countrywomen were endeavouring to copy after these illustrious models, particularly from the similarity between their dresses and those of the young ladies of Sparta; but I now think they are stimulated by a desire to attain to a still greater degree of excellence; they appear resolved to emulate the perfections of our first mother Eve, even when in her purest state of innocence; and from the success of their past exertions, I think we may entertain the most sanguine hopes of their final success; and that they will soon be enabled to appear like Eve, *naked, and not ashamed!* From the acknowledged influence which the ladies possess over the male part of the species, the most important effects may be expected to result from this circumstance. The integrity, simplicity, and patriotism of the ancient Romans, may, perhaps, soon be eclipsed by our superior attainments; and probably be regarded, in the next generation, with the same contempt which these personages would bestow on the present race of mankind, were they permitted to re-visit the land of the living. Who knows but that the spirited efforts of our ladies may be the means of restoring us to that situation which our modern philosophers have long regarded as the *summum bonum* of mankind; as the end to which all our aims should be directed, —considered as the only means of breaking those fetters which ignorance, prejudice, and superstition have been forging for ages—*a state of nature?*—What a glorious consideration, Sir, is this! and how ought it to meet the entire approbation of every enlightened and philanthropic mind!

Many cavils have been raised against the doctrine of absolute perfection, as disclosed and supported in the writings of these worthy sages; for my own part, I have not the least doubt of the possibility of its attainment, especially on the part of the ladies. Whether right or wrong in this respect, our fair countrywomen appear to be evidently of the opinion of our great Poet, (though probably they carry the sentiment farther than he intended,) that

> "Loveliness
> "Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,
> "But is when *unadorn'd* adorn'd the most."

I remain, yours, &c.

AMICUS.

NUMBER 33.

Saint Bacchus only they ador'd,
To whom libations oft they pour'd.—Cowper.

To the Inspector.

Sir—An old number of a Medical and Physical Journal having lately fallen into my hands, in turning it cursorily over, I met with a case communicated by a German practitioner, which irresistibly caught my attention. This case, Mr. Inspector, was that of a Frenchman, aged about 40, who laboured under a disorder technically denominated *Polydipsia.* He is described as having had an uncommon thirst for eighteen years; and the quantity of liquors he had drank, in that period, was astonishing. He could scarcely set the glass out of his hand at any time, before he earnestly desired to drink again. Water was his principal beverage; though, as it appears, not from choice, but necessity; as he preferred wine, beer, or spirits, whenever he found it possible to procure them. These, to the best of my remembrance, were some of the most prominent symptoms.

What struck me most forcibly on reading this account, was, the great similarity in many of the leading symptoms, between this disorder, (which, from the manner in which it is mentioned, appears to be a *phenomenon* in the medical annals of Germany,) and a complaint very prevalent in this country. Not having had the advantage of a medical education, I am, perhaps, not properly qualified for making remarks on a subject immediately belonging to that profession; but I trust the following observations will be candidly received by your professional, as well as other readers. It appears from the above statement, that this complaint is not, in general, quickly mortal in Germany, as the above Frenchman had laboured under it for eighteen years; and it is observable, that several of our countrymen have been afflicted with it for a greater length of time. Like him, too, they are scarcely able to set the glass out of their hands, ere the desire of drinking returns with as much violence as before. It deserves to be remarked, however, that they have, in general, an almost insurmountable aversion to water, and seldom, if ever, even in the strongest paroxyms of thirst, can they be brought to swallow this element unmixed with more palatable liquors. In that circumstance, the difference is strikingly perceptible. Several symptoms, however, occur in this country, which are not noticed in the case above recited; and one in particular, which greatly resembles those observable in that disease in horses known by the emphatical and expressive appellation of the "*staggers.*" A great degree of fever is very frequently experienced; the whole habit becomes extremely irritable; the lips are dry and parched; the tongue prodigiously inflamed, with the tip very sharp, and vibrating incessantly in such a manner, as to give a very good idea of the *perpetual motion.* Whether these last symptoms are primary or secondary; whether they make against the identity of these complaints or no, are points which I must leave to be determined by those who are more interested in, and accustomed to, such discussions than myself.

With respect to the cure;—the means recommended in Germany were, much thinner dress than usual; the constant use of the cold bath; immersion of the feet in cold water, and keeping on the stockings till the moisture had evaporated; exposure to the morning and evening air; and the use of thin covering in bed. By a constant attention to this method of treatment, we are informed the above patient was considerably better, and that he had even frequent intervals of *an hour,* in which he did not desire *to drink at all!!!*

Though I am a total stranger to the method of cure likely to be adopted by the physicians of this country, should they ever be called upon to prescribe for the disorder I have described as existing among us, I cannot refrain from observing, that the plan recommended by the German physician, would, in all probability, prove ineffectual here. Thinner clothing has been repeatedly adopted, without effect, by our unfortunate countrymen; nay, some of them have actually stripped themselves to their very shirts, without experiencing the least remission or abatement of the symptoms. Numbers of them, it is well known, so far from indulging themselves with too great warmth in bed, have parted with both bed and bedding to procure relief, and yet are precisely in the same predicament as before. Even exposure to the morning and evening air, or the cold bath, are of no service in this case; since many have frequently braved the severest storms of winter, and, with the apathy of Stoics, taken up their lodgings for a whole night on a couch of snow, destitute of any canopy but that of heaven, yet in the morning have awoke tormented with a thirst as insatiable as that they laboured under on the preceding evening. I am well aware, that the same disease frequently requires different treatment in different countries, else I should consider this a conclusive proof of the non-identity of these complaints.

Were I desired, to give my opinion respecting the remedies most likely to prove efficacious in this disorder, as it appears in England, I should be induced to recommend blistering, and shaving the pericranium; and particularly the mode of practice so successfully adopted by that sagacious and thrice illustrious physician, Dr. Sangrado, of *evacuating* memory, viz. bleeding copiously, and drenching the stomach with plenty of warm water; but as these things are totally out of the line of my profession, I shall content myself with having called the attention of your medical readers to this important subject; and with due esteem, remain, Mr. Inspector,

Yours, &c.

AMICUS.

NUMBER 34.

Against this nearest, loveliest, of our foes,
What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?—Prior.

To the Inspector.

Sir,—My attention has recently been arrested by some statements respecting the population of this country, from whence it appears that the number of females considerably exceeds that of the other sex. This inequality seems to call loudly upon the Legislature to adopt some method for preserving that balance between the two which contributes so essentially to our happiness; and, in the opinion of many illustrious philosophers, promotes, in a high degree, the civilization of mankind.

Permit me, through your medium, to throw out a few hints as to the means by which the evil resulting from this disproportion may be remedied; and the superabundance of females employed, in a manner perhaps, congenial to their talents, and, at all events, beneficial to the community. We have thrown off many of those prejudices which operated upon our unenlightened forefathers; thanks to the exertions of a Wolstonecraft, and numerous other female philosophers, our ladies have broken the trammels in which they were formerly placed, and their natural equality to man has been conclusively demonstrated, and exemplified by the stubborn evidence of facts. I rejoice, Mr. Inspector, at seeing our ladies elevated above the mere drudgery of the nursery, or the kitchen; but, while their right to share in the studies, the pursuits, and the avocations of man is asserted, I think their warmest advocates cannot deny that they ought likewise to participate in his exposures, his privations, and distresses. It is upon this principle that I beg leave to submit the following scheme to the consideration of your readers.

As there is reason to apprehend that the present war will not be, perhaps, immediately terminated, and the want of men to fight the battles of the State must be more and more felt, I would propose that a corps of women be raised, and disciplined, in all respects, like our present military; and that another body of them should be allotted to serve in that bulwark of England, the navy. Since every one must perceive that there would be no greater inconsistency in seeing women thus employed than in the male sex nursing the bantlings, and attending to all their wants, to which a rigid adherence to the new doctrines must reduce them, no objection, I hope, will be made to this part of my plan. The benefits likely to result from it can hardly be appreciated. It is well known, that almost every white-livered fellow pretends to a little spirit when in the presence of his mistress; and as I should propose to intermix the sexes upon deck and on the field of battle, I think that every man would be stimulated to greater exertions in the time of action, when conscious that he was under the inspection of the fair; and that the fear of having his fame eclipsed by so many female competitors, would induce him to surpass all his former achievements, and, in the language of our admirable poet, *" out-herod Herod."*

Let not the behaviour of the celebrated Cleopatra, at the sea-fight of Actium, be suggested as a reason why the conduct of the fair ought not to be depended on in the crisis of action. This is but a solitary instance; and, independently of the example of the Amazons in ancient times, we have many modern instances upon record which incontestably evince the undaunted courage and prowess of the female sex. Indeed I have not the least hesitation in declaring, that I believe many of them are as little actuated by fear as several of those gentlemen who wear the sash and gorget; and that, if dressed in military or naval habits, they would make equally as good soldiers or sailors as those who now wear them. Let me not be thought to detract, Mr. Inspector, from the merits of our brave defenders; I would only appeal to their own hearts for the truth of this statement.

Another advantage resulting from my plan is yet to be noticed. Love, it is well known, is so necessary an ingredient in the composition of a man of valour, that all the old romance writers, (who appear to have studied nature more accurately than is generally imagined) when they would dub an hero, give him a Dulcinea; and I believe I may defy any person to point out an eminently valourous enterprize accomplished, without a lady being, either directly or indirectly, concerned in the case. Now as, from the very nature of my plan, tender attachments must evidently be formed, whether at sea or on land, between our heroes and heroines, we should thus not only combine the advantages resulting from love, with discipline, and a numerical increase of combatants,—but a great part of the ensuing generation would, perhaps, really and literally be born soldiers, or sailors;—a circumstance not unworthy the notice of the most profound politicians.

In proposing the scheme to you, Mr. Inspector, I have not only had in view the wounds which our fair country-women, if trained to the use of arms, might be enabled to inflict upon their opponents,—I would likewise wish to employ them in a warfare more congenial, perhaps, to their natures, and which, if pertinaciously adhered to, would doubtless contribute nearly as much to the discomfiture of our enemies. The propensity to loquacity, which it is generally understood they possess, might, I think, under proper direction, be rendered fully as dreadful to an hostile force as the Grecian wildfire, once so commonly resorted to. There is reason to suppose, however, that this would not be the case indiscriminately;—to the French it would, perhaps, give little annoyance,—but I should conceive that to the grave Spaniard, or phlegmatic Dutchman, an army thoroughly disciplined in this respect, would be more formidable than double the number armed in the common way with muskets and bayonets. That such would be the fact, as regards the Turks, in case of any hostilities with them, is proved from the remarks of Mr. Campbell, who, in his entertaining *Travels overland to India*, observes, "A Turk meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if looking at her were criminal: and there is nothing they detest so much, or will more sedulously shun, than an impudent audacious woman." The proposed plan, would, no doubt, judging from its effects on our sex, make the females "impudent," and "audacious" enough. He adds,—"To get the better of a Turk, there is nothing further necessary, than to let slip a Virago at him, and he instantly retreats."

Should this idea, which, I believe, is exclusively my own, be approved of, I shall insist that the use of the ducking stool be discontinued in these realms,—and that a new species of recreation be adopted in the army and navy, for the exclusive use of the female warriors. Instead of firing at a target or floating cask, scolding at a mark should be adopted, and prizes given to those who excel in Zantippean abilities. Prisoners of war, I think, might be compelled to stand as butts for this exercise; and this would, perhaps, spread the terror of our new artillery more effectually among the enemy; since these men, if ever they should live to be exchanged, would doubtless, give a full recital of their sufferings to their wondering countrymen. If this should be looked upon as an infringement of the law of nations, I would propose that the throwing of rotten eggs at convicts sentenced to be pilloried, be prohibited by act of Parliament,—and, instead thereof, that they shall be compelled to stand a certain number of these wordy vollies, proportioned to their crimes. This would be promoting the true ends of punishment—chastisement of the offenders, and benefit to the community. But this, Mr. Inspector, by the bye.

It may, perhaps, be objected by some of those malicious souls who delight in thwarting the wisest plans, if not the offspring of their own brains, that the constitutions of our fair countrywomen render them incapable of undergoing the fatigues consequent upon the profession of arms: to such I would oppose the high authority of Dr. Buchan, who, in his treatise on Domestic Medicine, gives it as his decided opinion that women are more fitted for sedentary occupations than men. Now as confinement in tents or on board of transports, for a few months, frequently forms one of the principal events in a military life, the futility of the above objection must be evident to every reader. Besides, it is easy to adduce numerous examples from our history, by which the competency of women to equal the military performances of the other sex will be rendered apparent. Lest I should be accused of acting invidiously, I shall not select my instances from the annals of the present times, but refer your readers back to the middle of the last century;

and at the same time corroborate my sentiments by the respectable testimony of the author of the Idler, as delivered in the following quotation: "The troops of Braddock never saw their enemies, and perhaps were defeated by women. If our American General had headed an army of girls, he might still have built a fort and taken it. Had Minorca been garrisoned by a female garrison, it might have been surrendered as it was, without a breach; and I cannot but think that 7000 women might have ventured to look at Rochefort, sack a village, rob a vineyard, and return in safety."

Amicus.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

THE CONSOLATION.

Say, Damon, why, in mournful guise,
Indulge the melancholy strain;
And spurn the pleasures life supplies,
Of cares and anguish to complain?
Far as the mental eye can reach,
Dost thou no blissful traits discern?
Attend to what the muse shall teach,
And wisdom from the lesson learn.

When Spring, the landscape to adorn,
Exerts her renovating pow'r,
Although the swain awhile may mourn
The nipping frosts, the chilling show'r;
Those scenes the pleasing season yields—
The op'ning flowers, the purling rill,
The vocal groves, the verdant fields,
His breast with genuine raptures fill!

Scorch'd by the sun's too fervid rays,
When every vernal grace recedes,
And Summer pours th' incessant blaze,
And decks in russet hue the meads;
Reclin'd beneath th' umbrageous wood,
When we the gelid breeze enjoy,
Or sportive lave the limpid flood,
No more the sultry beams annoy!

When Autumn rears his sickly head,
And vapours dank the day deform;
And earth, with falling leaves o'erspread,
Prognosticates a gathering storm;
The treasur'd grain exulting o'er,
That lately grac'd the fertile plains,
Or meek Pomona's luscious store;—
The tyrant's influence man disdains!

Ev'n Winter, whose rude breath destroys
What little beauty Autumn spares,
Can boast a round of native joys,
To soften his peculiar cares:
The festive hour, the mazy dance,
The circling tale, the fire-side bliss,
Domestic sweets that life enhance,
And social intercourse, are his!

As thus throughout the changing year,
In Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,

Nature, the human soul to cheer,
Delights some lenient grace to fling;
So through the varying scenes of life,
Some bliss appropriate e'er is giv'n,
To counterpoise its cares, and strife,
And aid the fost'ring views of heav'n!

Cease Damon, then, that Pow'r t'arraign
From whom existence we receive;
Nor rashly deem that cares and pain,
Are all this mortal state can give;
Heav'n's wise behests to rev'rence taught,
E'er keep this cheering truth in view—
"That though with pain and trouble fraught,
"Life sure possesses pleasures too!"

ON THE SUPERIORITY OF RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

Bewilder'd in the devious ways,
This labyrinth of life displays,
Where Virtue oft appears
By sickness, cares, and ills deprest;
While to the skies her haughty crest,
Triumphant, Vice uprears;

In vain the sage, whose clouded mind
No traits of Power Supreme can find,
The riddle strives t' explore;
In vain he prates of Virtue's charms,
If, clasp'd in Death's relentless arms,
Man sinks to rise no more!

Against th' attack of earthly ills,
Each truth the moralist instils,
How vain, how fruitless found!
While they who wisdom's precepts slight,
Oft revel in impure delight,
With worldly blessings crown'd!

And oft some lov'd, ingenuous youth,
For goodness justly priz'd, and truth,
The pangs of death must bear,
While hoary guilt exists secure;—
So blasts that smite the fragrant flow'r,
The noisome nettle spare.

So late, cut off in early years,
While Virtue, o'er his corse, her tears,
In copious streams supplied;
To all her genuine friends endear'd,
For ev'ry Christian grace rever'd,
The pious RODWELL* died!

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* Lecturer of the Holy Trinity Church, Hull.

That man alone, with soul sedate,
The thick'ning shades can dissipate
Of this mysterious gloom,
Who from the sacred volume draws
Knowledge of an Almighty Cause,
And life beyond the tomb.

Tho' sickness, cares, or grief oppress,
And to his mental view, distress,
In awful form, appear;
Calmly he bears th' afflictive rod,
And fearing an omniscient God,
He feels no other fear.

Haply should Vice awhile succeed,
And snatch from Virtue's brow the meed
She only ought to wear;
Or worth, like RODWELL's, early fall,
While crowds that guilty joys enthral,
Still breathe the vital air—

His faith unshaken still remains;—
This pleasing truth his soul sustains—
" Tho' not to Virtue giv'n
" Unbroken bliss on earth to know,
" Whate'er she loses here below,
" Shall be repaid in heav'n!"

Taught hence with fervour to disclaim
Each loose desire, each grov'ling aim,
That vicious souls enslave;
Endu'd with Faith's all-piercing eye,
He contemplates eternity,
And triumphs o'er the grave!

CECILIA.

Cecilia! with foreboding sighs,
Thy cheeks of pallid hue,
The faded lustre of thy eyes,
And wasted form, I view!
And oft, the vassal of my fear,
My heart with sorrow swells,
While Fancy of the shroud, the bier,
The final parting, tells.

When erst perform'd the sacred rite
That link'd my fate with thine,
How heav'd my bosom with delight
To call Cecilia mine!

Thy tender care, thy faithful love,
I fondly dar'd presage
Perennial founts of bliss would prove,
To life's remotest stage!

What tho' her golden gifts to share,
Still Fortune had deny'd;
And doom'd the chilling frowns to bear
Of supercilious pride;
And ills in life too plenteous found,
To pierce the feeling mind;
Thy smiles, I hop'd, for every wound
A cordial balm to find!

Scenes with domestic sweets endu'd,
I inly joy'd to trace;
And oft, in Fancy's mirror view'd
Each future cherub's face;
Entranc'd in pleasing reveries,
The smiling race carest;
And scarce, absorb'd in dreams like these,
The starting tear supprest!

Must those enchanting scenes I drew,
Delight my soul no more?
Must thou, my infant Anna, too,
A parent's loss deplore?

Deign, Pow'r Supreme! my pray'rs to hear,
And health and succour give!
Her mate, her lovely babe, to cheer,
Long let Cecilia live!

"Nor shall thy pray'rs ascend in vain;"
(So flatt'ring Hope replies;)
"Soon health shall tint her cheeks again,
"And sparkle in her eyes!"
Elate th' enliv'ning strains I greet,
To soothe my sorrows given;
And, with anticipation sweet,
Await the will of heav'n!

ODE TO HEALTH.

Parent of earthly blessings, Health,
Who often fleest the abode of wealth,
And deign'st in humble guise to dwell,
Beneath the peasant's homely cell;
Hear, and thy choicest influence shed
Around thy fervent suppliant's head:
Alike confess'd through every stage,
From youth's gay spring to wintry age,

Thy soul-enliv'ning pow'r be shown,
Nor be thy worth by absence known!
Of thee bereft, what joys await
The rich, the splendid, or the great?
What th' envied blessings they possess,
But gilded trappings of distress?
When dim the eye, how faintly shine
The boasted treasures of the mine!
When, unrelenting, fierce disease,
Doth on the inmost vitals seize,
How vain the praise by flatt'ry shed,
The board with costly viands spread,
The joys which birth or fortune brings,
The pomp of courts, the pow'r of kings!
Thrice happier he, the village swain,
Who toils a competence to gain,
Now burns beneath the summer ray,
Now shivers thro' the wintry day:
While oft, dissolv'd in luxury,
The sons of wealth supinely lie,
And weary wakeful vigils keep,
Health seals his eyes in balmy sleep!
Reason his ev'ry action guides,
And temp'rance o'er his meals presides.

Thine is the rosy dimpled cheek,
The winning smile, the aspect meek,

The cheerful heart, the soul refin'd,
The spirits gay, the vig'rous mind!
Those precious gifts to mortals giv'n,
The boon of all-indulgent heav'n,
To heighten bliss, alleviate woe,
Mature beneath thy influence grow.
Depriv'd of thee, they oft decay,
And leave the soul a ling'ring prey
To pain, anxiety, distaste;
And life becomes a dreary waste.
So, when the sun, with orient ray,
Illumes the east, and gives the day,
The plumy warblers cheerful sing;
A thousand bloomy flow'rets spring,
And round their grateful fragrance show'r;
All nature feels his genial pow'r:
But when, by dewy Ev'ning led,
He hides, in western skies, his head,
The flow'rets fade, their beauty lost;
In silence droop the feather'd host:
Night's gloomy shades pervade the skies,
And quick the pleasing scen'ry flies.

FLAVILLA.

Long time Flavilla, lovely maid,
By Damon's flattering wiles betray'd,
  In secret anguish pin'd;
Long felt the pangs of hapless love:
At length, in words like these, she strove
  To ease her troubled mind.

Ye blooming maids, who long to prove,
The tender tales, the plaints of love,
  Unaw'd by men's deceit;
Ah! greatly cautious shun the snare!
Of their insidious arts beware;
  Nor tempt Flavilla's fate!

Long Damon strove my heart to gain,
With flattery woo'd,—nor woo'd in vain;
  Too lovely, charming youth!
With ardour oft my lips he prest,
And clasp'd me panting to his breast,
  And vow'd eternal truth.

Th' infectious sigh, the glist'ning tear—
Each symptom of a love sincere
He fervently display'd :
What maid could arts like these withstand ?
Or coldly spurn his offered hand ?
Or fear to be betray'd ?

Scarce had my eyes the flame confest,
His arts implanted in my breast,
Ere from my love he flies ;
Pleads pre-engagement ;—while in vain
I strive my wonted peace to gain ;
For love that peace denies.

Ah, Damon, cause of all my woes,
Why not the fatal tale disclose,
Before it was too late ?
Why strive my tender heart to gain ?
Sure he who joys in giving pain,
Deserves the harshest fate.

Soon must remorse thy bosom tear,
When conscience whispers in thine ear,
(And conscience soon will speak)
What torturing pangs Flavilla feels,
What numerous, undeserved ills,
She bears for Damon's sake !

And ye, his faithless sex, intent
To sport with feelings nature meant
  For solace here below;
Ah, think what torments she must prove,
Who feels the force of hapless love!
  Life's bitterest source of woe.

Should some fair maid your vows have charm'd,
Your soft endearing stories warm'd,
  An artless passion shew,
Her fears dispel; her bliss secure;
Nor trifle with a flame so pure;
  Nor Damon's paths pursue.

TIME—AN ELEGY,

ON VIEWING THE RUINS OF BOLTON CASTLE.

Destructive Time! whose wonder-working pow'r,
  Each object here my wond'ring eye surveys,
Each moss-clad wall, each mutilated tow'r,
  In clear, expressive characters displays;

What human arts, or efforts, can withstand
Thy silent influence, or thy force restrain?
Cities and empires sink at thy command,
And feel their boasted strength, their grandeur, vain.

The trophied column, marble-sculptur'd tomb,
The lofty tow'rs that seem'd to brave the sky,
The princely palace, and th' aspiring dome,
Sapp'd by thy ruthless hand, in ruins lie.

Why not on these alone thy might employ?
Ah! why delight to blast, with fatal art,
The fairest blossoms of terrestrial joy,
And mock the wishes of the human heart?

Oft I, tho' few my years, thy pow'r have prov'd,
And wept in silence thy resistless sway:
Fled are the pleasing hours of youth belov'd,
And all its guiltless joys, to thee a prey!

Full many a rapt'rous bliss, which fancy gave,
Full many a flatt'ring hope dispell'd, I mourn;
Full many a friend, snatch'd to the darksome grave
By thee, relentless! never to return.

Should heav'n to hoary age my years extend,
What future ills life's varied path must strew!

What poignant grief, what sighs, this bosom rend,
To filial duty, love, or friendship due!

But meek Religion lends her soothing aid,
The warring tumults of my mind to calm;
Bids resignation every thought pervade,
And pours into my wounds her healing balm.

She bids my soul to heav'nly joys aspire,
And far beyond thy bounded empire soar,
Where full fruition shall prevent desire,
And care, and grief, and thou, be felt no more!

EPIGRAM ON A TALKATIVE BLOCKHEAD.

Why, Florio, wish, to reason blind,
Heav'n with more sense had Tom supply'd;
Or else, in pity to mankind,
This endless flow of words deny'd?

No more, my friend, with weak pretence,
Arraign the wise decrees of heav'n:
Know, to supply the want of sense,
This endless flow of words was giv'n.

ACASTO.

WHEN dew-breathing Eve, in gray mantle array'd,
O'er the world, with mild sceptre, her empire resum'd;
When the moon's silver beams through the branches soft play'd,
And with modest effulgence the landscape illum'd;
Near yon brook which glides gently in murmurs away,
Where vi'lets and daisies embroider the green,
In pastime forgetting the toils of the day,
The youth of the village disporting were seen.

Acasto, the hoary, for wisdom rever'd,
Whose precepts had long the rude villagers sway'd,
To all by attractive benevolence endear'd,
With silent attention their gambols survey'd;
And oft as the loud vacant laugh caught his ear,
The dew of compassion distill'd from his eye,
He wip'd from his time-furrow'd cheek the warm tear,
Then lean'd on his staff, and thus spoke, with a sigh:

"Play on, happy youth! who, with innocence
"blest,
"In guileless amusements your moments em-
"ploy;
"Your sports how enliv'ning! how balmy your
"rest!
"No cares deeply rankling, your peace to de-
"stroy!
"Nor yours those false joys quickly ending in
"pain,
"Nor passions, fierce blazing, with reason at
"strife;
"This season, ah! cherish, nor wish to be men!
"Ah! guiltless enjoy the mild morning of life!

"Too soon to this calm will rough tempests suc-
"ceed;
"(This truth, ye belov'd, with reluctance I tell!)
"Unnumber'd obstructions your bliss will im-
pede,
"And time, the bright visions of fancy dispel!
"Too soon each soft bosom, where peace holds her
"reign,
"The shafts of misfortune and anguish must
"prove;
"Too soon the salt tear your blithe features dis-
"tain;
"Sad tribute to friendship, to duty, or love!

" Or envy, or avarice, your souls shall enthral,
" Or fiery ambition, aspiring to fame ;
" Or dark brooding calumny, bloated with gall,
" Your cheering pretensions to favour disclaim ;
" Chill want, or disease, will your vigour repress,
" Or care-wrinkl'd age, surely wasting, tho' slow ;
" Or guilt's sable horrors your bosoms distress ;
" Each moment embittering, enhancing each woe !

" Acasto, like you, could once frolic and play ;
" (Smiling Hope ever painting new scenes of de-
" light)
" Like you, could with cheerfulness toil thro' the
" day,
" And spend in unbroken soft slumbers the
" night ;
" Now palsied, decrepid, and bending with years,
" In vain a short respite from anguish he prays ;
" No soul-soothing pleasure his bosom e'er cheers,
" Save that with which Virtue her vot'ries repays !

" But Virtue, alas ! how imperfect below !
" And man, how inconstant, how feeble, how
" frail !
" By the wild gusts of passion oft driv'n to and fro,
" He flies like the feather which floats in the
" gale.

"Ah! be cautious betimes! then, your innocence
"prize,
"And let Virtue your every affection engage;
"Th' enchantments of Vice, and her pleasures des-
"pise,
"Nor in youth hoard up pain and repentance
"for age.

"Think not, from those tears, that Acasto desires
"Your flow of gay spirits, brisk health's rosy glow,
"Or that vigour unbroke which your gambols in-
"spires:
"He envies no pleasures which these can bestow:
"He weeps for that bliss which with innocence
"dwells,
"Too often despis'd for vice, folly, or strife;
"This gem the fam'd treasures of India excels;
"'Tis the dew-drop of heav'n, the nepenthe of
"life!

"How long, of this blessing depriv'd, must he
"mourn,
"And his stains, time-contracted, with sorrow
"bewail!
"How long must his soul with keen anguish be
"torn,
"And remorse, deeply stinging, his bosom
"assail!"

He ceas'd, and in silence gave vent to his sighs;
But silence expressive his feelings display'd:
A trickling torrent burst forth from his eyes,
As stern recollection his feelings pourtray'd.

ON THE RAINBOW.

Hail, sportive Iris, deck'd in various hues
Of solar beams, and show'rs, aërial bred!
Thy glowing beauties oft the stripling views,
And hastes to grasp, with hopes illusive fed.

Elate he springs along the flow'ry meads;
With beating heart his fancy'd prize surveys;
Mocking his toil, thy transient form recedes,
And disappointment on his bosom preys.

Emblem, how striking, of terrestrial bliss,
And man, intent that fleeting bliss to gain!
Who fondly deems the flatt'ring phantom his,
Till late, experience proves his wishes vain!

Still, as the stripling moves, the Iris flies!
As life advances, worldly pleasure dies.

TO EVENING.

HAIL, grateful Ev'ning! nurse of mild desires!
In mantle gray, and starry cincture drest:
Whose pleasing sway tranquillity inspires,
And soothes to peace the woe-worn sufferer's breast!

Friend to the serious soul-improving thought,
Thy wish'd approach I view with joy sincere—
Still by the musing bard with fervour sought!
Still to the sage, in quest of knowledge, dear!

Far from the haunts of pleasure (falsely call'd!)
The frantic revel, dance, or masquerade,
Whence, Reason sick'ning, Nature turns appall'd,
I woo thy influence in this peaceful shade!

Soft as on yonder dew-bespangled plain,
From modest Cynthia streams the silver show'r,
Descend, with all the Virtues in thy train;
And on my head thy choicest blessings pour!

Let Contemplation, sunk in thought profound;
Heart-cheering Hope; Content, with mien sedate;
Brisk Fancy, darting wide her looks around;
And meek-ey'd Silence, on thy steps await!

Oft when the noisy bustling hours of day,
And all their soul-distracting cares are fled,
Ah! give to pour the pensive moral lay;
Or hold sweet converse with th' illustrious dead!

And as, inspir'd with reverential awe,
On works of mouldering sages oft I pore,
Assist me, with unweary'd mind to draw,
Transcendent knowledge from their copious store!

Give me, with Shakspeare, Fancy's sweetest child,
To mark the movements of the human heart;
And feel, as list'ning to his wood-notes wild,
Th' emotions soft his matchless scenes impart!

Smit with those charms which Milton's strains display,
Let me, enraptur'd, trace his daring flight;
With Newton, in yon wond'rous orbs survey
The pow'r, the wisdom, of the God of light:

Nor be the lays forgot of pensive Young;
Beneath thy dewy star, in serious guise,
Oft let me listen to the truths he sung,
Fir'd with like ardour for an heav'nly prize!

In this auspicious hour my soul befriend;
Each virtuous wish to firm resolve mature;

Teach me with life celestial hopes to blend ;
And shield my heart from every thought impure!

Stem with thy lenient hand fell Sorrow's tide;
And from each galling chain my mind release;
Bid each corroding, anxious thought subside,
And, in soft accents, gently whisper peace !

Whene'er thou visitest this earthly sphere,
These blessings, Ev'ning, to thy suppliant bring:
Then will he still thy modest charms revere,
Nor cease thy praise, in grateful strains to sing!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Enjoy, Benvolio, still thy woodbine bowers,
Thy shrubb'ry, flower-fring'd walks, and straw-roof'd cot;
And as, around, its sweets thy garden show'rs,
May ev'ry blessing be thy happy lot!

Erewhile I've lov'd, with curious eye, to feed
On charms that art and nature lavish'd there;
Nay hop'd, perchance, th' elysian scene might lead
To sweet oblivion of each earthly care !

Reft of that peace which erst my bosom knew,
With heedless steps each devious path I trace;
And, dead to all its various beauties, view,
With vacant eye, the once-alluring place.

Oh! if the cup of sorrow were not giv'n,
Man's resignation and his faith to prove,
And wean his soul from transient joys, might heav'n
Far from thy lips the bitter draught remove!

Else thou, like me, perhaps, ere long must mourn
Hope's blasted blossoms, life's fair prospects fled!
Or with thy tears bedew the sacred urn
Of some lov'd friend, soon number'd with the dead!

Ah! then how alter'd shall yon scenes appear,
Tho' justly deem'd the residence of taste!
Content no more shall fix her dwelling there,
But ev'n thy *garden* seem a dreary waste!

ASPASIA.

Plac'd in a world where, for unfathom'd ends,
By Heav'n's permission, bliss with misery blends;
And where a thousand various scenes appear
To call from Pity's eye the glistening tear!
Say what, amid those scenes, can more impart
A gen'rous anguish to the feeling heart,
Than to behold the once ingenuous mind
A prey to guilt and infamy consign'd;
See Virtue's image from the soul effac'd,
And Vice's temple on her ruins plac'd!
What more wild Passion's lawless force repress,
Than on th' o'erwhelming torrent of distress
This poison'd fountain yields to contemplate;
And trace its evils in Aspasia's fate!

O'er yon neglected form which once could please,
Though now the seat of misery and disease,
Charm'd by the music of her prattling tongue,
A father, mother, once delighted hung:
By turns they fondly gaz'd, by turns carest;
And with one voice their darling daughter blest.
And ever when the beauteous infant smil'd,
A thousand flatt'ring hopes their souls beguil'd.

With all the parent fill'd, they joy'd to trace
Her budding virtues in her lovely face.
Beneath their watchful eyes secure she grew;
Excell'd by none, and equall'd but by few.
For genius, talents, worth, by all approv'd;
Priz'd for her goodness, for her beauty lov'd.
Till of their fost'ring care by death bereft,
In a base world, a friendless orphan left,
(How shall the muse the mournful tale relate,
Or in due language paint her hapless fate!)
Betray'd by love, in an unguarded hour,
She sunk beneath a vile seducer's power!
So fall oftimes, a prey to blights severe,
The fairest blossoms of the opening year!
Too soon condemn'd those poignant woes to prove,
The sure attendants on illicit love,
Mock'd and deserted by her perjured swain,
Theme of his laughter and the world's disdain,
Where should she turn? To desperation driv'n,
She sought not pardon from offended Heav'n;
From vice to vice by slow gradations past,
While each new crime drew vigour from the last;
And, all the bloom of early promise fled,
By prostitution sought her daily bread.

Alas, how fall'n! how chang'd! The modest mien,
That faithful index of a soul serene;

The chaste deportment that respect inspir'd;
The thousand nameless graces, once admir'd,
That gave her every word and look a zest—
All, all those charms Aspasia late possess'd—
Where are they now? When virtue droop'd the head,
And spread her pennons, these for ever fled!
Now in her squalid form what woe appears!
Her face of vice the shameless livery wears.
Houseless, forlorn, without one soothing friend,
A crowd of harpies all her paths attend;
Contempt, Disease, Remorse, heart-rending Pain,
And meagre Want, compose the ruthless train;
And worst of all her numerous ills among,
The secret consciousness of acting wrong!
Till shunn'd by those who once with ardour sought
To share her smiles, or her endearments bought;
Bereft of power one lawless wish to raise,
An outcast from society she strays!

Votaries of Vice! Ye who, with cruel care,
For youth and beauty spread the artful snare;
Licentious Pleasure's specious baits display,
And sweetly flatter—only to betray;—
Here view, unless against compunction steel'd,
The baleful harvest your enjoyments yield!
Ere yet successful guilt your bosoms wring,
And keen remorse there fix her rankling sting,

The wild career of brutal passion cease,
Nor joy in spreading misery and disease!
Are there who 'midst our social circles shine;
And boast their feelings exquisitely fine,
Yet can unmov'd such evils perpetrate?
Their kindness far more deadly than their hate!—
Are there who censure liberally dispense,
Against the rifler of fair innocence;
Her lapse from virtue seemingly bewail,
Yet with base arts th' unhappy wretch assail,
Blast every prospect on repentance built,
And plunge her deeper in th' abyss of guilt?
Passion or self delusion may suggest,
Some lulling opiate to each callous breast;
Through Reason's faithful glass the impartial see
Their crimes the same—scarce different in degree;
The flimsy sophistry of each proclaim,
And brand with equal infamy and shame!

Ye lovely maidens, blooming as the morn,
Whose matchless charms our Albion's isle adorn;
In whom, possessed of every mental grace,
Ev'n beauty only holds the second place—
Beware th' insidious foes those charms create,
Nor blush to weep at poor Aspasia's fate!
Taught circumspection by her sufferings, know
From one false step what countless evils flow!

When first from virtue's path seduc'd to stray,
Though smooth and pleasant seems the devious way,
Ere long in air th' illusive prospect flies,
And gloomy scenes in quick succession rise!
Debarr'd her erring footsteps to retrace,
With shame, remorse, and anguish in her face,
Convinced of folly when, alas! too late,
The hapless wanderer mourns her wretched fate;
Nay oftimes dares the guilty path pursue,
Though full destruction rushes on her view!
Know too, that when some suitor, deem'd sincere,
Breathes sweetest language in your willing ear;
And, while persuasion on his accents dwells,
Of lasting truth, and fond affection tells;
Yet dares the bounds of modesty transgress,
And urges wishes virtue should repress;
His heart, uninfluenced by love's chaster glow—
That source of purest pleasure here below—
The force of sensual passion may have prov'd,
And felt desire—but never truly lov'd!

CONSUMPTION.

When sapp'd by sickness, cares, and growing years,
The human frame a ruin'd semblance wears;
And sweetest sounds no more the ear pervade,
And dim those eyes whence lambent radiance play'd;
The auburn tresses chang'd to locks of snow;
The dimpled cheek, where once the roseate glow
Of youth appear'd, with wrinkles overspread,
And all the joys of young existence fled;
Though weeping friends around the sacred urn
Death's ruthless stroke with genuine anguish mourn,
Impartial minds approve the blest release,
And bid the streams of fruitless sorrow cease.
But when, like plants that in one little day
Their flower-cups open, blossom, and decay,
Snatch'd from our arms in life's endearing bloom,
Youth, beauty, virtue, sink into the tomb,
What feeling bosom can a sigh forbear!
What heart refuse a sympathetic tear!

Yet such, Consumption, still thy triumphs prove;
Sworn foe to all the sweets of social love!

Alike regardless of the pangs that rend
The heaving breasts of parent, consort, friend!
Where'er transcendent charms combin'd are seen—
The meek deportment, the majestic mien,
The fine-turn'd form, and soul-expressive face—
Methinks thy future ravages I trace!
And as each beauty rushes on my sight,
Feel terror, intermingled with delight.
That far-fam'd monster, whom, in days of yore,
Pasiphäe to Cretan Taurus bore,
Thus through Athenian bosoms spread dismay,
And claim'd, like thee, the loveliest for his prey!
Yet mild his nature, and his sway benign,
Compar'd, insatiate ravager! with thine!
When fierce his annual thirst for carnage rag'd,
Seven youths, seven virgins, still that thirst assuag'd;
While—from remorse, as from compassion, free—
In Albion, thousands yearly fall by thee!

Stranger, as yet, to sickness, grief, or care,
With ruddy face, and spirits light as air,
Yon graceful stripling firmly treads along;
The pride, the envy, of th' encircling throng.
In vain would rival swains his worth decry:
For him each virgin heaves a secret sigh;
And from his looks too-partial friends presage
The flattering promise of a good old age.

Yet what can these the hapless youth avail,
When thy insidious train his frame assail?
What from his breast avert th' impending blow,
That soon shall lay his blooming honours low?

Mark yonder fair, that lightly trips the green,
Inferior scarce to beauty's fabled queen;
In every movement what attractive grace!
What worth depicted in her beauteous face!
How bright her glist'ning eye! her mien how meek!
How clear the tints upon her blushing cheek!
Who, as along the lovely fair one glides,
Would think that death amidst those charms resides?
Yet there, triumphing o'er his soothing wiles,
In secret ambuscade Consumption smiles;
Each grace to heighten every art employs;
And ornaments the form his hand destroys!
Thus in the sacrificial rites of old,
The destin'd victim, fairest of the fold,
With flowers was crown'd ere to the altar led;
And midst the fatal decorations bled!

Yet though his course unmov'd the despot keep,
And through each vein his subtle poison creep,
Delusive Hope, in robes celestial drest,
Instils sweet cordials in the friendly breast.
The drooping parents her suggestions cheer;
A lovelier bloom their darling's features wear;

And, as their eyes each fancied change explore,
They fondly deem the threaten'd danger o'er;
And trust, in years remote, from her to prove
The last sad offices of filial love!
Perhaps some husband o'er a consort hung,
Brimful his eyes and mute his quivering tongue,
With wistful glance her mien may contemplate,
And trace the symptoms of approaching fate;
Or when the hectic flush adorns her face,
And o'er each feature sheds peculiar grace,
May the enchanting sight auspicious deem;
On long, long years of mutual pleasure dream;
While on his view once more kind Fancy pours
The blissful visions of the nuptial hours!—
Officious Muse! the mournful theme decline,
Nor longer brood o'er scenes that once were mine!
Too soon shall Time disrupt the filmy veil;
Too soon the tyrant's ruthless hand prevail!
The throbbing breast, the lustre-lacking eye,
The clay-cold hand, the last heart-rending sigh,
The passing knell, the funeral array,
The narrow dwelling for the lifeless clay,
The sounding earth upon its cover cast,
Too soon shall speak the dear delusion past!

How fruitless oft the sage Physician's aim
To reinvigorate the wasting frame,

And thence Consumption, (inmate dire!) expel,
Thy recent loss, Benevolus!* may tell.
Not all thy skill in Esculapian lore,
Arm'd with each med'cine from th' exhaustless store
In Nature's womb by chemic process drawn,
Or choicest simples from the verdant lawn;
Not all that art or science could suggest,
Or the warm feelings of a parent's breast—
Could the insidious spoiler's claim evade,
Nor rescue from his grasp thy lovely maid!

Yet though, like flowers beneath a wintry sky,
Ere scarcely blown, life's fairest blossoms die,
Must our unfeign'd regret no period know;
Our trickling tears in ceaseless currents flow?
May not true Wisdom balms of sovereign use
From these afflictive strokes of Heaven educe;
As the industrious bees, by nature's law,
From bitter plants mellifluous juices draw?
Who can thy early fall, Florella, view,
Nor, while he ponders, learn to tremble too!
Who at his fate in riper years repine,
That knows how soon the cheerless tomb was thine!
E'en round the couch, where gasping oft for breath,
A youthful victim waits the stroke of death,

---

* Dr. J. Alderson, of Hull,—to whom the author acknowleges himself indebted for numerous kind offices during a long series of years.

Some viewless being mournful pleasure show'rs
More sweet than e'er enjoy'd in Folly's bowers;
Wakes in each breast a sympathetic glow,
And gen'rous pity for another's woe:
While dear sensations, words can ne'er pourtray,
Affection's last sad offices repay!
Here slighted Reason, too, her power resumes,
And strips the world of its deceptive plumes;
And while she views, at Death's imperious call,
Youth, beauty, virtue, prematurely fall—
On grounds no earthly influence can remove,
No specious arts of sophistry disprove,
Draws this conclusion from th' affecting strife,
"There is another, and a better life!"

VERSES TO A LADY,

ON SEEING HER SHED TEARS AT THE RECITAL OF A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Nay blush not, Miranda, that thus down thy cheek
The warm tribute of sympathy steals;
Nor vainly, impell'd by false modesty, seek
To suppress what each feature reveals!
As, besprent by the dew-drops of morning, the flow'r
More attractive, more graceful appears;
So the fair, whene'er Virtue gives birth to the show'r,
Far more lovely is seen through her tears!

Be it theirs to feel shame, who their sorrow expend
  Upon scenes of fictitious distress;
Nor to misery the hand of assistance extend;
  Nor the wants of the needy redress!
O'er some fabled disaster, some Werter, who fell
  To wild passions a victim, they sigh;
Yet the couch of Disease, meagre Poverty's cell,
  The dwellings of wretchedness, fly!

But 'tis thine, with true christian benev'lence endu'd,
  While thy tears their bright sources o'erflow,
To eradicate thorns that misfortune has strew'd,
  And alleviate the pressure of woe;
From the forehead of sickness to wipe the chill dew,
  The fears of despondency calm;
And commingle the ills life discloses to view,
  With humanity's soul-soothing balm.

Still let others, while brooding o'er fancy-fram'd tales,
  Real claims on their pity discard;
Thy superior desert Justice weighs in her scales,
  And apportions a richer reward:
For thy kind consolations, thy labours of love,
  Shall the blessings of numbers be given;
The sweet whispers of Conscience thy conduct approve,
  And thy deeds be recorded in Heav'n!

LINES,

ON READING THE LATE DR. DARWIN'S "TEMPLE OF NATURE."

When quench'd th' etherial spark, whose subtile glow
Bids through the veins life's crimson fluid flow,
And man, imperial man, resigns his breath,
As o'er his eyelids swim the shades of death;
What cheering prospects this transition brings,
In florid strains the Muse of Darwin sings.
Ye on whose cheeks youth's rosy hue appears,
And ye whose temples wear the snow of years,
Whether your hearts some friend's decease bemoan,
Or, wiser still, anticipate your own;
Discard each unavailing sigh and tear;
The polish'd bard awhile attentive hear,
And learn what bliss the future may supply,
When mouldering in the grave your bodies lie!
From seeming evils, know what blessings flow;
What myriads life to man's destruction owe!
How quickly from the cold insensate clay
Shall countless beings struggle into day:
On earth's green bosom vegetate or creep,
Or airy fields on silken pennons sweep!

Forth from the grave, where beauty breathless lies,
Th' unconscious fair a blooming flower may rise;
With native grace, once more some fopling fire,
To give that incense, late her heart's desire!
Tints brighter than the rainbow's hues disclose;
More grateful fragrance than the blushing rose;
Nay e'en allow'd love's thrilling joys to share,
May to some anther, buoyant through the air,
With sweet reluctance yield her opening charms,
"And clasp the floating lover in her arms."
The beau who flutter'd through life's transient day,
Proud and enamour'd of his rich array,
A peacock turn'd, may hope to strut around,
Or march, a diamond beetle, on the ground!
There too, the pampered epicure may hope
To give his darling passion ample scope;
In insect shape to taste of fresh delight,
And gorge at will his ravenous appetite!
Freed from those galling fetters, whose controul
Oft check'd th' ascendant dictates of his soul,
The lewd, an earthworm, or a snail, may prove
The bliss lascivious of a double love;
Or else a sparrow cleave the ambient air,
And pleasures envy'd oft enraptured share!
E'en thou, Sir Florio, of aurelian fame,
Freed from the exuviæ of the human frame,
Few years elaps'd, may'st on unwearied wing,
In air an Emperor of Morocco spring;

And there disporting wheel with matchless grace,
While future knights the brilliant monarch chase!
Or if such transformations fate deny,
Perhaps those forms of godlike dignity,
(Let no false fears the tender mind appal!)
May lizards, scorpions, toads, or serpents crawl!
While reminiscence lost, as Poets deem
Of those who sip oblivious Lethe's stream,
No more in memory's faithful glass they scan
The pleasures, prospects, of the former man!

Are these the sole rewards th' Omniscient mind
For man's majestic race in death design'd?
Must our fine frames, of workmanship divine,
That minds of wond'rous faculties enshrine,
The ruin'd fate of time-struck fabrics share,
That weeds may shoot and reptiles nestle there?
Can sage Philosophy, whose piercing eyes
Explore the secrets of the earth and skies,
Nought else impart, to chase those clouds away
That round the cemetery's precincts play?
Must we for these all future prospects give,
And nobler man expire, that worms may live?
No!—From yon realms, where day eternal beams
To chase these clouds, a ray celestial streams!
He at whose bidding, from chaotic night,
This wide-extended system sprung to light,

With whom all might, all knowledge dwells, hath said
That soon shall man, though numbered with the dead,
His pristine form, with nobler powers, resume,
And burst the barriers of the cheerless tomb!
Secure in God's omnipotence and truth,
The Christian hopes, in never failing youth,
Before his high empyreal throne to stand,
And trace the works of his creative hand;
His boundless wisdom, mercy, might, explore;
And, lost in wonder, reverence and adore!
There too, he fondly hopes to join the train
Of friends departed—ne'er to part again!
With them unmingled pleasures to enjoy,
No time can lessen, no event destroy.

How mean, compar'd with joys like these, how vain,
The fine spun theories of the poet's brain!
Still boast, Philosophy! thy prospects drear:
With such the bosoms of thy votaries cheer;
Give them to trace their fate 'midst changing forms
"Of brother-emmetts and of sister-worms;"
Be mine the boon, by thee, Religion! giv'n;
THY hopes of future life, and endless bliss in Heav'n!

LINES,

ON A VISIT TO A FORMER PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

ONCE more, lone APEDALE, I survey
Thy heath-clad banks, and hillocks gray;
Yon mansion near the road, where late
Devoid of ostentatious state,
The train of social virtues dwelt;
And where, life's growing cares unfelt,
Endearments friendly, converse mild,
And jocund mirth, my hours beguil'd;
While, (since alas! how seldom found!)
Peace and Contentment hovering round
Their influence shed;—the purling rill,
The winding brook, the neighbouring mill;—
Scenes that in Fancy's colours drawn,
I priz'd above the fairest lawn;
And though a barren wild they seem'd,
Scarce less than an Elysium deem'd!
Now from this lonely spot remov'd
The friends, so long, so dearly lov'd,
In vain I cast my eyes around
In search of beauties erewhile found!
The charms that fir'd my soul are fled;—
Hoarse murmurs o'er its pebbly bed
The turbid brook; with harsher sound
The neighbouring mill revolves around;

Driven from beneath yon humble roof,
The social virtues stand aloof;
Nor tale, nor friendly jibe, nor joke,
The circling smile or laugh provoke!
Less bright the purple heath-flowers bloom;
Less fragrant far their rich perfume;
Less fresh the breeze, the rill less clear;
Less fair yon azure skies appear;
All these have lost their wonted zest;—
They speak of pleasures once possest!

Yet though deny'd by Heav'n once more
To prove that bliss here felt before,
Still Apedale, still, while life shall last,
I'll prize thee for th' enjoyments past!
As musing in some lonely bower,
I pass the melancholy hour,
While rising sighs my bosom swell,
Too faithful Memory oft shall tell—
Though from thy scenery far remov'd—
What blissful moments there I've prov'd!
And still the muse in numbers meet,
This useful lesson shall repeat;—
"The studious, well-directed mind,
"A bliss as exquisite may find,
"Though midst a seeming desart plac'd,
"As courts or cities ever taste."

THE RURAL MORALIST.

Theodore, in the works of creation well vers'd,
Many plants and their habitudes knew;
And as oft he their nature and virtues rehears'd,
Some sage lesson the moralist drew:

"Let not mortals, (he cried) the instruction disdain,
"That these lovely productions supply;
"For our use, our example, they decorate the plain;
"'Tis for man they bud, blossom, and die!

"O'er the loam-fields of Kent, their green heads to the day
"A vegetive phalanx uprear;
"There shortly, matur'd by the sun's genial ray,
"Shall the Hop's silver floscules appear.

"And see! round yon poles, firmly fixed in the "ground,
"How each plant's spiral tendons entwine!
"Thus the Oak by the Ivy encircled is found,
"And the broad spreading Elm by the Vine!

"But if from yon branches that, waving in air,
"O'er the Hoplands adjacent extend,
"The embrace of the fugitive claspers to share,
"A like pole, fitly plac'd, you suspend;

"Peradventure awhile the young shoots may,
"indeed,
"Its assistance apparently court;
"But they soon, as if highly disdainful, recede,
"From the false and unstable support!

"Shall a plant to which Nature has reason
"deny'd,
"Such an instance of prudence display,
"While the Lords of creation, the vassals of
"pride,
"With indifference the lesson survey?

"To the world's feeble succours, that quickly
"must fly,
"Be no longer your confidence giv'n!
"But, convinced how delusive the aid they supply,
"Fix your hopes and affections on Heav'n!"

AN EPITAPH,

PLACED OVER THE BODIES OF THREE AMIABLE CHILDREN, WHO DIED IN THEIR INFANCY.

A MOMENT, passenger, here cast thine eye;
Beneath this stone three lovely children lie!
Heav'n, in the bud, the fragrant blossoms view'd,
With graces fit for purer climes endu'd;
And deemed the world unworthy of their charms,
So called them hence to their Redeemer's arms.
Swift at the mandate of the King of Kings,
Attendant angels spread their golden wings,
And bore, with hymns of joy, their souls away
To the bright regions of eternal day.
Drop for these babes no tear, nor dare to grieve;
Repent! thy Saviour's offered grace receive!
Soon thou with them in endless bliss must reign,
Or be condemned to ever-during pain!

TO CARE.

THOU scourge of mortals, earth-born CARE,
Whose looks, that vengeful tidings lour,
And haggard mien, and restless air,
Too truly indicate thy pow'r:
Thine arrows rankling in his breast,
Man's choicest blessings oft destroy;
To life impart a loathsome zest,
And poison every source of joy!

Scar'd by thy frowns, no more the Muse
The Poet's lonely moments cheers;
With half-averted face she views
The heaving breast, the trickling tears!
From where thy vulture-train reside,
She and her handmaid Fancy flee;
Nor will the heav'n-born pair divide
The empire of the mind with thee!

E'en Sleep, that o'er the weary soul
Delights her opiate dews to shed,
Her poppies drops at thy controul,
And flies the care-worn wretch's bed;

Or should her influence chance prevail,
  And slumbers o'er his eye-lids steal,
More dreadful scenes his mind assail,
  In dreams, than waking hours reveal!

Full oft, before some savage foe,
  Pard, tyger, lion, wolf, he falls;
Or, reft of pow'r, a ruffian's blow
  To shun, for mercy vainly calls!
Or hears, aghast, the torrent roar,
  And views approach th' impetuous flood;
Perspires apace at every pore,
  And groans, while horror chills his blood!

How irksome then the moments seem,
  When, its delusions scarcely broke,
He trembles at th' affrighting dream,
  And courts in vain Sleep's kindlier yoke!
Still, still, thy harpies intervene,
  Chasing away the pow'r benign;
While darkness clouds creation's scene,
  To make the victory surely thine!

Cast on the stormy sea of life,
  What pangs the too susceptive mind,
Amidst its tempests, cares, and strife,
  Throughout each fleeting year must find!

As tremble yonder aspen-leaves,
The sport of every wind that blows,
So, Care, thine iron sway bereaves
The feeling bosom of repose!

How shall we mortals then withstand
Thy heart-corroding tyranny?
Who shall arrest thy ruthless hand,
And set the wretched prisoners free?
See where descends a form divine,
Whose arm a wond'rous cross sustains!
Despot! thy hapless prey resign,
Religion comes to break their chains!

Confiding in the love of Heav'n,
Beneath its fostering care secure,
Although on earth 'tis often giv'n,
Heart-rending evils to endure;
Elate with hope, with patience steel'd,
Resign'd the galling load we bear;
And, arm'd with Faith's impervious shield,
Defy thy poison'd weapons, Care!

A WINTER'S ADDRESS.

Now, in his hoary honours drest,
  Stern Winter sways the subject plains;
And, frowning, shakes his snowy vest,
  And binds the floods in icy chains.

Reluctant Nature owns his pow'r,
  And bids her plumy songsters cease;
No more the grove, the woodbine bow'r,
  The gurgling brook, or meadows please.

Yet Hope the dreary scene beguiles,
  And, placid, points to brighter days,
Where genial spring, with soothing smiles,
  Her verdant, flow'ry charms displays!

Should wrinkl'd age, thee, Florio, seize,
  With palsy'd limbs and temples grey;
Or, 'midst the prime of youth, disease
  Forbid thy vital fount to play:

When health no more thy bosom warms,
  And life's frail pleasures wither'd lie,
At death's chill touch; as nature's charms
  Before the breath of winter fly:

So then may Hope, in that dread hour,
To thee her choicest cordials bring,
And waft thee to that peaceful shore
Where ever blooms perpetual spring!

AN ADDRESS TO HUMANITY.

O THOU! the nymph with humid eye,
E'er prompt to heave the tender sigh,
And bid the tear to flow,
As list'ning to the plaintive tale,
Or when misfortune's shafts assail,
Or mournful sights of woe.

In all thy magic graces drest—
The modest azure-tinctur'd vest,
The soft expressive mien—
Do thou my inmost frame pervade,
And brighten with thy soothing aid
Life's ever-varying scene!

To me thy choicest gifts impart—
Each mild emotion of the heart;
Philanthropy refin'd;

The wish humane; the feeling soul
Obedient still to thy control;
The sympathizing mind.

Wide as the scale of life extends,
Where heav'n in strictest union blends
Each bliss with large alloy,
My breast with circling kindness fill;
Dispose to soften every ill,
And heighten every joy.

But chief, ah! give to smooth the span,
To meliorate the lot of man,
And all his cares beguile:
Nor while less noble fates I mourn,
Let me, with unrelenting scorn,
On human sufferings smile.

Far from those fields where Fury reigns,
And ruthless War th' ensanguin'd plains
With dreadful carnage strews,
As oft on Fancy's wing I soar,
Teach me their horrors to deplore,
With sorrow's friendly dews.

Ah! give with pity's healing balm
The woe-perturbed mind to calm,
And bid its tumults cease;

The weak, desponding, soul to cheer,
To wipe from misery's cheek the tear,
And gently whisper peace!

These blessings, heav'n-descended maid,
On me, thy humble suppliant, shed;
My fervent pray'rs receive!
Beneath thy influence I'll despise
The torpid, cold, unripen'd joys,
Which apathy can give.

THE REPLY COURTEOUS,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO JOCULARLY OFFERED HER SERVICE AS PHYSICIAN TO THE AUTHOR, DURING A SLIGHT INDISPOSITION.

For your friendly proposal, Lucinda, receive
All the tribute a heart, truly grateful, can give:
Nor esteem me capricious, uncivil, or queer,
If professing your beauty and worth to revere,
For the reasons my muse shall hereafter assign,
The kind offer you make I would humbly decline!

Soon the trifling disorder whose influence I prove
Some slight sanative med'cine I trust will remove;

But were you my Physician, such exquisite grace,
Such loveliness beams in your person and face;
With so bright an assemblage of virtues combin'd—
So attractive your converse, well-cultur'd your mind,—
That if rightly your power and my weakness I read,
A disease more unyielding would quickly succeed.
On my face, from whence sickness the rose has effac'd,
As your looks, in research of its symptoms, were plac'd,
To my slow wasting fever, your soul-searching eye
Would a copious accession of fuel supply;
And recall'd by each glance, o'er my cheeks once again
With the rose would the lily alternately reign!
Your soft touch to my pulse quicker motion impart,
And with strange palpitations disorder my heart:
While my breathing laborious, and sighs half suppressed,
The emotions too plainly disclose in my breast:
And, too dear to relinquish, too strong for controul,
Such a magical langour pervade my whole soul,
That to sickness so sweet all aversion would cease,
And the lovely Physician become my disease!
Till your fetters condemn'd, without hope, to endure,
Throughout life I must languish, nor wish for a cure!

Since a soul like Lucinda's no bliss can receive
From imparting a passion she could not relieve,
I adjure you, fair maid, by the Graces and Smiles,
Spare a heart too susceptive of love's tender wiles!
Nor while numbers around you, more suitable, sigh,
To the friend of your virtues forgiveness deny,
If his safety by flight he attempt to obtain;
Since all hopes of resistance or conquest are vain!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO THE SEA AT HORNSEA, AFTER A CONSIDERABLE ABSENCE.

Ye mould'ring cliffs, along whose utmost verge,
In meditation rapt, I've often stray'd,
While foaming at your feet the billowy surge,
Mocking restraint, in waves successive play'd.

I come to contemplate your scenes once more!
But ah! how chang'd!—The place where erst I've stood,
List'ning, half breathless, Ocean's sullen roar,
Now lies ingulph'd amidst the circling flood!

And many a plant endu'd with sovereign pow'r,
That o'er your borders shed a verdant grace,
And many a wild but richly tinctur'd flow'r
That flourish'd there, I vainly strive to trace!

Reflection solemn!—Here my wounded mind
In pleasing sadness would awhile repose;
And from the altered scenery seek to find
A fancied semblance of her real woes!

Wrought into tempest, as the raging main
Saps the foundation of these cliffs sublime,
So fall those pleasures which to life pertain,
Before the billows of devouring Time!

Yon rocky point alone unmov'd remains,
Amidst th' assault of congregated waves;
Boldly the oft-repeated shock sustains,
And all the fury of the tempest braves!

Thrice happy he who thus his hope and care
Hath on the "Rock of Ages" firmly cast;
Though Time this earth may from its basis tear,
Yet his dependence shall for ever last!

THE THORN WITHOUT THE ROSE!

"No more my bosom's peace to wound,
"The oft-told tale relate,
"Of troubles you, my friend, have found
"To vex the marriage state!
"The querulous, capricious mind
"Deserves contempt and scorn,
"That hopes in life's parterre to find
"A *Rose* without a *Thorn!*"

Thus Jack to Tom, his comrade dear,
With peevish accents spoke;
For Tom had groan'd full many a year,
Beneath the nuptial yoke;
A termagant his consort prov'd,
Devoid of female grace;
From Hecate scarce in form remov'd,
In temper, or in face.

"My friendly monitor, I must
"(Nor let it raise your pride)
"Confess your observation just;"
Thus quickly Tom replied;
"But think how hard his fate must be,
"How piteous sure his woes,
"Who's destin'd to possess, like me,
"The *Thorn* without the *Rose!*"

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN, WHO HAD DECLARED HIMSELF CONFIDENT THAT HE COULD ALWAYS ASCERTAIN THE FEELINGS OF THE HEART FROM THE EXPRESSION OF THE COUNTENANCE.

DISCARD, my yet unpractis'd friend,
  Thy too fallacious art;
Nor from the changeful mien pretend
  To read the human heart!
T' unmask hypocrisy and guile,
  How vain thy boasted skill!
Know man, alas! "can smile and smile,
  "And be a villain still!"

If e'en, within thy youthful breast,
  No passions yet reside
That Conscience e'er would wish represt—
  No thought that Virtue hide;
Some secret sting thy heart *may* wound,
  Some woe thy bosom feel,
That to th' observant crowd around
  No feature will reveal!

How lovely yonder Rose appears,
The garden's choicest pride!
Tints art can ne'er depict it wears,
And scatters fragrance wide;
Yet while its various beauties o'er
Thine eye delighted strays,
Learn that upon its inmost core
A ruthless insect preys!

And thus, ere long, my friend shall find,
By sage experience taught,
The face, his index of the mind,
With false impressions fraught!
And doom'd himself the ills to share
Life's varied scenes impart,
Evince—the cheek a smile may wear
While sorrow wrings the heart!

EPITAPH

ON TWO UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

(See the Ballad of "Henry and Emma," in Mallet's Poems.)

YE whom design or chance may lead
Awhile to wander here,
Attend; nor, as these lines you read,
Refuse to shed a tear.

No tale they tell of fictious woe,
In Fancy's colours drest ;
Inhum'd this modest stone below,
Two faithful lovers rest.

Equal in every thing save wealth,
Their wishes too the same,
Long time the youthful pair by stealth
Indulg'd a mutual flame.

But sordid parents interpos'd,
And wedlock's rites deny'd ;
The youth his eyes despairing clos'd—
The maiden heard—and dy'd !

Their hapless fate, ye parents, hear,
Nor while you mean to bless
Your darling child,—with frowns severe,
A virtuous flame repress.

And ye whom youth and beauty fire,
Unequal leagues to prove ;
Learn to suppress each rash desire,
Nor ruin court—for love !

CELIA.

Clasp'd in my arms as Celia laid,
  Enrapt with pleasing dreams of bliss,
I fondly press'd my lovely maid
  To grant the precious boon—a kiss!

Abash'd, her head the nymph reclin'd,—
  My freedom with a frown repress'd;
Yet, though her features seem'd unkind,
  Methought no anger fir'd her breast.

" And is it thus, too cruel fair,
  " You treat your faithful swain?" I cried;
" My passion spurn'd, and this my prayer,
  " Dictated by your charms, deny'd!

" Farewell, ingrate! some other swain
  " May strive that frozen breast to move;
" A kinder nymph I'll seek to gain,
  " Whose heart shall yield me love for love!"

Almost with thrilling joy distraught,
  I heard the blushing fair reply—
" And tell me, where was Damon taught
  " That *not to give* is to *deny*?"

THE DECEITFULNESS OF HOPE.

Oft have divines and sages taught,
  " Our earthly hopes how frail!"
Yet has their doctrine, wisdom-fraught,
  Been deem'd an empty tale.

Some bliss, thro' Fancy's optics view'd,
  All hope to gain to-morrow;
Still does the prize our grasp elude,
  Replac'd, alas! by sorrow!

As mortals frequently 'tis seen,
  Upon this precept trample,
So, please my muse, its truth I mean
  T' illustrate by example.

" Long time I've led a weary life,"
  Cries Tom, with hope elated;
" To Kate, my vixen of a wife,
  " By wedlock subjugated:

" At length my liberty I gain,
  " Thank Fortune for the favour!
" For Kate this night her bed has ta'en,
  " And all the world can't save her.

"Then welcome days and nights, replete
"With joys transcending measure!
"Nought henceforth can my bliss defeat,
"Or freeze the tide of pleasure!"

Ye whom such reveries delight,
By Tom's mishap take warning—
Kate *took her bed* on Thursday night,
But—*rose on Friday morning!*

SONNETS.

TO FORTITUDE.

How needful thine assistance, Fortitude,
To him who, curst with feelings too refin'd,
Must brave the chilling blasts, the buffets rude,
That e'er on earth await th' ingenuous mind!

Tho' slender oft the cause of grief appear,
His fine sensations keenly barb the dart;
Its slightest impulse, fraught with pangs severe,
His bosom pierces—vibrates to his heart.

By thee supported, tho' perforce his soul
Must oft the ills that cloud existence share,
He firmly dares the tide of grief controul,
And since he still must suffer, learns to bear.

Thou only canst his peace of mind ensure,
And to his morbid feelings minister a cure!

TO ANNA.

From where yon numerous masts to Heav'n ascend,
And Humbria's turbid stream to Ocean glides,
Whene'er with weary step, my course I bend
To where my Anna (infant dear!) resides;

Impell'd alternately by hopes and fears,
My ardent wishes far my feet out-run;
How long, how tedious still the path appears!
How ling'ring in his course the tardy sun!

But what transcendent bliss my toil repays,
When, round my neck with chaste endearments hung,
Upon her smiling face I fondly gaze,
Or hear the music of her prattling tongue—

They only can conceive whose bosoms prove
The sweet emotions of parental love!

APEDALE.

THO' more to dwell within thy peaceful walls,
To me, lone APEDALE, haply fate denies;
Yet Mem'ry oft thy soothing charms recals,
And Fancy bids the mimic structure rise.

Pleas'd, in her magic mirror I survey
The blissful seat, remote from noise and strife,
Where beam'd each social, each enliv'ning ray,
That gilds with soft'ning tints the shades of life.

Methinks thy friendly habitants I view,
Esteem and love pourtray'd in ev'ry eye;
Each cheek distain'd with fond affection's dew;
While ev'ry bosom heaves for me a sigh!

Fled is each grief, if grief thy scenes could give;
Thy pleasures only in remembrance live!

TO THE CUCKOW.

THO' thousands hail thee, harbinger of spring,
And with thy ditty loud applauses blend,
To me thy strains no soft sensations bring;
Thou faithful emblem of the faithless friend!

When fraught with pleasure fly the laughing hours,
And Fortune's genial gales propitious blow;
When bounteous heav'n its choicest blessings show'rs,
Like thine, his flattering gratulations flow!

But when the pleasing scene revers'd appears,
And scorching suns, or wintry storms arise;
And changeful life an adverse aspect wears,
Like thee, he pants for more auspicious skies!

As cease thy venal lays when spring retires,
With prosperous days false friendship e'er expires.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Come, Philomela! from the southern grove,
  Thy favour'd haunt, here deign awhile to stray;
And as, on Humbria's banks, forlorn I rove,
  Pour on my listening ear thy plaintive lay!

Oh! how I long, when creeps the joyless hour,
  And o'er the landscape evening's shades descend,
Musing, to sit in some sequester'd bower,
  And with thy song my sighs responsive blend!

Then, as adown my cheek the salt tears steal,
  Let thy soft notes in mournful cadence flow,
Till, quite unnerv'd, their magic power I feel;
  Immers'd in all the luxury of woe!

Strains so extoll'd as thine must sure impart
Most exquisite sensations to the wounded heart!

ON A BOY

BUILDING A CASTLE OF CARDS.

See where, a wond'rous edifice to raise,
His hours the youthful architect employs;
With busy face the fragile pile surveys,
And o'er its fancy'd beauties inly joys!

The pigmy dome in puerile grandeur stands!
Yet e'er its towers to wish'd perfection rise,
Blasting his hopes, it sinks beneath his hands,
And, lamentable sight! in ruin lies.

Spectator, smile not at the luckless youth;
Here view thy folly, here thine error trace,
If still, regardless of the voice of truth,
Thy hopes are grounded on an earthly base.

A breath, a touch destroys his card-built wall:—
Death strikes, all sublunary blessings fall.

TO RELIGION.

Come, meek Religion! with thy smiles serene,
The gloomy clouds of earthly cares dispel;
Wean my affections from this transient scene,
And give my heart with heav'nly hopes to swell!

Do thou each erring, wand'ring thought repress,
Curb each fierce passion, check each wild desire;
With grateful love my feeble pow'rs possess,
And fill my bosom with celestial fire!

Let Pleasure's thoughtless train their orgies keep;
Elate in quest of sweets forbidden rove;
And sense of guilt in cups oblivious steep;
Be mine that bliss thy faithful vot'ries prove!

Thro' life with lib'ral hand thy blessings show'r;
With joys ecstatic crown my dying hour!

ON A MOTH,

THAT FLYING SEVERAL TIMES ROUND THE AUTHOR'S CANDLE, WAS AT LENGTH BURNT IN THE FLAME.

CHARM'D by the candle's fascinating rays,
See where around yon thoughtless insect flies!
Receding oft, as oft it courts the blaze,
Till caught at last, it quivers, shrinks, and dies!

So fares the youth whom vicious joys allure!
Eager to fly where Pleasure seems t' invite,
Despising counsel, now, in thought secure,
He feels her baleful influence with delight;

More cautious now, awhile he shuns the snare;
But soon the wild, licentious wish returns—
In vain do Reason, Virtue, cry "beware!"
To prove the fancied bliss his bosom burns:

Till taught too late his error to deplore,
A self-devoted prey, he falls—to rise no more!

HORNSEA.

Hornsea! to me how sweet, how justly dear,
Each modest charm thy well-known scenery yields;
Thy sea-beat shore, thy island-spangled Mere,
Thy airy walks, bright meads, and cultur'd fields.

For that when first these charms to witness brought
By wayward fortune, friendless and unknown,
Benignus* deign'd the timid youth to note;
My converse wish'd, and bless'd me with his own!

With fostering hand he lib'rally supply'd
The mental food which most my soul desir'd:
His friendship fill'd my heart with honest pride;
His precepts form'd me, his example fir'd!

While thro' my veins the crimson tide shall roll,
For this thy scenes shall e'er delight my grateful soul.

---

* The late Rev. H. R. Whytehead.

ON A VIEW OF THE SEA

IN A STORM.

LATE as this wat'ry, wide expanse I view'd,
Serene and calm the polish'd surface laid ;
Sleeping, unruffl'd by commotions rude,
While zephyrs gently o'er its bosom play'd

Now mountain waves the liquid plain deform,
And, foaming, lash the loud-resounding shore ;
In awful grandeur reigns the raging storm ;
The bleak winds whistle, and the surges roar.

Say, views not here the moralizing mind,
Amidst the changes of th' inconstant main,
The ever-varying state of human kind,
Grief following joy, and bliss succeeding pain?

Wave yields to wave, the calm to stormy strife:—
Such scenes the ocean shews—and such is life !

THE

Infidel and Christian Philosophers;

OR,

THE LAST HOURS

OF

VOLTAIRE AND ADDISON

CONTRASTED.

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE melancholy and affecting circumstances attending the death of the celebrated VOLTAIRE, as related by the Abbé BARRUEL, in his Memoirs of Jacobinism, and corroborated by the testimony of that worthy and truly respectable Philosopher, M. DE LUC, having made a deep impression on the mind of the Author of the following Poem, he has therein endeavoured to place those circumstances in a striking point of view; and in order to shew the power of Religion on the Human Mind, and its superior efficacy in administering consolation and support in the hour of sickness and of death, he has contrasted the last moments of the sceptic Philosopher with those of the pious and virtuous **ADDISON.**

HULL, June, 1802.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

SINCE this little Poem was first published, the circumstances referred to in it, respecting the death of VOLTAIRE, have been repeatedly contradicted; and even very recently, in an elaborate article on the writings of that multifarious author, in the *Foreign Review*, No. VI, the able writer of that critique has indicated his disbelief of them. These considerations had partly induced the author to withhold the re-publication of his Poem. He has recently, however, been made acquainted with some particulars relative to the last hours of VOLTAIRE, which fully corroborate the view here taken; and which were communicated by the niece of VOLTAIRE, to the relatives of the late SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS, Knight, formerly Chief Justice of Bombay, who died in her house, at Paris, a few years ago. The author had hoped to have been enabled to give those particulars in a detailed and authentic form. At present, however, he must content himself with stating, upon most respectable authority, that they amply justify the subsequent representation.

HULL, July, 1829.

THE

INFIDEL AND CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHERS,

&c.

WHILE daring sceptics, swoln with haughty pride,
The pious Christian's humble hopes deride,
And vainly strive, with meretricious art,
To root each moral virtue from the heart;
And sap those doctrines by a Saviour giv'n,
(The rich spontaneous boon of gracious Heav'n ;)
In expectation conscience calm to keep
"With the sad solace of eternal sleep ;"
How fit to mark, when fail the springs of life,
And nature sinks beneath th' unequal strife;
When earth's delusive scenes no more delight,
But dread futurity appears in sight,—
What diff'rent feelings, in that hour of woe,
The dying Sceptic and the Christian know!

See where, encircled by his atheist train,
A wretched prey to agonizing pain,

Upon his death-bed lies, in deep despair,
The gay, the witty, profligate VOLTAIRE!
A man to every modern sceptic dear;
Whose arts they follow, and whose name revere!
He who first gave their darling project birth,
Of rooting out religion from the earth;
And, vain of praise by fawning flatt'rers giv'n,
Dar'd hurl defiance in the face of Heav'n.
With specious talents curs'd, in quest of fame,
Lur'd by th' attraction of a guilty name,
He those endowments 'gainst the donor turn'd;
And with infuriate zeal and ardour burn'd
Each vestige of the gospel to efface,
And CRUSH* the SAVIOUR of the human race.

Long time, a stranger to remorse or fear,
He held uncheck'd his infamous career;
Round Europe saw his impious doctrines run,
And triumphed in the mischiefs he had done.
Ev'n then, when, near the summit of desire,
He fear'd with joy excessive to expire,—
Grown grey with age, and harden'd in his crimes,
(Example terrible to future times!)

---

* "Crush the Wretch,"—the cant phrase of Voltaire and his Associates; wherewith they used to inspirit one another to persevere in their endeavours to extirpate the religion of Christ.—*See Barruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism*, vol. 1, chap. 2.

Sudden he sinks beneath th' avenging rod
Of a despised, though long-forbearing God.
The season destin'd for probation fled,
Condemn'd to feel, ere number'd with the dead,
(Immers'd in anguish, hopeless of a cure)
Some portion of those pains the damn'd endure.

Pre-eminent in guilt! what now avail
The witty jest, the philosophic tale!
Thy impious friends' uncircumscrib'd applause;
Thy laurels gain'd in Irreligion's cause!
Can these one solid, genuine bliss impart,
Or soothe the anguish of thy throbbing heart?
Can they one cheering ray of hope bequeath,
To gild the gloomy, ling'ring hour of death?
Ah no!—Ye who, in thoughtless folly bred,
Or by the arts of infidels misled,
The dreary paths of unbelief have trod;
Foes to your Saviour, aliens from your God;
If by no vicious practices deprav'd,
No adamantine chains of guilt enslav'd,
Your honest souls, in quest of truth sincere,
The still small voice of conscience yet revere,
Here pause awhile; and learn, ere yet too late,
What pangs the dying Infidel await;
And what the direful meed which guilt bestows,
(Prolific source of ever-during woes!)

For which the choicest joys of life are giv'n ;
The peace of Conscience, and the hope of Heav'n !
View yon pale wretch, who late, with haughty
pride,
Like you, his Saviour and his God deny'd :
Mark how his fiery eyes, that glaring roll,
Disclose the anguish of his tortur'd soul !
Hear him, when griding pains his frame assail,
His num'rous crimes, his blasphemies bewail ;
And, with heart-rending sighs, and tears, implore
That sov'reign mercy which he scorn'd before !
While conscious guilt and unalloy'd despair
Still on his lips arrest th' half-utter'd pray'r !
See where around his dying couch, a band
Of anxious colleagues take their watchful stand,
Intent, with all their wisdom can suggest,
To soothe his agitated soul to rest :
With horrid imprecations fierce he cries,
(Reproach and fury flashing from his eyes,)
" Avaunt, ye wretches ! hence ! nor aggravate
" The cruel torments of my dreadful state !
" 'Twas ye, accurs'd, who help'd me to procure
" Those unexampled miseries I endure ;
" To those atrocious crimes how justly due,
" So much applauded and admir'd by you !
" Begone ! and with you all remembrance fly
" Of our infernal, damn'd conspiracy !"

Struck by his poignant suff'rings with affright,
His late associates fly th' horrific sight:
Such pangs from those deserv'd reproaches feel
As rack the culprit on the tort'ring wheel;
And while a moment Conscience holds her sway,
Forget their doctrines, half inclin'd to pray;
But soon, asham'd their errors to confess,
With care each soul-awak'ning thought repress;
And, to conviction sedulously blind,
Impute his terrors to his weaken'd mind!
Nor heed what sages fam'd, with wisdom fraught,
In every clime, through every age, have taught;
" That when the subtile ties of life give way,
" The soul, half-loosen'd from this mass of clay,
" (Her earthly prison,) darts her piercing eye
" Through the dark precincts of futurity,
" And reads, with prescient skill, her awful doom
" Of pain or bliss for countless years to come!"

Meanwhile, (all hopes of life or mercy lost!)
By various, fierce, contending passions tost,
Curse chasing curse, and groan succeeding groan,
Till Nature fails, and Reason quits her throne,
VOLTAIRE, in stupor sunk, resigns his breath,
A dreadful victim to remorseless Death!

Unhappy wretch! what mortal can deny
For woes like thine to heave a pitying sigh!

If in our passage through this vale of strife,
Amidst the numerous ills that chequer life,
One scene of more than common pow'r be found,
With thrilling grief the feeling heart to wound,
Sure 'tis, when Death, in all his terrors drest,
Relentless strikes some unprepared breast,
To mark the guilty soul, confus'd, forlorn,
By keen remorse and harpy conscience torn,
Back from the dread, irremeable brink
Of endless time, congeal'd with horror, shrink;
And with prophetic fears anticipate
The unknown torments of a future state!
Her great distress to witness; and, aghast,
View hell commencing ere the world be past!

From sights like these, which solemn thoughts inspire
To check the current of deprav'd desire,
Taught to appreciate Virtue, let us turn
Where o'er their ADDISON her vot'ries mourn;
While he, sustain'd by more than mortal pow'r,
Awaits with tranquil soul his dying hour.
Crown'd with the meed of well-deserved fame,
What Briton fails to venerate his name!
Fraught with all fancy could, or sense, impart,
To charm, adorn, or meliorate the heart;

Chaste, unaffected, pleasing, and refin'd ;
The rich effusions of a vig'rous mind,
Intent the cause of virtue to befriend,
And sage instruction with delight to blend ;
To curb the ardour of impetuous youth,
" And set the passions on the side of truth"—
Such are his writings ; which shall ever please,
Till all esteem for wit or wisdom cease !
Smit with Religion's sacred charms, his breast
In life's gay spring receiv'd the heavenly guest :
Long, by her cheering influence warm'd, he strove
To shew the Almighty's goodness and his love ;
His pow'r, his wisdom, in his works to scan,
And vindicate his ways to erring man.
When by disease at length he sinks opprest,
In th' approbation of his conscience blest,
Devoutly calm he hears the summons giv'n,
And bows submissive to the will of Heav'n.

See where, upon yon couch serenely laid,
The Christian hero rests his drooping head !
Tho' racking pains his frame unceasing tear,
A placid smile his languid features wear :
Mark where RELIGION near him takes her stand,
And waves the olive sceptre in her hand !

His bed of sickness she with roses strews,
Illumes his prospects, elevates his views;
Bids scenes of soul-enchanting pleasure rise;
And, while yet breathing, wafts him to the skies!
'Tis she that takes away (what sin first gave)
The sting from death, and vict'ry from the grave!
Tho' o'er his breast that shaft the spectre shakes,
At sight of which the harden'd sinner quakes,
To his firm soul, unaw'd by guilty fears,
No frightful shape the ghastly phantom wears;
He deems that stroke which human life destroys,
The welcome passport to celestial joys.

When the convulsive throb, and swimming eye,
Proclaim the hour of dissolution nigh,
Ere yet the glimm'ring lamp of life expires,
For Warwick he, with fault'ring tongue, inquires.
See where the noble youth, with awe impress'd,
Attends, obedient to his friend's request:
Soon as that well-known face the sufferer spies,
What mixt emotions in his bosom rise!
View where, pourtray'd in yon expressive mien,
Meek resignation, faith and hope are seen;
With all that warm solicitude combin'd
For human weal, which marks the gen'rous mind;

That tender love, those cares, which e'er attend
The pious Christian, and the feeling friend!
Hear him to the lov'd youth, with dying breath,
This last inestimable gift bequeath,
(Benign affection beaming from his eye,)
"See in what peace the Christian can die!"

Ye self-call'd sages, who, to wisdom blind,
Strive to corrupt and brutalize mankind;
Ye who, of ignorance and error vain,
Count virtue loss, and irreligion gain;
The riches of redeeming grace despise,
And slight those truths the wise and virtuous prize;
Can you, regardless of the wild despair,
The cruel suff'rings of your lov'd VOLTAIRE,
And still unmov'd, forbear to deprecate
His dreadful woes; nor strive to shun his fate!
Can you, a willing prey to guilt resign'd,
Still harden'd view that heav'nly frame of mind,
That peace of soul which ADDISON displays,
Nor each to Heav'n, in pray'r, your voices raise—
"All-gracious God! on me thy mercies show'r,
"And crown, like ADDISON'S, my dying hour!
"Sustain my soul with hopes of future bliss,
"And let my latter moments be like his!"

Oh! may the awful truths these lines suggest,
Be on each mind indelibly imprest!
Taught their eternal interest to discern,
May all mankind th' important lesson learn—
That tho', when free life's circling current plays,
And all things promise length of prosp'rous days,
The impious man his anguish may conceal,
And from the wolf that tears his vitals steal;
Nay more—that tho' when, on a death-bed cast,
The wretched unbeliever breathes his last,
A daring spirit, pride, the hope of fame,
A seared conscience, or the fear of shame,
In some of thousands, haply may suppress
The full confession of supreme distress,—
Full oft the scenes which mark life's closing hour,
When vain all human skill, all earthly power,
In soul-expressive language testify,
"MEN MAY LIVE FOOLS, BUT FOOLS THEY CANNOT
"DIE!"*

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* Young's Night Thoughts—Night IV, line last.

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